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THE STORY OF THE BEAVER.

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Illustrated by A. Radclyffe Dugmore.

THE tail came down on the water with a "whack!" that sent the echoes flying back and forth across the pond; and its owner ducked his head, arched his back, and dived to the bottom. It was a very curious tail, broad and flat and paddle-shaped, and covered with what looked like fish-scales, but were really sections and indentations of horny, blackish-gray skin. Except its owner's relatives, there was no one else in all the animal kingdom who had one like it. But the strangest thing about it, as you shall see, was the many different ways in which he could use it.

In a moment his little brown head reappeared, and he and his brothers and sisters chased each other round and round, ducking and diving and splashing, and having the jolliest kind of a time. Now they raised such a commotion that they sent the ripples washing along the grassy edges of the pond, and now they climbed upon a log and poked their noses into each other's fat little sides, each trying to push the other back into the water. It isn't the usual thing for young beavers to be out in broad daylight, but all this happened in the good old days before the railroads came, when this part of northern Michigan was less infested with men than it is to-day. By and by the youngsters scrambled out upon the bank, and when their fur had dripped a little while they set to work to comb it. Up they sat on their hind legs and tails, and scratched their heads and shoulders with the long brown claws of their small, black, hairy hands. Then the hind feet came up one at a time, and combed and stroked their sides till they were dry, and the fur was soft and smooth and glossy as velvet. After that they had to have another romp. They were not half as graceful on land as they had been in the water. In fact, they were not graceful at all, and the way they shuffled and pranced, and stood around on their hind legs, and wheeled like baby hippopotami, and slapped the ground with their tails, was one of the funniest sights in the heart of the woods. And the funniest and liveliest of them all was the one who owned the tail which was to be a tail of two cities—the tail which, when I last saw it, was lying on the ground in front of Charlie Roop's shack. He was the one whom I shall call the Beaver—with a big B. But even baby beavers will sometimes grow tired of play, and at last they all lay down on the grass in the warm, quiet sunshine of the autumn afternoon. The wind had gone to sleep, the pond glittered like burnished steel in its bed of grassy beaver-meadow, the friendly woods stood guard all around, the enemy was far away, and it was a very good time for five little beavers to take a nap.

The city in which the tail first made its appearance was a very ancient one, and may have been the oldest town on the North American Continent. Nobody knows when the first stick was laid in the dam that changed a small natural pond into a large artificial one; but it was probably centuries ago, and, for all we can tell, it may have

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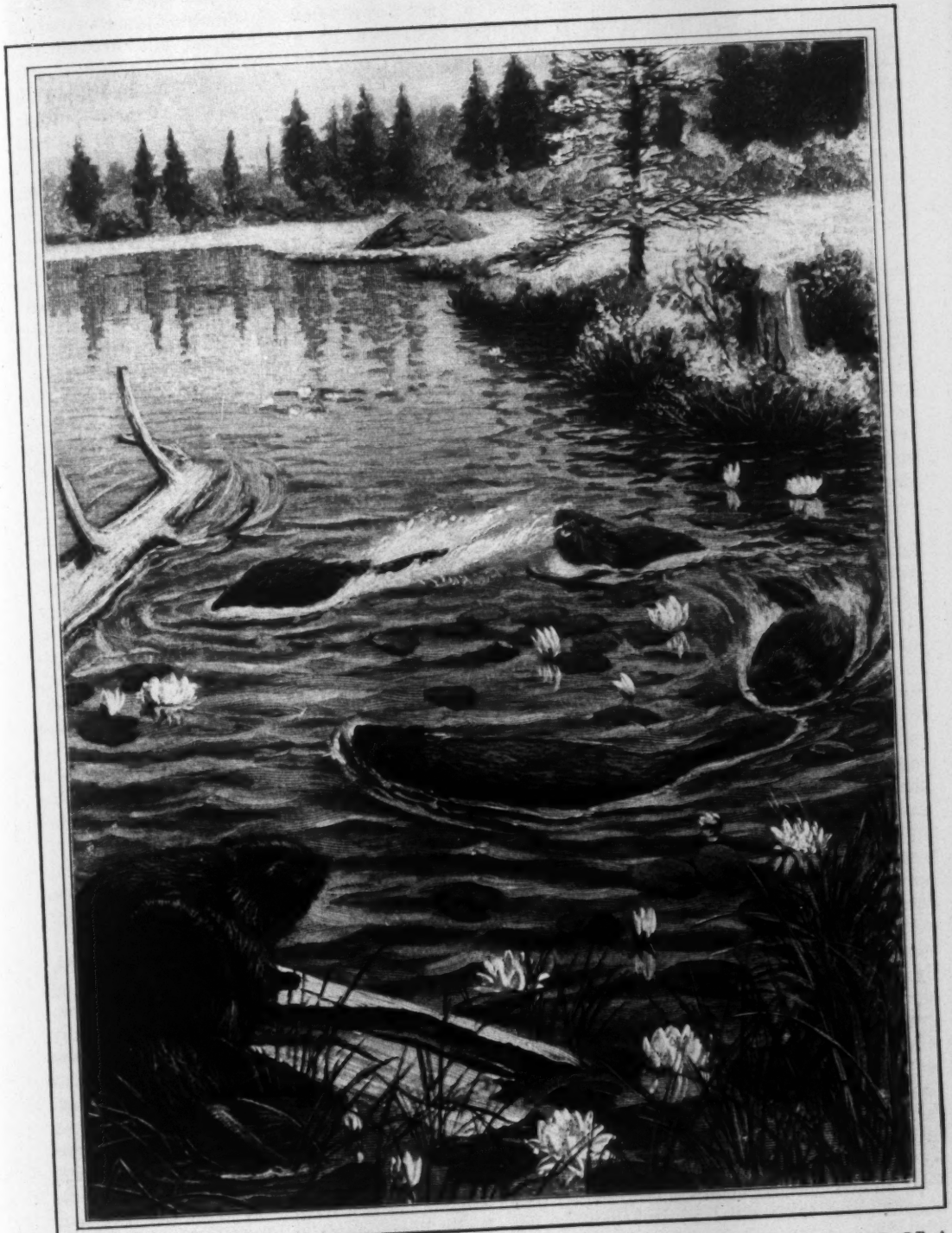
been thousands of years back in the past. Generation after generation of beavers had worked upon it, building it a little higher and a little higher, a little longer and a little longer, year after year; and raising their lodges as the water rose around them. Theirs was a maritime city, for most of its streets were of water, like those of Venice; rich cargoes of food-stuffs came floating to its very doors; and they themselves were navigators from their earliest youth, and took to the water as naturally as ducks or Englishmen. They were lumbermen, too; and when the timber was all cut from along the shores of the pond they dug canals across the low, level, marshy ground, back to the higher land where the birch and the poplar still grew, and floated the branches and the smaller logs down the artificial waterways. And there were land-roads as well as canals, for here and there narrow trails crossed the swamp, showing where generations of busy workers had passed back and forth between the felled tree and the water's edge. Streets, canals, public works, dwellings, commerce, lumbering, rich stores laid up for the winter—what more do you want to constitute a city, even if the houses are few in number, and the population somewhat smaller than that of London or New York ?

There was a time, not very long before our Beaver was born, when for a few years the city was deserted. The trappers had swept through the country, and the citizens' skulls were hung up on the bushes, while their skins went to the great London fur market. Few were left alive, and those few were driven from their homes and scattered through the woods, till the trappers, concluding that the ground was worked out, and that there was no use in staying there any longer, pushed on toward the north and west. Then, one by one, the beavers came back to their old haunts. The broken dam was repaired ; new lodges were built, and new beavers born in them; and again the ancient town was alive with the play of the babies and the labors of the civil engineers. Not as populous, perhaps, as it had once been; but alive and busy and happy. And so it was when our Beaver came into the world.

The first year of his life was an easy one, especially the winter, when there was little for any one to do except to eat and sleep, and now and then to fish for the roots of the yellow water-lily in the soft mud at the bottom of the pond. Probably the young Beaver accomplished more than his parents that winter, for if he could not work he could at least grow. Of course, they may have been growing, too; but it was less noticeable in them than in him. Not only was he increasing in size and weight, but he was laying up strength and energy for the coming labors of life. It would take muscle to force those long yellow teeth of his through the hard, tough flesh of the maple or the birch or the poplar. It would take vigor and push to roll the heavy billets of wood over the grass-tufts to the edge of the water. And, most of all, it would take strength and nerve and determination to tear himself away from a steel trap and leave a foot behind. So it was well for the Beaver that for a time he had nothing to do but grow.

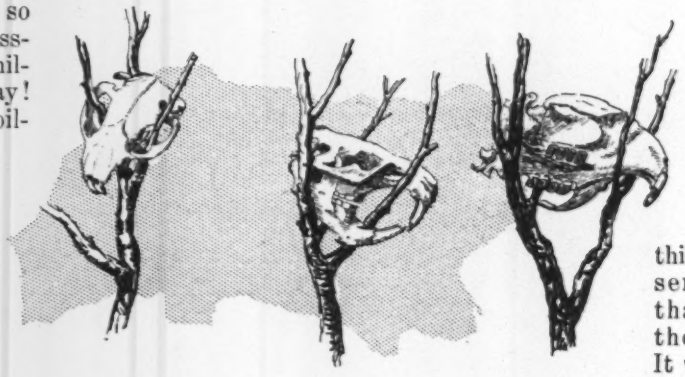
Spring came at last, and many of the male beavers prepared to depart. The ladies seemed to prefer not to be bothered by the presence of men-folks during the earliest infancy of the children; and the men, probably nothing loath, took advantage of the opportunity to travel and see something of the world, wandering by night up and down the streams, and hiding by day in burrows under the banks. For a time they enjoyed it, but as the summer dragged by they straggled homeward one after another. The new babies who had arrived in their absence had passed the most troublesome age, and it was time to begin work again. The dam and the lodges needed repairs, and there was much food to be gathered and laid up for the coming winter.

Now, on a dark autumn night, behold the young Beaver toiling with might and main. His parents have felled a tree, and it is his business to help them cut up the best portions and carry them away. He gnaws off a small branch, seizes the butt end in his teeth, swings it over his shoulder, and makes for the water, keeping his head twisted around to the right or left, so that the end of the branch may trail on the ground behind him. Perhaps he even rises on his hind legs and walks almost upright, with his broad, strong tail for a prop to keep him from tipping over backward if his load happens to catch on something. Arrived at the canal or at the edge of the pond he jumps in and swims for town, still carrying the branch over his shoulder, and finally leaves it on the growing pile in front of his father's lodge. Or perhaps the stick is too large to be carried in such a way. In that case it must be cut into short billets and rolled, as



"CHASING EACH OTHER ROUND AND ROUND, AND HAVING THE JOLLIEST KIND OF A TIME."

a cant-hook man rolls a log along a skidway. Only the Beaver has no cant-hook to help him. All that he can do is to push with all his might; and there are so many, many grass-tufts and little hillocks in the way! Sometimes the billet rolls down into a hollow, and then it is very hard to get it out again. He works like a beaver, and pushes and shoves and toils with tremendous energy; but I am afraid that more than one choice stick never reaches the water.



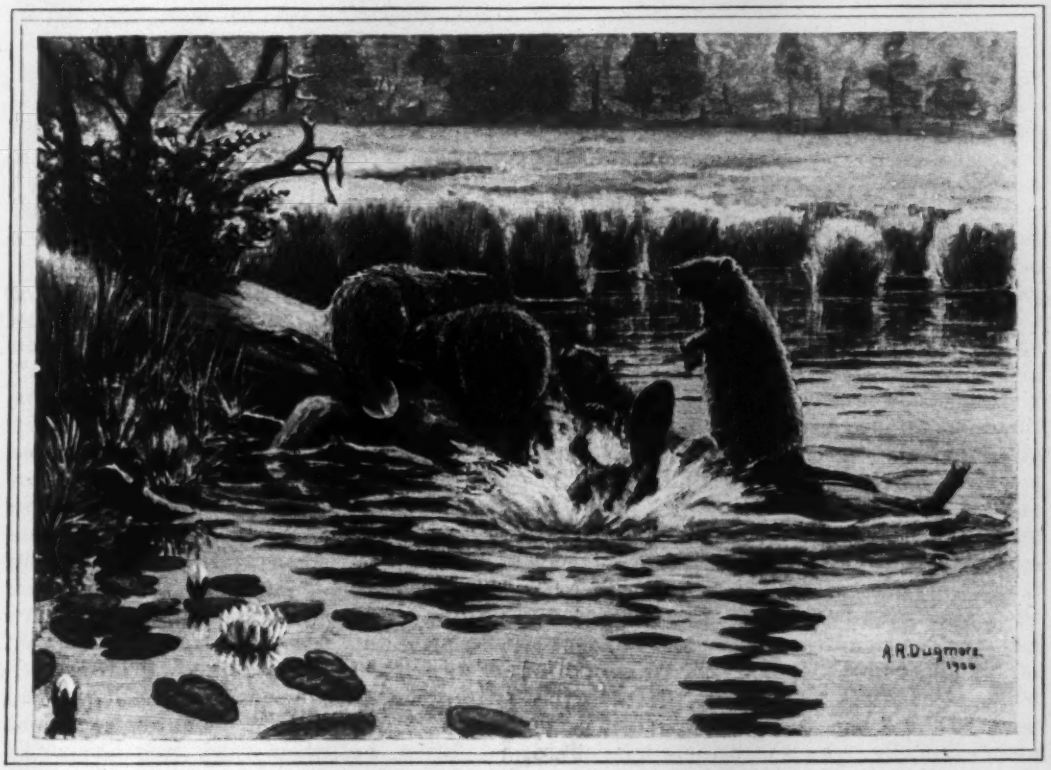
"THE CITIZENS' SKULLS WERE HUNG UP ON THE BUSHES."

One black November night our hero's father, the wisest old beaver in all the town, went out to his work and never came home again. A trapper had found the rebuilt city—a scientific trapper, who had studied his profession for years and knew how to go to work. He kept away from the lodges as long as he could, and before he set a single trap he looked the ground over very carefully, located the different trails that ran back from the water's edge toward the timber, visited the stumps of the felled trees, and paid particular attention to the tooth-marks on the chips. No two beavers leave marks that are exactly alike. The teeth of one are flatter or rounder than those of another, while a third has large or small nicks in the edges of his yellow chisels; and each tooth leaves its own signature behind it. By noting all these things the trapper concluded that a particular runway in the wet, grassy margin of the pond was the spot where a certain old beaver always left the water in going to his night's labor. That beaver, he decided, had best be the first one taken, for he was probably the head of a family, and an elderly person of much wisdom and experience, and if one of his children should be caught first he might become alarmed and take the lead in a general exodus.

So the trapper set a heavy double-spring trap in the edge of the water at the foot of the runway, and covered it with a thin sheet of moss. And that night, as the beaver came swimming up to the shore, he put his foot down where he shouldn't, and two steel jaws flew up and clasped him around the thigh. He had felt that grip before. Was not half of his right hand gone, and three toes from his left hind foot? But this was a far more serious matter than either of those mishaps. It was not a hand that was caught this time, nor yet a toe, or toes. It was his right hind leg, well up toward his body, and the strongest beaver that ever lived could not have pulled himself free. Now when a beaver is frightened he of course makes for deep water. There, he thinks, no enemy can follow him; and, what is more, it is the highway to his lodge, and to the burrow that he has hollowed in the bank for a refuge if his house should be attacked. So this beaver turned and jumped back into the water the way he had come; but, alas! he took his enemy with him. The heavy trap dragged him to the bottom like a stone, and the short chain fastened to a stake kept him from going very far. He never saw the light again. For a few minutes he struggled with all his might, and the soft black mud rose about him in inky clouds. Then he quieted down and lay very, very still; and the next day the trapper came along and pulled him out by the chain.

Something else happened the same night. Another wise old beaver, the head man of another lodge, was killed by a falling tree. He ought to have known better. I really don't see how he could have been so careless and reckless, but the best of us will make mistakes at times, and any pitcher may go once too often to the well. I suppose that he had felled hundreds of trees in the course of his life, and he had never yet met with an accident; but this time he thought he would take one more bite after the tree had really begun to fall. So he thrust his head again into the narrowing notch, and the wooden jaws closed upon him with a nip that was worse than his own. He tried to draw back, but it was too late; his skull crashed in, and his life went out like a candle.

And so, in a few hours, the city lost two of its best citizens, the two whom it could least afford to lose. If they had been spared they might, perhaps, have known enough to scent the coming danger, and to lead their families away from the doomed town, deeper into the heart of the wilderness. As it was, the trapper had things all his own way, and by working carefully and cautiously he added skin after skin to his store of beaver-pelts. I haven't time to tell you of all the different ways in which he set his traps; of the various baits that he used, from castoreum to fresh sticks of birch or willow; or of those other traps, still more artfully set, which had no bait at all, but were cunningly hidden where the poor beavers would be almost certain to step into them before they saw them. After all, it was his awful success that was important rather than the way in which it was achieved. Our friend's mother was one of the next to go, and the way his brothers and sisters disappeared one after another was a thing to break one's heart.



"EACH ONE WAS TRYING TO PUSH THE OTHERS OFF THE LOG."

One night he himself came swimming down the pond, homeward bound, and as he dived and approached the submarine entrance of the lodge he noticed some stakes driven into the mud—stakes that had never been there before. They seemed to form two rows, one on each side of his course, but there was just room for him to pass between them, and he swam straight ahead. His hands had no webs between the fingers, and were of little use in swimming, so he had folded them back against his body; but his big, webbed feet were working like the wheels of a twin-screw steamer. Suddenly, halfway down the lines of stakes, his breast touched the pan of a steel trap, and the jaws flew up quick as a wink and strong as a vise. Fortunately there was nothing that they could take hold of. They struck him so hard that they lifted him bodily upward, but they caught nothing but a few hairs.

Even a scientific trapper may sometimes make mistakes; and when this one came around to visit his trap, and found it sprung but empty, he concluded that the beavers had learned its secret and had sprung it on purpose. There was no use, he decided, in trying to capture such intelligent animals in their own doorway, and he took the trap up and set it in a more out-of-the-way spot. And so one source of danger was removed, all because our hero was lucky enough to

touch the pan with his breast instead of with a foot.

A week later the Beaver was really caught by his right hand, and met with one of the most thrilling adventures of his life. Oh, but that was a glorious night! Dark as a pocket, no wind, thick black clouds overhead, and the rain coming down in a steady, steady drizzle—just the kind of a night that the beavers enjoy, when the friendly darkness shuts their little city in from all the rest of the world, and when they feel safe and secure. Then, how the long yellow teeth gouge and tear at the tough wood, how the trees come tumbling down, and how the branches and the little logs come hurrying in to augment the winter food-piles! Often of late the Beaver had noticed an unpleasant odor along the shores—an odor that frightened him; but to-night the rain had washed it all away, and the woods smelled as sweet and clean as if God had just made them over new. And on this night, of all others, the Beaver put his hand squarely into a steel trap.

Fortunately he was in a shallow portion of the pond, and the chain was too short for him to reach water deep enough to drown him; but now a new danger appeared, for there on the low, mossy bank was an otter, glaring at him through the darkness. Beaver-meat makes a very acceptable meal for an otter, and the Beaver knew it. And he knew, also, how utterly helpless he was either to flee or to resist, with that heavy trap on his arm and its chain binding him to the stake. His heart sank lower and lower, and he trembled from his nose to the end of his tail, and whimpered and cried like a baby. But, strange to say, it was the trapper who saved him, though it was done quite unintentionally. As the otter advanced to the attack there came a sudden sharp click, and in another second he, too, was struggling for dear life. Two traps, not one, had been set in the shallow water. The Beaver had found the first, and his enemy the second.

The full story of that night's work, with all its details of fear and suffering and pain, will never be written; and perhaps it is well that it should not be. But, if you like, I can give you a few of the facts. The Beaver soon found that he was out of the otter's reach, and he set to work to free himself from the trap. Round and round he twisted, till there came a little snap, and the bone of his arm broke short off in the steel jaws. Then for a long, long time he pulled and pulled with all his might, and at last the skin was rent apart, and the muscles and sinews were torn out by the roots. His right hand was gone, and he was so weak and faint that it seemed as if all the strength and life of his whole body had gone with it. But no matter, he was free, and he swam away to the nearest burrow and lay down to rest. The otter tried to do the same, but he was caught by the thick of his thigh, and his case was a hopeless one. Next day the trapper found him alive, but very meek and quiet, worn out with fear and useless struggles. In the other trap were a beaver's hand and some long shreds of flesh and sinew which must once have reached well up into the shoulder.

We shall have to hurry over the events of the next winter—the last winter in the city's history. By the time the Beaver's wound was healed—nature was good to him, and the skin soon grew over the torn stump—the pond was frozen over. The beavers, only half as numerous as they had been a few weeks before, kept close in their lodges and burrows; and for a time they lived in peace and quietness, and their numbers suffered no further diminution. Then the trapper took to setting his traps through the ice, and before long matters were worse than ever. By spring the few that remained were so thoroughly frightened that the ancient town was again abandoned—this time forever. The beavers scattered, some going one way and some another. The lodges fell to ruins, the burrows caved in, the dam gave way, and the pond and canals were drained; and that was the end of the first of our two cities. Yet not quite the end, either. The beavers have vanished from their ancient habitation, but their work remains in the broad meadows cleared of timber by their teeth, and covered with rich black soil by the inundations from their dam. The farmers of generations to come will have reason to rise up and bless those busy little citizens—but I don't suppose they will ever do it.

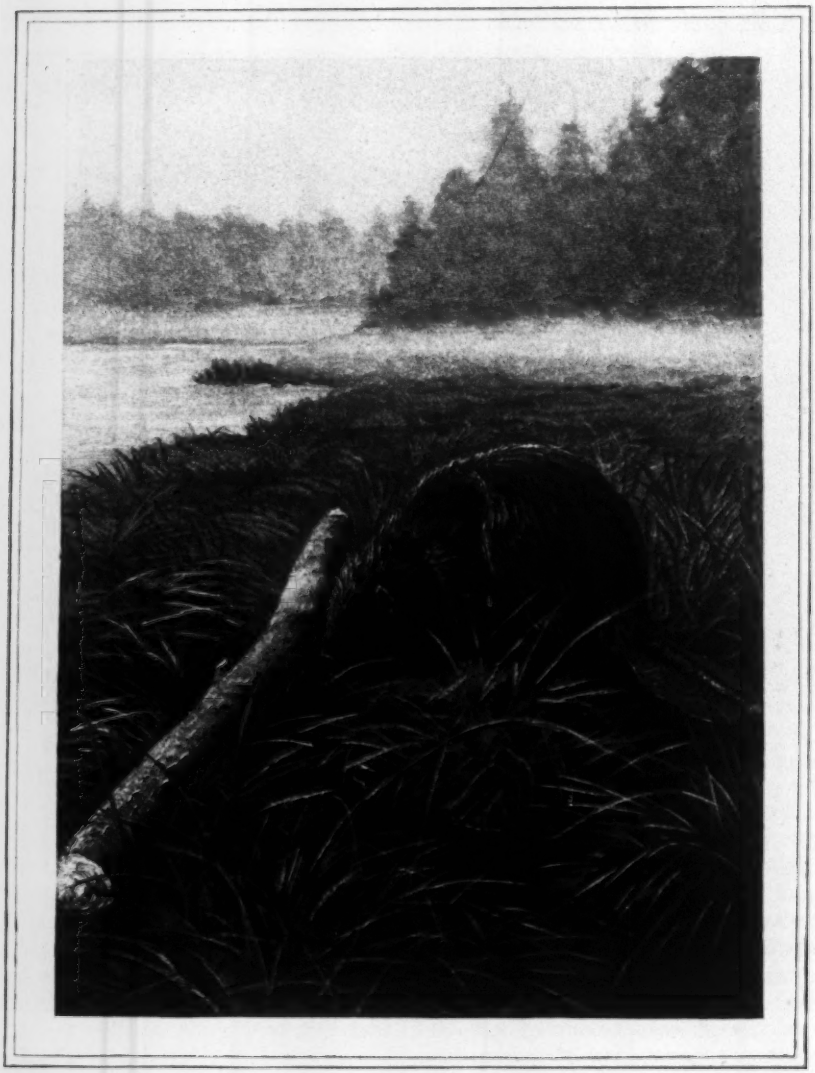
I told you in the first place that our Beaver's tail was a tail of two cities. The first city, as we have already seen, was ancient and historic. The second was brand new. Let us see how it had its beginnings. The Beaver got married about the time that he left his old home, and this, by the way, is a very good thing to do when you want to

". . . THEY LAY DOWN ON THE GRASS IN THE WARM, QUIET SUNSHINE OF THE AUTUMN AFTERNOON."

start a new town. Except for his missing hand, his wife was so like him that it would have puzzled you to tell which was which. I think it is very likely that she was his twin sister; but of course that's none of our business. Do you want to know what they looked like? They measured about three feet six inches from tip of nose to tip of tail, and they weighed perhaps thirty pounds apiece. Their bodies were thick and clumsy, and covered with beautiful chestnut-brown fur. Their heads were somewhat like those of gigantic rats, with small, light-brown eyes, little round ears covered with hair, and long, orange-colored incisors looking out from between the parted lips. One portrait will answer for both of them.

They wandered about for some time, looking for a suitable location, and examining several spots in the beds of various little rivers, none of which seemed to be just right. But at last they found a place in the heart of the woods where a shallow stream ran over a hard, stony bottom; and here they set to work. If they could have spoken they would probably have said that it was a dam site better than anything else they had seen. Alder bushes, laid lengthwise of the current, were the first materials used; and for a time the water filtered through them with hardly a pause. Then the beavers began laying mud and stones and moss upon this brush foundation, scooping them up with their hands, and holding them under their chins as they waddled or swam to the dam. The Beaver himself was not very good at this work, for, as we know, his right hand was gone, and it was not easy for him to carry things; but he did the best he could, and together they accomplished a great deal. The mud and the grass and such-like materials were deposited mainly on the upper face of the dam, where the pressure of the water only sufficed to drive them tighter into the brush; and thus, little by little, a smooth bank of earth was presented to the current, backed up on the lower side by a tangle of sticks and poles, over the top of which the surplus water trickled in tiny rills.

That first year the beavers did not try to raise the stream more than a foot above its original level. There was much other work to be done—a house to be built, and food to be laid in—and if they spent too much time on the dam they might freeze or starve before spring. A few rods up-stream was a low, grassy point, which the rising waters had



"THERE ARE SO MANY GRASS TUFTS AND LITTLE HILLOCKS IN THE WAY."

converted into an island, and here they built their lodge—a hollow mound of sticks and mud, with a small, cave-like chamber in the center, and two tunnels starting from the floor and reaching out under the pond—"angles," the trappers call them. The walls were masses of earth and wood and stones, so thick and solid that even a man with an ax would have found it difficult to penetrate them. Only at the very apex of the mound there was no mud—nothing but tangled sticks through which a breath of fresh air now and then found its way. In spite of this feeble attempt at ventilation I am obliged to state that the atmosphere of the lodge was often a good deal like that of the Black Hole of Calcutta; but beavers are so constituted that they do not need much oxygen, and they did not seem to mind it. In all other respects the house was neat and clean. The floor was only two or three inches above the level of the water in the angles, and would naturally have been a bed of mud; but they mixed little twigs with it, and stamped and pounded it down until it was hard and smooth. I think likely the Beaver's tail had something to do with this part of the work, for he was fond of slapping things with it, and it was just the right shape for such use. With the ends of projecting sticks cut off to leave the walls smooth and even, and with long grass carried in to make the beds, the lodge was finished and ready for its occupants.

And now you might have seen the beavers coming home to rest after a night's labor

at felling timber—two little heads plowing through the water toward the island. In front of the lodge each tail-rudder gives a slap and a twist, and they dive for the submarine door of one of the angles. In another second they are swimming along the dark, narrow tunnel, making the water surge around them. Suddenly the roof of the passage rises above the water, and their heads pop up into the air. A yard or two farther, and they enter the chamber of the lodge, with its level floor and its low, arched roof. And there in the darkness they lie down on their grass beds and go to sleep. It is good to have a home of your own where you may take your rest when the night's work is done.

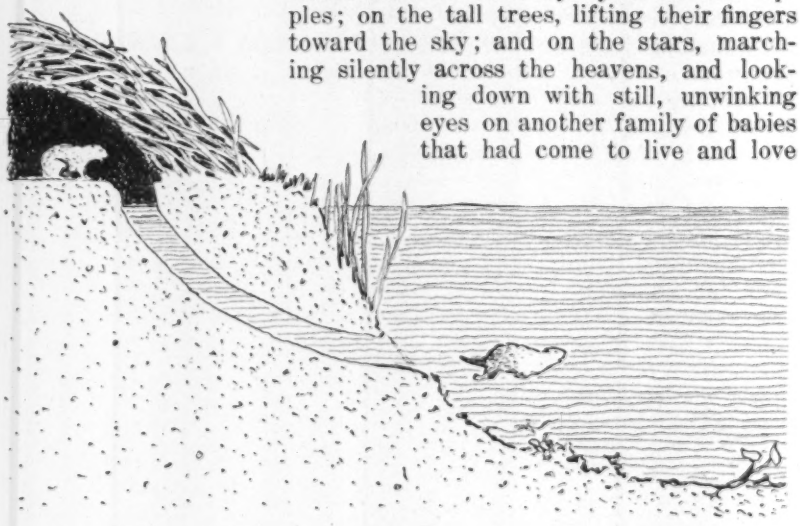
Near the upper end of the pond, where the bank was higher, they dug a long burrow, running back ten or fifteen feet into the ground. This was to be the last resort if the castle should ever be stormed. It was a weary task, digging that burrow, for its mouth was deep under the water, and every few minutes the beavers had to stop work and come to the surface for breath. Night after night they scooped and shoveled and burrowed, but it was done at last, and they felt easier in their minds when they knew that it was ready for use in case of necessity. From its mouth in the depths of the pond it sloped gradually upward to a dry chamber under the roots of a large birch. Here, where a few tiny holes were not likely to be noticed from the outside, two or three small openings, almost hidden by moss and dead leaves, let in the air and an occasional ray of light. The big tree made a solid roof overhead, and the chamber was large enough, with a little crowding, to accommodate a whole family of beavers.

There was only one other heavy task, and that was the gathering of the wood whose bark was to serve as food through the winter. This, too, was finally finished; and the very last thing the beavers did that fall was to put another coat of mud on the outside of the lodge, and to see that the dam was in the best possible condition. No repairing could be done after the ice made; and if the dam should give way at any time during the winter, the pond would be drained and the entrances of the lodge and the burrow would be thrown open to any prowling marauders that might happen to pass that way.

There came a quiet, windless day, when the sky was covered with gray clouds, and when the snow-flakes floated lazily down-

"BUILDING THE DAM."

ward, some to lose themselves in the black water, and some to robe the woods and the shores in white. At night the clouds broke up and the stars shone forth; and then the cold and the frost grew keener and keener, till long crystal spears shot out across the pond; and at last a glassy covering spread from shore to shore. I do not think it was unwelcome. The beavers were shut in for the winter, but they had each other, and there was a little world of their own down under the ice and snow. The chamber of the lodge was home, and just outside was their food storehouse—the big pile of wood which had cost so much labor to gather. One of the entrances was shorter and straighter than the other, and through this they brought in sticks from the heap, and laid them on the floor between the beds, where they could devour the bark at their leisure. If they grew restless and wanted to go a little further afield, there was the bottom of the pond to be explored, and the big, luscious roots of the yellow water-lily to be dug up for a change of diet. It was a peaceful time, a time of rest from the labors of the past year, and of growing fat and strong for the work of the year to come. We have much goods laid up for many months; let us eat, drink, and be merry, and hope that the trappers will not come to-morrow.



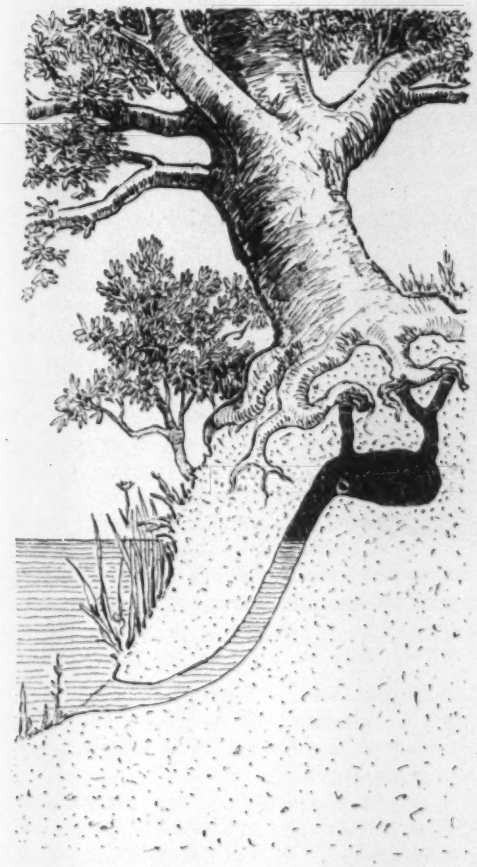
THE HOME OF THE BEAVER AND THE SECRET CHAMBERS TO WHICH HE

The babies came in May, and I suppose that the young father and mother were almost as proud and happy as some of you who are in similar circumstances. The Beaver did not wander very far from home that spring and summer, nor was he away very long at a time. There were five of the children, and they were very pretty—about as large as rats, and covered with thick, soft, silky, reddish-brown fur, but without any of the longer, coarser, chestnut-colored hairs that formed their parents' outer coats. They were decidedly playful, and though the parent beavers had always found the lodge pleasant enough, yet it was a very different place after these arrivals. For a while they had to be nursed like other babies, but by and by the father and mother began to bring in little willow twigs, about the size of lead pencils; and if you had been there, and your eyes had been sharp enough to pierce the gloom, you might have seen the youngsters exercising their brand-new teeth, and learning to sit up and hold sticks in their baby hands while they ate the bark. And wouldn't you have liked to be present when the five little beavers first went swimming down the long, dark tunnel, and, rising to the surface, looked around on their world of woods and water—on the quiet pond, with its glassy smoothness broken only by their own ripples; on the tall trees, lifting their fingers toward the sky; and on the stars, marching silently across the heavens, and looking down with still, unwinking eyes on another family of babies that had come to live and love and be happy for a little while on God's earth?

One of the children was killed by an otter before the summer was over, but I am pleased to say that the other four grew up and were a credit to their parents.

The babies were not the only addition to the new city during that year, for about mid-summer another pair of beavers came and built another lodge at the upper end of the pond. It was a busy season for everybody, for our old friends as well as for the new-comers. The food-sticks which had been peeled of their bark during the winter furnished a good supply of construction material; and the dam was built up several inches higher, lifting the level of the pond, and making it necessary to raise the floor of the

lodge in order to keep it dry. This also necessitated raising the roof, by the simple process of hollowing it out from within and adding more material on the outside. In the same way the lodge was made both longer and broader, so as to accommodate the increased family, and the still further increase that was to be expected next spring. More burrows were dug in the shores of the pond —you can't have too many of them—and a much larger stock of food was gathered, for there were six mouths, instead of two, to be fed through the coming winter. The second pair of beavers were also busy with lodge and burrow and storehouse, and so the days slipped by very rapidly.



AND HIS FAMILY RETIRE WHEN MOLESTED.

Only once that year did a man come to town, and then he did not do anything very terrible. He was not a trapper—he was only an amateur naturalist, who wanted to see the beavers at their work, and who thought he was smart enough to catch them at it. His plan was simple enough; he made a breach in the dam, and then climbed a tree and waited for them to come and mend it. It was a bright, moonlit night, and he thought he would see the whole thing and learn some wonderful secrets. The Beaver was at work in the woods not very far away, and presently he came down to the edge of the pond, rolling a heavy birch cutting before him. He noticed at once that the water was falling, and he started straight for the dam to see what was the matter. The amateur naturalist saw him coming, a dark speck moving swiftly down the pond, with a long V-shaped ripple spreading out on both sides like the flanks of a flock of wild geese.

But the Beaver was doing some thinking while he swam. He had never before known the water to fall so suddenly and rapidly; there must be a very bad break in the dam. How could it have happened? It looked suspicious. In fact, it looked so very suspicious that just before he reached the dam he stopped to reconnoiter, and at once caught sight of the naturalist up in the tree. His tail rose in the air, and came down with the most tremendous "whack!" of its existence, a stroke that sent the spray flying in every direction, and that might have been heard three-quarters of a mile away. His wife heard it, and paused in her work of felling a tree; the children heard it; the neighbors heard it; and they all knew that it meant business. The Beaver dived like a loon and swam for dear life, and he did not come to the surface again till he had reached the farther end of the pond and was out of sight behind a grassy point. There he stayed, now and then striking the water with his tail as a signal that the danger was not yet over. It isn't every animal that can use his caudal appendage as a third hind leg, as a rudder, as a trowel for smoothing the floor of his house, and as a tocsin for alarming his family and fellow-citizens.

The naturalist remained in the tree till his teeth were chattering and he was fairly blue with cold, and then he scrambled down and went back to his camp, where he had a violent chill. The next night it rained; and, as he did not want to get wet, there was nothing to do but stay in the tent. When he visited the pond again the dam had been repaired and the water was up to its usual level. He decided that watching beavers wasn't very interesting, hardly worth the trouble it cost, and he guessed he knew enough about them, anyhow. So the next day he packed up his camp outfit and went home.

"SHINGLING THE HOUSE."

In the following year the population was increased to eighteen, for six more babies arrived in our Beaver's lodge, and four in the neighbors'. In another twelvemonth the first four were old enough to build lodges and found homes of their own, and so the city grew, and our Beaver and his wife were the original inhabitants, the first settlers, the most looked up to of all the citizens. You are not to suppose that the Beaver was mayor of the town, however. There was no city government. The family was the unit, and each household was a law unto itself. But that did not keep him from being the oldest, the wisest, the most knowing of all the beavers in the city, just as his father had been a generation before in another city.

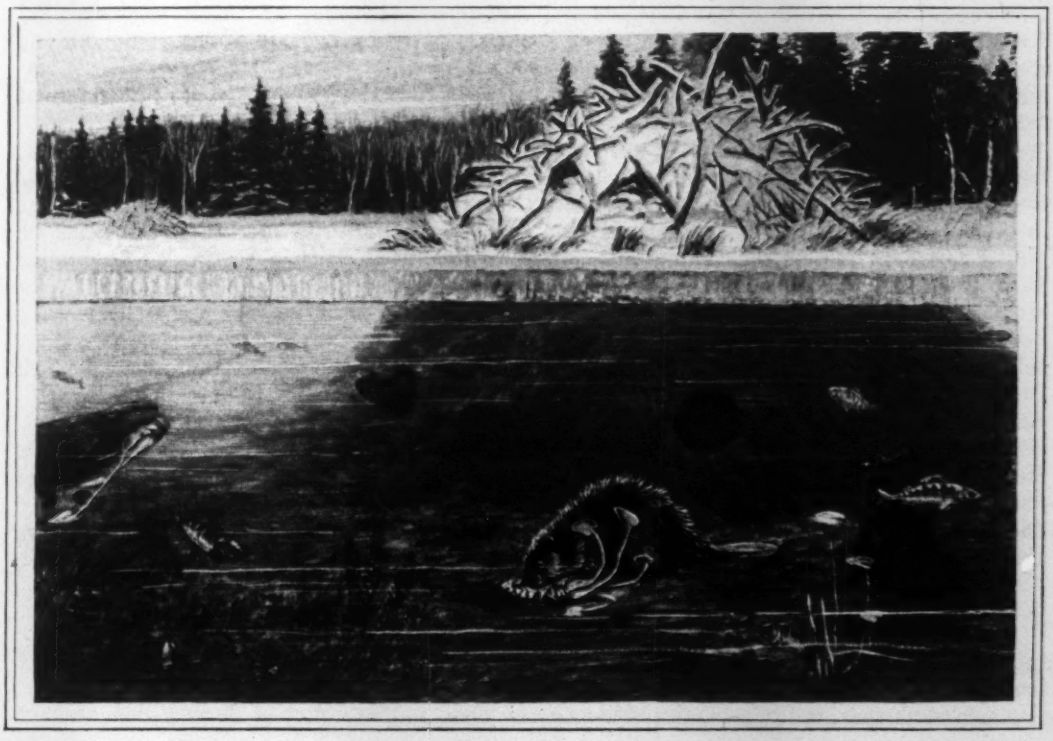
I don't believe you care to hear all about the years that followed. They were years of peace and growth, of marriages and home-building, of many births and a few deaths, of winter rest and summer labor, and of quiet domestic happiness. There was little excitement, and, best of all, there were no trappers. The time came when the Beaver might well say, as he looked around on the community which he and his wife had founded, that he was a citizen of no mean city. But this could not last. A great calamity was coming—a calamity beside which the slow destruction of the former town should seem tame and uninteresting.

On a bright February day the Beaver and his wife left their lodge to look for lily-roots. They had found a big fat one and were just about to begin their feast when they heard footsteps on the ice overhead, and the voices of several men talking eagerly. They made for the nearest burrow as fast as they could go, and stayed there the rest of the day. When they returned to the lodge they found —but I'm going too fast.

The men were Indians and half-breeds, and they were in high feather over their discovery. Around this pond there must be enough beaver-skins to keep them in groceries and tobacco and whiskey for a long time to come. One of the Indians was an elderly man, who in the old days had trapped beaver in Canada for the Hudson Bay Company, and he assumed the direction of the work. First of all they chopped holes in the ice, and drove a line of stakes reaching across the stream just above the pond, so that no one might escape in that direction. Then, by pounding on the ice, and cutting holes in it

here and there, they found the entrances to all the lodges and some of the burrows, and closed them also with stakes driven into the bottom. Fortunately they did not find the burrow where our Beaver and his wife had taken refuge. They were about to break open the roofs of the lodges, when the old man proposed that they should play a trick on one of the beaver families, a trick which his father had taught him when he was a boy, and when the beavers were many in the woods around Lake Superior. He described it with enthusiasm, and his companions agreed that it would be great fun. For a time there was much chopping of ice and driving of stakes, and then all was quiet again.

By and by one of the Beaver's children began to feel hungry, and as his father and mother had not come home he decided to go out to the wood-pile in front of the lodge and get something to eat. So he took a header from his bed into the water, and swam down the angle. The door had been unbarred again, and he passed out without difficulty; but when he reached the pile he found it surrounded by a fence of stakes set so close together that he could not pass between them. He swam clear around it, and at last found one gap just wide enough to admit his body. He passed in, and as he did so his back grazed a small twig which had been thrust downward through a hole in the ice, and the Indians saw it move and knew that a beaver had entered the trap. He picked out a nice stick of convenient size, and started to return to the lodge. But where was that gap in the fence? This was the place, he was sure. Here were the two stakes that had grazed his sides as he came in, but now another stood squarely between them, and the gate was barred. He swam all round the wood-pile inside the fence, looking for some way out, and poking his little brown nose between the stakes. There was no escape, and as he came back to the entrance and found it still closed his last hope died out, and he gave up in despair. His heart and lungs and all his circulatory apparatus had been designed by the Great Architect so that he might live for many minutes under water, but they could not keep him alive indefinitely. Overhead was the ice, and all around was that cruel fence. Only a rod away was home, where his brothers and sisters were waiting for him, where there was air to breathe and life to live—but he could not reach it. You have all read how a drowning man feels, and I suppose it is much the same with a drowning beaver. They say it is an easy death.



"A LITTLE WORLD OF THEIR OWN, UNDER THE ICE AND SNOW."

By and by a hooked stick came down through a hole in the ice and drew him out, the gate was unbarred again, the twig was replaced, and the Indians waited for another hungry, furry little creature to come for his dinner. That's enough. You know now what happened to the children whom the Beaver and his wife had left in the lodge, and what they found when they came home —or rather what they didn't find.

It would have taken too long to dispose of the whole city in this way, so the Indians finally broke the dam and let the water out of the pond, and then they tore open the lodges and all the burrows they could find, and the inhabitants were put to the— not to the sword, but to the ax and the club. Of all those who had so lately been happy and prosperous, the old Beaver and his wife were the only ones who escaped; and their lives were spared only because the Indians failed to find their hiding-place.

That was the end of the second city, but it was not the end of the beavers. The tale of the tail is not quite finished. A few miles up-stream they dug a short burrow in the bank, and tried to make a new home. In May another baby came, but only one, and it was dead before it was born. Next day the mother died, and the Beaver left the burrow and went out into the world alone. I really think his heart was broken, though it continued to beat for several months longer.

Just northeast of the Glimmerglass there lies a long, narrow pond, whose shores are low and swampy, and whose waters drain into the larger lake through a short stream only a few rods in length. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years ago, the narrow strip of land that separates them may have been a beaver-dam, but to-day it is hard to tell it from one of nature's own formations. In the course of his lonely wanderings the Beaver reached this pond, and here he established himself to spend his last few weeks. He was aging rapidly. Only last winter he had seemed in the very prime of life, and had been one of the handsomest beavers in the woods, with fur of the thickest and softest and silkiest, and a weight of probably sixty pounds. To-day he was thin and lean, his hair was falling out, his teeth were losing their sharp edges and becoming blunt and almost useless, and even his flat tail was growing thicker and more rounded, and its "whack!" was not as startling as of old, when he brought it down on the surface of the water.

Yet even now the old instinct flamed up and burned feebly for a little while. Or shall we say the old love of work, and of using the powers and faculties that God had given him? Why should the thing that is called genius in a man be set down as instinct when we see it on a smaller scale in an animal? Whatever it was, the ruling passion was still strong. All his life he had been a civil engineer; and now, one dark, rainy, autumn night, he left his shallow burrow, swam down the pond to its outlet, and began to build a dam. The next day, pushing up the shallow stream in my dug-out canoe, I saw the alder-cuttings lying in its bed with the marks of his dull teeth on their butts. God knows why he did it, and what he was thinking about as he cut those bushes and dragged them into the water. I don't; but sometimes I wonder if a wild dream of a new lodge, a new mate, a new home, and a new city was fleeting through his poor, befogged old brain.

It was only a few nights later that he put his foot into Charlie Roop's beaver trap, jumped for deep water, and was drowned like his father before him.

Charlie afterward showed me the pelt. It was not a very good one, for, as I said, the Beaver had been losing his hair, but Charlie thought he might get a dollar or two for it. Whether he needed the dollar more than the Beaver needed his skin was a question which it seemed quite useless to discuss.

As we left the shack I noticed the tail lying on the ground just outside the door.

"Why didn't you eat it?" I asked. "Don't you know that a beaver's tail is supposed to be the finest delicacy in the woods?"

"Huh!" said Charlie. "I'd rather have salt pork."

A Study In Piracy

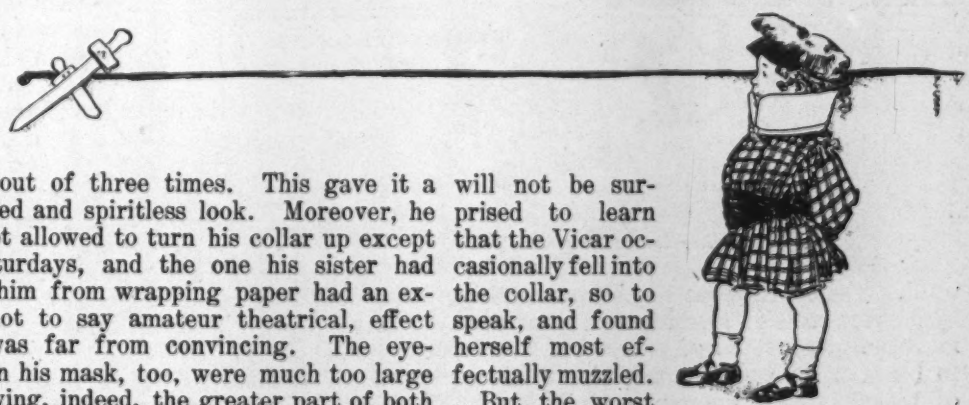
By
Josephine Dodge Daskam

Illustrated by
F. Y. Cory

IT might not have occurred to you to find the Head Captain terrible to look upon, had you seen him first without his uniform. There seems to be something essentially pacific in the effect of a broad turn-over gingham collar, a blue neck-ribbon, and a wide straw hat; and you might be pardoned for thinking him a rather mild person. But could you have encountered him in a black cambric mask with pinked edges, a broad sash of Turkey red wound tightly about his waist, and that wide collar *turned up* above his ears—the tie conspicuous for its absence—you might have sung another tune. His appearance was at such a time nothing short of menacing.

The Lieutenant was distinctly less impressive. His sash, though not so long as the Head Captain's, was forever coming untied and trailing behind him, and as he often retreated rapidly, he stumbled and fell over it twice out of three times. This gave it a draggled and spiritless look. Moreover, he was not allowed to turn his collar up except on Saturdays, and the one his sister had made him from wrapping paper had an exotic, not to say amateur theatrical, effect that was far from convincing. The eye-holes in his mask, too, were much too large—showing, indeed, the greater part of both cheeks, each of which was provided with a deep dimple. Seen in the daytime, he was not—to speak confidentially—very awesome.

As for the Vicar—well, there were obstacles in the way of her presenting such an appearance as she would have liked. In the first place, there was not enough Turkey red to go evenly round, and to her disgust she had been obliged to put up with a scant three-quarters of a yard—not a wide strip at that. What was by courtesy called the Vicar's waist was not far from three quarters of a yard in circumference, which fact compelled her to strain her sash tightly in order to be able to make even a small hard knot, to say nothing of bows and ends. She had no collar of any kind—her frocks were gathered into bands at the neck—and she was not allowed to imitate the Lieutenant's; who, though generally speaking a mush of concession, held out very strongly for this outward and visible sign of a presumable inward and spiritual superiority. So the Vicar, in a wild attempt at masculinity, had privately borrowed a high linen collar of her uncle. The shirts in her uncle's drawer had printed inside them, *wear a seventeen-and-a-half collar with this shirt*, so you will not be surprised to learn that the Vicar occasionally fell into the collar, so to speak, and found herself most effectually muzzled.



The Vicar.

But the worst was her mask. Her hair came down in a heavy bang almost to her straight brown eyebrows; her round, brown eyes were somewhat short-sighted; her eye-holes were

too small. In consequence of these facts, whenever it was desirable or necessary to see an inch before her nose she was obliged to push the mask up over her bang, when it waved straight out and up, and looked like some high priest's miter.

Her title was due to her uncle, who, to do him justice, was as innocent of his influence in the matter as of the loss of his collar.

"When a person isn't the head of the Pirates, but is an officer just the same, and has some say about things, what do you call that?" she asked him abruptly one day. He was reading at the time, and, not unnaturally, understood her to say "the head of the parish."

"Why, that's called a vicar, I suppose you mean," he answered.

"A vicker! Does he have some say?"

"Some *say?*"

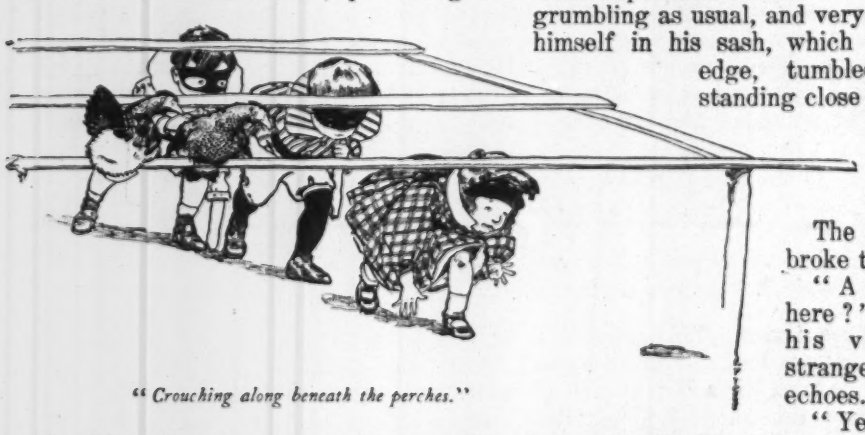
"Yes"—impatiently—"some say. He hasn't got to do the way the others tell him *all* the time, has he?"

"Oh, dear, no. Don't you know Mr. Wright, down at the chapel? He's called the vicar. He really manages it, I think. Of course it's not like being the rector——"

"Chapel? Is that the only kind of vicker, like Mr. Wright?"

"Why, of course not, silly! There are lots of different kinds."

"Oh!" and she retired, practising the word. The others were much impressed by her cleverness in discovering such a fascinating title. It savored of *wicked* and *villain*, to begin with; and pursuing the advantage of their previous ignorance of it, she invented several privileges and perquisites of the office, which to deny would argue their lack of information on the subject, a thing she knew they would never own.



"Crouching along beneath the perches."

One of these was the right to summon the band, when the Head Captain had decided on an expedition, to any meeting-place she saw fit; and though in a great many ways her superiors found her a nuisance, the Lieutenant in particular objecting in a nagging, useless sort of way to most of her suggestions, they could not but admit that her selection of mysterious, unsuspected *rendezvous* was often brilliantly original.

On one especial occasion, a warm afternoon late in June, when the houses and yards were all quiet, and the very dogs lay still in the shade, the Vicar led them softly to the chicken yard, mystified them by crawling through a broken glass frame into the covered roost, crouching along beneath the perches, and going out again by the legitimate door without stopping to speak. This effectually silenced the Lieutenant—the chicken house seemed an old ruse to him, and he was sniffing in preparation for the expression of the opinion. Out across the yard and twice around an enormous hogshead they walked solemnly. Such a prelude must mean a great *finale*, and the Head Captain felt decidedly curious. The Vicar paused, made a short detour for the purpose of getting two empty boxes, piled them one on the other, and lightly swung herself into the cask. A loud thud announced her safe arrival at the bottom, and flushed with delight at the incomparable secrecy of the thing, the Head Captain followed her. The Lieutenant, grumbling as usual, and very nearly hanging himself in his sash, which caught on the edge, tumbled after, and standing close together in the great barrel they grinned consciously at each other.

The Head Captain broke the silence.

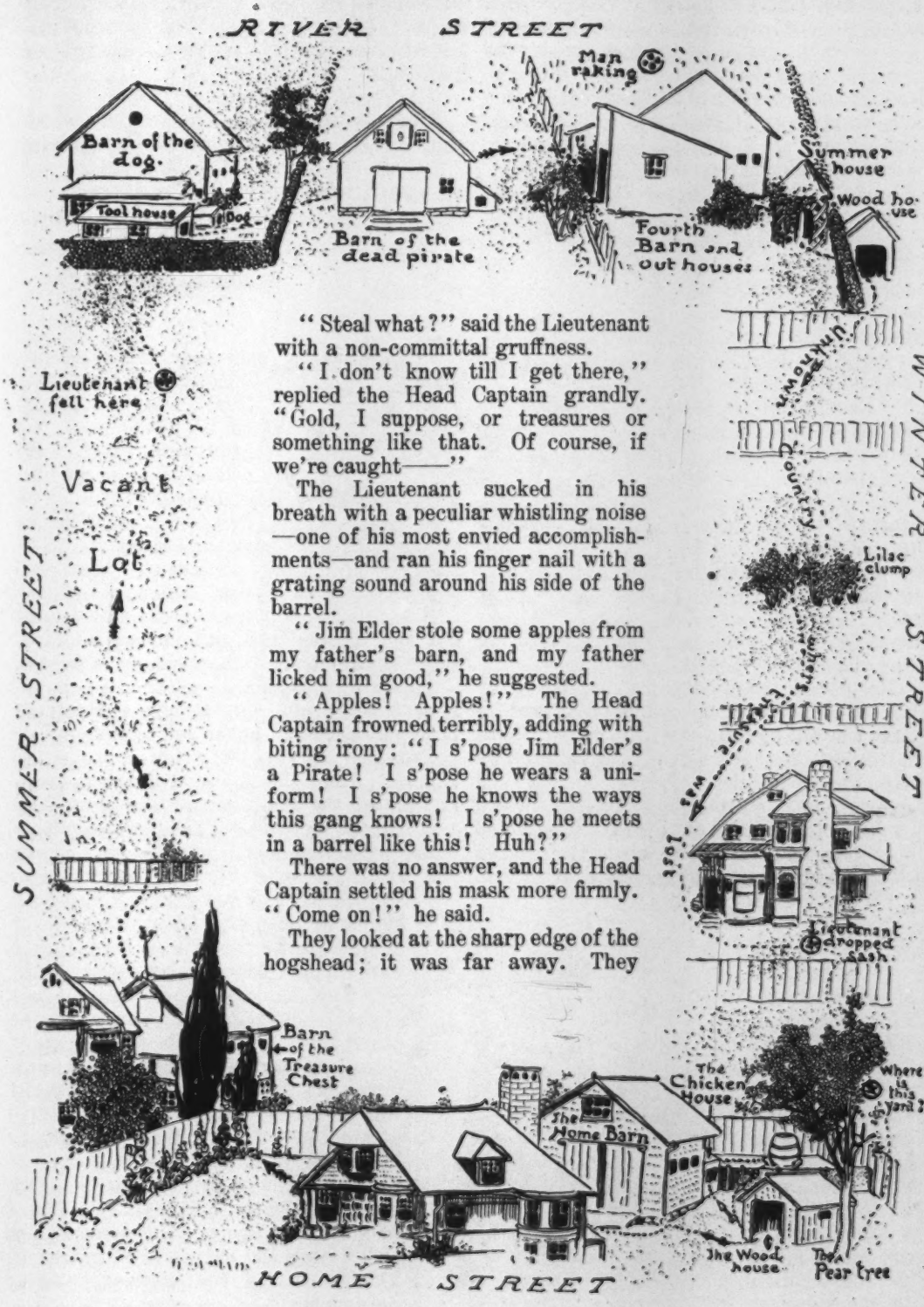
"Are we all here?" he demanded, his voice waking strange and hollow echoes.

"Yes!" replied the Vicar delightedly, bursting with pride.

"Aye, aye!" said the Lieutenant with careful formality.

"Then listen here!" the Head Captain spoke in a hoarse whisper. "This'll be a diff'rent way. This is going to be the real thing. To-day *we're going to steal!*"

The Vicar gasped. "Really steal?" she whispered.



"Steal what?" said the Lieutenant with a non-committal gruffness.

"I don't know till I get there," replied the Head Captain grandly. "Gold, I suppose, or treasures or something like that. Of course, if we're caught——"

The Lieutenant sucked in his breath with a peculiar whistling noise —one of his most envied accomplishments—and ran his finger nail with a grating sound around his side of the barrel.

"Jim Elder stole some apples from my father's barn, and my father licked him good," he suggested.

"Apples! Apples!" The Head Captain frowned terribly, adding with biting irony: "I s'pose Jim Elder's a Pirate! I s'pose he wears a uniform! I s'pose he knows the ways this gang knows! I s'pose he meets in a barrel like this! Huh?"

There was no answer, and the Head Captain settled his mask more firmly. "Come on!" he said.

They looked at the sharp edge of the hogshead; it was far away. They

Pictorial map showing the route of the Pirates and the scenes of their adventures.

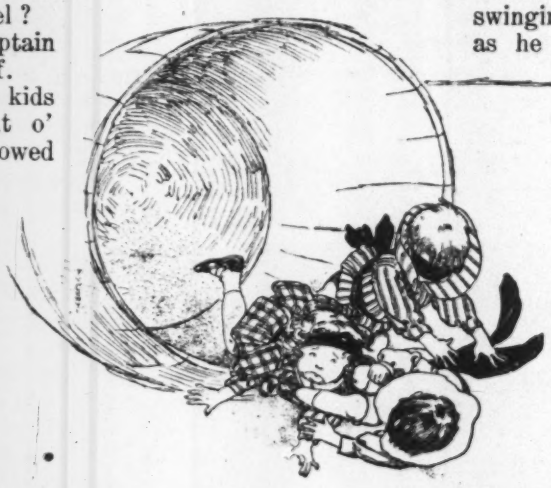
looked inquiringly at the Vicar; she dropped her eyes. Oh, Woman, in your hours of ease you can devise fine secret places, you can lead us to them, but can you bring us back to the outer world and the reality you seduced us from? There was an embarrassing pause. The seconds seemed hours. Would they die in this old, smelly barrel?

The Head Captain smiled to himself.

"I guess you kids never'd git out o' here unless I showed you how!" he remarked cheerfully.

"Forward! March!" He took the one step possible, and scowled because they did not follow him.

"Don't you see?" he said irritably. "When I say 'three,' fall over. Now, one—two—*three!*"



"'*Now, one—two—three!*'"

He pushed the Lieutenant and the Vicar against the side of the barrel, and precipitated himself against them. The barrel wavered, tottered, and fell with a bang on its side, the subordinate officers jouncing and gasping, unhappy cushions for their Head Captain, who crawled out over them, adjusted his collar, and strode off across the chicken yard. At the gate they caught up with him.

"Lieutenant!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Go straight ahead and watch out for us. Whistle three times if the coast is clear. Beware of—of anything you see!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

The Lieutenant slunk off, a peculiar caution in the slope of his shoulders and his long, noiseless stride.

"*A peculiar caution in the slope of his shoulders.*"

He rounded the barn and disappeared from sight. There was a moment of suspense. Suddenly he appeared again, his hand raised warningly.

"*Sst, sst!*" he hissed.

Promptly they skipped behind the woodhouse door. In a moment a man's footsteps were audible; somebody was swinging by the barn, whistling as he went. He called out to the cook as he went by: "Pretty hot, ain't it? Hey! I say it's pretty hot!"

He was gone. He had absolutely no idea of their presence. The first of the delicious thrills had begun. The Lieutenant, from his post behind the barn door, could have leaned out and touched him, but he had no idea. From that moment the scenery changed. The yard was enchanted ground, the buildings strange and doubtful, the stretches between haven and haven full of dangers.

Presently three soft whistles broke the silence. They glided out around the barn, and scaled the first fence. The Head Captain stopped to caution, the Lieutenant became hopelessly complicated in his sash, so the Vicar got over first. Though plump, she was light on her feet, and had been known to push the others over in her nervous haste; she threw herself over a solid board fence in an utterly reckless way, striking the top flat on her stomach, and sliding, slipping down the other side. Her method, thoroughly ridiculous and unscientific as it was, invariably succeeded, and she usually waited a few seconds for them after picking herself up. When one climbs after the most approved fashion, employing as few separate motions as possible, making every one tell, the result of such slippery, panting scrambles as the Vicar's is particularly irritating. The success of the amateur is never pardonable.

"Which way, Head Captain?"

A dusty forefinger indicated the neighboring barn.

"She threw herself over a solid board fence in an utterly reckless way."

"Secret way or door?"

"Secret way."

They cast hurried glances about them; nobody was in sight. At the corner of the barn the Lieutenant again performed scout duty, and his three whistles brought them to a back entrance hardly noticeable to the chance explorer of stable yards—a low door into a disused cow-house.

Softly they stole in, softly peeped into the barn. It lay placid and empty, smelling of leather and hay and horses; barrels of grain all about; odd bits of harness and tins of wagon grease, wisps of straw, and broken tools scattered over the floor. Broad bands of sunlight streaked everything. They crept through a lane of barrels, and mounted a rickety stair, heart in mouth. Who might be at the top?

A moment's pause, and then the Head Captain nodded.

"All right, men," he breathed.

They went carefully through the thick hay that strewed the upper floor, avoiding the cracks and pits that loosened boards and decayed planking offered the unwary foot. With unconscious directness the Lieutenant turned to the great pile of hay that usually marked the end of this expedition, but the Head Captain frowned and passed by the short ladder that led to the summit. He pushed through an avenue of old machinery, crawled over two old sleighs and under a grindstone frame, and emerged into a dim, almost empty corner.

The heat of the hay was intense. The stuffy, dry smell of it filled their nostrils. When the bright, wide ray of sunlight fell from the little window in the apex, the air was seen to be dancing and palpitating with millions of tiny particles that kept up a continuous churning motion. The perspiration dripped from the Vicar's round cheeks; she panted with the heat.

Walking on his tiptoes, the Head Captain sought the darkest depths of the corner, stumbling over an old, covered chest. He stopped, he put his hand on the lid. The two attendant officers gasped. The Head Captain, with infinite caution, lifted that lid.

Suddenly a dull, echoing crash shook the floor. The Vicar squeaked in nervous terror. I say squeaked, because with grand presence of mind the Lieutenant smothered her certain scream in the folds of his ever-ready sash, and only a faint chirp disturbed the deathly silence that followed the crash. The Head Captain's hand trembled, but he held the cover of the chest and waited. Again that hollow boom, followed by a rustling, as of hay being dragged down, and a champing, swallowing, gurgling sound.

"Nothin' but the horses," whispered the

"Smothered her certain scream in the folds of his ever-ready sash."

"That simple-looking stableman had known for years of such a trove?"

Lieutenant, removing his sash. "Shut up, now!"

The Vicar breathed again. The Head Captain bent over the chest.

"Oh! Oh! Oh, fellows! Look a-here!" His voice shook. His eyes stared wide. They crept nearer and caught big breaths.

There in the old chest, carelessly thrown together, uncovered, unprotected, lay a glittering wealth of strange gold and silver treasures. Knobs, cups, odd, pierced, shallow saucers, countless rings as big as small cookies, plain bars of metal, heavy rods.

The Head Captain's eyes shone feverishly, he breathed quick.

"Here, here, here!" he whispered, and thrust his hands into the box. He ladled out a handful to the Vicar. For a moment she shrank away; and then, as a shallow, carved, gold-colored thing touched her hand, her cheeks heated red, she seized it and hid it in her pocket.

"Gimme another," she begged softly; "gimme that shiny, little cup!"

If there had been any doubt as to the heavenly reality of the thing, it was all over now. No more need the Head Captain's swelling words fill out the bare gaps of the actual state of the case. Here were the things—this was no pretend-game. Here was danger, here was crime, here was glittering wealth all unguarded, and no one knew but them!

They gloated over the chest; their hot fingers handled eagerly every ring and big chain. Only the Lieutenant, sucking in his breath, excitedly broke the ecstatic silence.

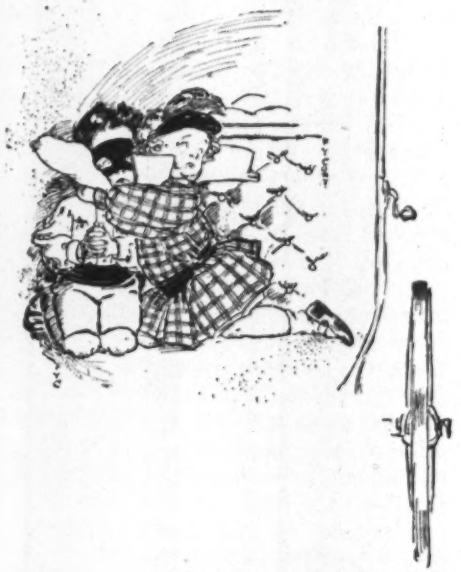
The Head Captain first mastered himself.

"Hm, that's enough—*from here!*" he commanded with dreadful implication. "Come on. They'll kill us if they catch us! Soft, now. Don't breathe so loud, Vicar!"

Off in a different direction he led them, having closed the box softly, and instead of making for the stairs, stopped before three square openings in the floor. He lay flat on his stomach and peered down one. It opened directly above the manger, and when he had cast down two armfuls of hay and measured the distance with his eye, they saw that he meant to drop through, and realized that his blood was up, and that Heaven knew where he would stop that day.

The Vicar caught the idea before the Lieutenant, and, with characteristic impatience, was through the second hole before the third member of the band had thrown down his first armful. Light as a cat she dropped, scrambled out of the manger, and as a step sounded in the outer barn, dragged the Lieutenant through in an agony of apprehension, stumbled across the great heap of stable refuse, and crouched, palpitating, behind the cow-house door.

The Head Captain, whom crises calmed and immediate danger heartened, himself crept back into the stable to gather from



"She knew she should burst if that

the sound of the steps the direction taken by the intruder.

He was talking to the horse.

"Want some dinner? I'll bet you do. Stealing hay, was you? That'll never do."

It was enough. Soon he would go upstairs to count over the treasures—who would ever have supposed that that simple-looking stableman had known for years of such a trove?—and then woe to the Pirates!

"Come on, you! Run for your life!" he shot at them, and they tore across the yard, over a back fence, and across a vacant lot, panting, stumbling, muttering to each other, the Vicar crying with excitement. The Lieutenant caught his foot in his sash and fell miserably, mistaking them for arms of the law, as they loyally turned back to pick him up, and fighting them with feeble punches. They dragged him through a hedge and took refuge in an old tool-house.

Slowly they got back breath. The delicious horror of pursuit was lifted from them. It appeared that they were safe.

"You goin' home, now?" said the Lieutenant huskily.

Home? Home? Was the fellow mad? The Head Captain vouchsafed no answer.

"Forward! March!"

He strode out of the tool-house and made for the barn. A large dog barked, and a voice called:

"Down, Danny, down!"

They returned hastily, and climbed laboriously out of a little window on the other side of the tool-house, striking a bee-line for the adjoining property. The treasure jingled in their pockets as they ran stealthily into this barn. The last restraint was cast away, they were on new territory. A succession of back-yard cuts had resulted in their turning a corner, and had they gone openly and in the light of day out into the street, they would have found themselves in another part of the town. The Head Captain crept in through a low window. He was entirely wrapped up in his dreadful character. Blind to consequences, hardly looking to see if the others followed him, he worked his way over the sill and stared about him. Imagination was no longer necessary. No fine-spun trickery was needed to turn the too-familiar places into weird dens, the well-known barns into menacing danger-traps. Here all was new, untried, of endless possibilities.

"'*Anything we want we can take!*'"

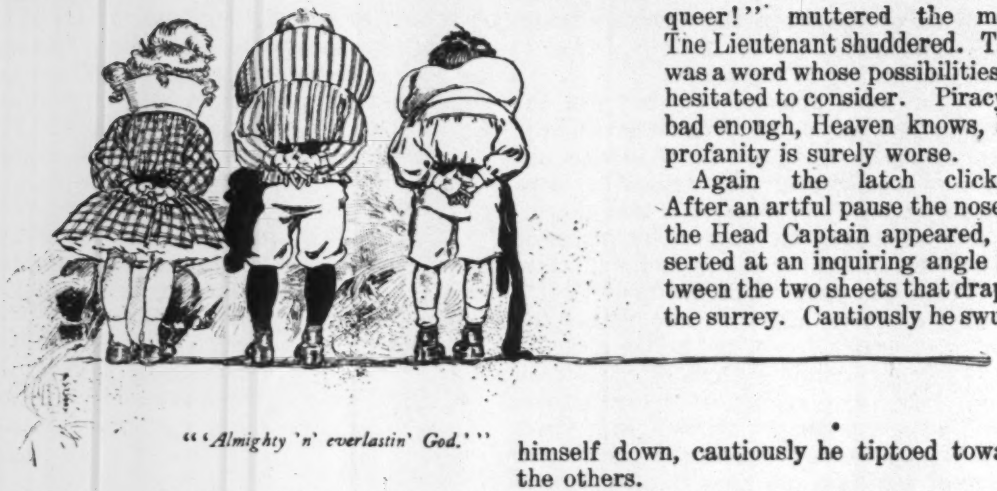
It was a clean, spacious spot. Great, shadowy, white-draped carriages stood along the sides; a smell of varnish and new leather prevailed. On the walls hung fascinating garden tools: quaint-nosed watering-pots, coils of hose, a lawn fountain. All was still. The Head Captain strode across the floor, extending his hand with a majestic sweep.

"All these things—all of 'em—anything we want, we can take!" he muttered, but not to them. They could plainly see he was talking to himself. Rapt in wild dreams of unchecked depredation he stamped about, fingering the garden hose, prying behind the carriages, tossing his head and breathing hard.

Suddenly a step as of a man walking on gravel. It drew nearer, nearer. For one awful moment the Lieutenant seemed in danger of thinking himself a frightened little boy in a strange barn; he plucked at his sash nervously. The next instant two hands fell from opposite directions on his shoulders.

"Get into a carriage—quick, quick, quick!" hissed the Head Captain, and he heard the Vicar panting as she shoved him under the flap of the sheet that draped a high-swung victoria. She was with him, huddled close

man stood there much longer."



"'*Almighty 'n' everlastin' God.*'"

beside him on the floor of the carriage, and it seemed hardly credible that the clatter of the Head Captain's hasty dive into the neighboring surrey could have failed to catch the ear of the man who entered the barn. But he heard nothing. He walked by them lazily, he paused and struck a match on the wheel of the victoria, and the smell of tobacco crept in under the sheet. It seemed to the Vicar that the thumping of her heart must shake the carriage. She dared not gasp for breath, but she knew she should burst if that man stood there much longer. It could not be possible that he wouldn't find them. Ah, how little he knew! Right under his very pipe lay those who could take away everything in his old barn if they chose. Perhaps the very surrey that now held that terrible Head Captain might be gone ere morning, he had such ambitions, such vaulting dreams.

Thump! thump! thump! went her heart, and the Lieutenant's breath whistled through his teeth. Never in their lives had such straining excitement possessed their every nerve. Oh, go on, go on, or we shall scream!

He sauntered by, he opened some door at the rear. The latch all but clicked, when a hollow but unmistakable sneeze burst from the Head Captain's surrey. Immediately the door opened again. The man took a step back. All was deathly still, the echoes of their leader's fateful sneeze alone thrilled the hearts of his anguished followers.

"Humph!" muttered a deep voice, "that's queer. Anybody out there?"

Silence. Silence that buzzed and hummed and roared in the Vicar's ears.

"Queer—I thought I heard. . . . Damn queer!" muttered the man. The Lieutenant shuddered. That was a word whose possibilities he hesitated to consider. Piracy is bad enough, Heaven knows, but profanity is surely worse.

Again the latch clicked. After an artful pause the nose of the Head Captain appeared, inserted at an inquiring angle between the two sheets that draped the surrey. Cautiously he swung himself down, cautiously he tiptoed toward the others.

"*Sst! Sst!* All safe!" he whispered. They scrambled out, and a glance at his reserved frown taught them that the recent sneeze must not be mentioned.

Like cats they crept up the stairs, and only the Head Captain's great presence of mind prevented their falling backward down the flight, for there on the hay before them lay a man stretched at full length, breathing heavily. His face was a deep red in color, and a strong, sweetish odor filled the loft. They turned about at the Head Captain's warning gesture, and waited while he stole fearfully up and examined the man. When he rejoined them there was a new triumph in his eyes, a greater exaltation in his hurried speech.

"Come here, Lieutenant!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"This is a dead pirate. He died defending—defending his life. He will be discovered if we leave him here."

This seemed eminently probable. The Lieutenant looked alarmed. He took a step or two on the loft floor and returned, relieved.

"No, he ain't dead, either," he announced, "he's only as——"

"He is dead," repeated the Head Captain firmly. "Dead, I say. You shut up, will you? And we must bury him."

The Lieutenant looked sulky and chewed the end of his sash. To be so put down before the Vicar! It was hardly decent. And she in her usual and irritating way grasped the situation immediately.

"We must bury him right off," she whispered excitedly, "before that man gets up here."

"That man," added the Head Captain, "is a dreadful bad fellow, I tell you. If

he was to catch us up here, I don't know—I don't know but he'd—here, come back, Lieutenant! Come back, I say!"

They stole up to the dead pirate, who had not the appearance attributed by popular imagination to those who have died nobly. The Lieutenant was frankly in the dark as to his superior officer's intentions.

"If you take him off to bury him he'll wake ——"

"Hush your noise!" interrupted the Head Captain angrily.

The Vicar could not wait for any one else's initiative, but began feverishly pulling up handfuls of hay and piling them lightly over the dead pirate's boots. The Head Captain covered the man's body with two hastily snatched armfuls, and as the Vicar's courage gave out at this point, coolly laid a thin wisp directly over the red face. The pirate was buried. It gave one a thrill to see hardly a dim outline of his figure.

"Hats off, my men," whispered the Head Captain, hoarse with emotion, "and we will say a prayer. Lieutenant," with a noble renunciation in his expression, "*you* may say the prayer!"

The Lieutenant was touched, and melted from his sulky scorn.

"What'll I say? What'll I say?" he muttered excitedly. "Not 'Hollow be thy Name'? That's a long one."

"Now I lay—" suggested the Vicar tremulously.

"Pshaw, no!" interrupted the Head Captain. "Not a baby thing like that! If you don't know one, Lieutenant, I'll make one up."

"No, I'll say one," urged the Lieutenant hastily. "I'll say one, Captain. I'll say my Colick that I had yesterday. Wait up a second, till I remember it."

The heavy, regular breathing continued to come out from under the hay, where lay the martyred pirate. The hens in a near-by henyard cackled shrilly, the trilling of an indefatigable canary in the coachman's rooms rose and fell through the hot June air. Red and dripping with the heat, dusty and sprinkled with the hay, the outlaws stood, solemn and tense, starting at the least fancied sound from below.

The Lieutenant cleared his throat, shut his eyes tight to assist his memory, and began his burial service:

"*Almighty 'n' everlastin' God, who's given unto us, Thy servants, grace by the c'nfession of a true faith t' acknowledge th' glory of th' Eternal Trinity, and—and——*"

"*And in the power of the Divine Majesty—*" prompted the Vicar ostentatiously.

"*Will* you keep still, Miss? *Majesty to worship the Unity, we beseech Thee that Thou wouldst keep 's—keep 's steadfast, er wouldst keep 's steadfast——*"

The Lieutenant paused helplessly.

"*In this faith,*" added the Vicar with triumph, dashing on with almost unintelligible rapidity, "*and evermore defend 's from all 'dversities, who livest 'n' reignest one God, world 'thout end. Amen!*"

She took a necessary breath, and pushed back her mask still further from her tumbled bang.

The Head Captain was visibly impressed. It had never occurred to him to say a collect. The Lieutenant was not such a poor stick, after all.

Gravely he led the way down-stairs and climbed abstractedly through the little window. Something was evidently on his mind.

"The last time I saw that pirate," he began.

The Lieutenant tripped, and sat down abruptly.

"*Then took up their headlong flight.*"

'The—the last time you saw him?" he stammered.

"That's what I said," responded the Head Captain shortly. "The last time I saw him I didn't s'pose I'd have to bury him. He'd just got a lot of treasure and stuff and—*Sst! Sst!* For your lives!"

They scuttled off desperately. The ground was new to them, and had it not been for providential garbage barrels and outhouses, they could hardly have hoped to conceal themselves from the man who was raking up the yard. To avoid him they dashed straight through his barn, and rounded a summer house without perceiving a small tea-party going on there, till they ran through it, to their own sick terror, and the abject amazement of the tea-party. They tore through a hedge, panted a doubtful moment in a woodhouse, then took up their headlong flight with the vague, straining pace of crowded dreams. On, on, on. Slip behind that lilac clump—wait! *Sst! Sst!* Then get along! Oh, hurry, hurry! Pick up your sash! Whose *is* this yard? Never mind; hurry!

They dropped exhausted under their own pear tree.

"My, but that was a close shave! I thought they'd got us sure!" breathed the Head Captain.

"Wh-who were they?" asked the Lieutenant, round-eyed.

"She felt shy of approaching the subject."

"Who were they? Who were they?" the Head Captain repeated scornfully. "The idea! I guess you'd find out who they were if they caught you once!"

The Lieutenant shot a sly glance at the Vicar. Did she know? You never could tell, she pretended so. She shivered at the Head Captain's implication.

"Yes, sirree, I guess you'd find out then," she assured him.

Suddenly the Head Captain's face fell. "The treasure!" he gasped. "It's gone!"

In dismay they turned out their pockets. All those vessels of gold and vessels of silver were lost—lost in that last mad rush. All but the shallow, gold-colored saucer in the Vicar's hand. They looked at it enviously, but honor kept them silent. To the Vicar belonged the spoils.

"I don't see what good they were, anyhow," began the Lieutenant morosely.

"'Good'?" mimicked the Head Captain, enraged. "'Good'? Why, didn't we *steal* 'em?"

Slowly they took off their uniforms and hid them under the back piazza. Slowly the occasion faded into the light of common day; objects lost their mystery, the barn and the work-house imperceptibly divested themselves of all glamour. It was only the back yard.

The Head Captain and the Lieutenant threw themselves down under the pear tree again and fell into a doze. The Vicar, grasping her treasure, stumbled up the back stairs and took an informal nap on the landing. It must have been at this time that the gold-colored saucer slipped from her hand, for when she woke on the sofa in the upper hall, it was nowhere about.

The same hands that had transferred her to that more conventional resting-place, bathed and attired her for supper, and though two hours ago she would, as a pirate, have exulted in her guilty possession, somehow as a neat, small person in pink ribbons she felt shy at approaching the subject, and ate her custard in silence.

Some time during the hours of the next long morning, as she played quietly on the piazza, she caught her mother's voice, slightly raised to reach the cook's ear:

"Why, I suppose it is. I shouldn't wonder, Maggie. I suppose the child picked it up somewhere. Did you hear that, Fred, about Mr. Van Tuyl's best harness? All scattered through half the back yards on Winter Street. All those brass ornaments, and parts of the very side-lamps, too. Fortunately they found it all. Just take that piece, Maggie, and give it to the man when you see him."

The Vicar sighed. Just then she felt, with the poet, that home-keeping hearts were happiest.

Tolstoy plowing. After the painting by Rêpin.

WALKS AND TALKS WITH TOLSTOY.

By Andrew D. White,

Ambassador to Germany.

REVISITING Moscow after an absence of thirty-five years, the most surprising thing to me was that there had been so little change. With the exception of the new Gallery of Russian Art, and the bazaar opposite the sacred gate of the Kremlin, things seemed as I had left them just after the accession of Alexander II. There were the same unkempt streets; the same peasantry clad in sheepskins; the same troops of beggars, sturdy and dirty; the same squalid crowds crossing themselves before the images at the street corners; the same throngs of worshipers knocking their heads against the pavements of churches; and above all loomed the tower of Ivan and the domes of St. Basil, gaudy and barbaric as ever. Only one change had taken place which interested me; for the first time in the history of Russia a man of world-wide fame in literature and thought was abiding there—Count Leo Tolstoy.

On the evening of my arrival I went with my secretary to his weekly reception. As we entered his house, on the outskirts of the city, two servants in evening dress came forward, removed our fur coats, and opened the doors into the reception-room of the master. Then came a great surprise. His living-room seemed the cabin of a Russian peasant. It was wainscoted almost rudely, furnished very simply, and there came forward to meet us a tall, gaunt Russian, unmistakably born to command, yet clad as a peasant, his hair thrown back over his ears on either side, his blouse kept in place by a leathern girdle, his high jackboots completing the costume. This was Tolstoy.

Nothing could be more kindly than his greeting. While his dress was that of a peasant, his bearing was the very opposite; for instead of the depressed, demure, hangdog expression of the average muzhik, his manner, though cordial, was dignified and impressive. Having given us a hearty welcome, he made us acquainted with various other guests. It was a singular assemblage: there were foreigners in evening dress, Moscow professors in any dress they liked, and a certain number of youths, evidently disciples, who, though clearly not of the peasant class, wore the peasant costume. I observed them with much interest, but certainly as long as they were under the spell of the master they communicated nothing worth preserving; they seemed to have "the contortions of the Sibyl without the inspiration."

I naturally asked to be presented to the lady of the house, and the Count escorted me through a series of rooms to a salon furnished much like any handsome apartment in Paris or St. Petersburg, where I found

the Countess, who, with other ladies, all in full evening dress, received us cordially. This sudden transition from the peasant cabin of the master to the sumptuous rooms of the mistress was startling: it seemed like scene-shifting at a theater.

After some friendly talk, all returned to the rooms of the master of the house, where tea was served at a long table from the bubbling brazen urn—the samovar; and though there were some twenty or thirty guests, nothing could be more informal. All was simple, kindly, and unrestrained.

My first question was upon the condition of the people. Our legation had corresponded with Count Tolstoy and his family as to distributing a portion of the famine fund sent from America, hence this subject naturally arose at the outset. He said that the condition of the peasants was still very bad; that they had very generally eaten their draft animals, burned portions of their buildings to keep life in their bodies, and reduced themselves to hopeless want. On my suggestion that the new commercial treaty with Germany might help matters, he thought that it would have but little effect, since only a small portion of the total product of Russian agriculture is consumed abroad. This led him to speak of some Americans and Englishmen who had visited the famine-stricken districts, and while he referred kindly to them all, he seemed especially attracted by the Quaker John Bellows, of Gloucester, England, the compiler of the wonderful little French Dictionary. This led him to say that he sympathized with the Quakers in everything save their belief in property; that in this they were utterly illogical; that property presupposes force to protect it. I remarked that most American Quakers knew nothing of such force; that none of them had ever seen an American soldier save during the late civil war, and that probably not one in hundreds of them had ever seen a soldier at all. He answered, "But you forget the policemen." He evidently put policemen and soldiers in the same category, as using force to protect property, and therefore to be alike abjured.

I found that to his disbelief in any right of ownership literary property formed no exception. He told me that in his view he had no right to receive money for the permission to print a book. To this I naturally answered that by carrying out this doctrine he simply presented large sums of money to publishers in every country of Europe and America, many of them rich, and some of them piratical, and that in my opinion he would do a much better thing by taking the full value of his copyrights and bestowing the proceeds upon the peasantry starving about him. To this he answered that it was a question of duty. To this I agreed, but remarked that our disagreement was as to what his duty in the matter really was. It was a pleasure to learn from another source that the Countess took a different view of it, and that she had in some way secured the proceeds of his copyrights for their very large and interesting family. Light was thus thrown on Tolstoy's remark, made afterward, that women are not so self-sacrificing as men; that a man would sometimes sacrifice his family for an idea, but that a woman would not.

He then went on to express an interest in the Shakers, and especially in Frederick Evans. He had evidently formed an idea of them very unlike the reality; in fact, the Shaker his imagination had developed was as different from a Lebanon Shaker as an eagle from a duck, and his notion of their influence on American society was absurd.

He spoke at some length regarding religion in Russia, evidently believing that its present dominant form is soon to pass away. I asked him how, then, he could account for the fact that, while in other countries women are greatly in the majority at church services, in every Russian church the majority are men, and that during the thirty-five years since my last visit to Moscow this tendency had apparently increased. He answered: "All this is on the surface; there is much deeper thought below, and the great want of Russia is liberty to utter it."

In regard to the Jews, he said that he sympathized with them, but the statements regarding the persecution of them had been overdrawn. Kennan's statements regarding the treatment of prisoners in Siberia he thought overdrawn at times, but substantially true. He expressed his surprise that certain leading men in the empire, whom he named, could believe that persecution and the forcible repression of thought would have any permanent effect at the end of the nineteenth century.

He then dwelt upon sundry evil conditions in Russia, on which my comment was that every country has of course its own grievous shortcomings, and cited, as to America, the proverb, "No one knows so well where the shoe pinches as he who wears it." At this he asked me about lynch-law in the United States, and expressed his horror of it. I

showed him that it was the inevitable result of our wretched laxity in the administration of criminal law, which had led great bodies of people, more especially in the southern and extreme western parts of the country, to revert to natural justice, and take the law into their own hands, and I cited Goldwin Smith's profound remark that "some American lynchings are proofs not so much of lawlessness as of the general respect for law."

He asked me where, besides this, the shoe pinched in the United States. I told him that it pinched in various places, but that perhaps the worst pinch arose from the premature admission to full political rights of men who had been so benumbed and stunted intellectually and morally in other countries that their exercise of political rights in America is frequently an injury, not only to others, but to themselves. In proof of this I cited the case of the crowds whom I had seen years before huddled together in New York tenement-houses, preyed upon by their liquor-selling landlords, their families perishing of typhoid and smallpox on account of the negligence and maladministration of the local politicians, but who, as a rule, were almost if not quite ready to mob and murder those of us who brought in a new health board and a better order of things; that for years the class of people who suffered most from the old, vile state of things did their best by their votes to keep in power the men who maintained it.

We then passed to the subject of the Trans-Siberian Railway. In this he seemed interested, but in a vague way which added nothing to my knowledge.

Asking me regarding my former visit to Moscow, and learning that it was during the Crimean War, he said, "At that time I was in Sebastopol, and continued there as a soldier during the siege."

As to his relations with the imperial government at present, he said that not long ago he had been elected to a learned society in Moscow, but that the St. Petersburg government had interfered to cancel the election, and he added that every morning, when he awoke, he wondered that he was not on his way to Siberia.

On leaving him, both he and the Countess invited me to meet them the next day at the Tretiakof Museum of Russian pictures, and accordingly, on the following afternoon, I met them at that greatest of all galleries devoted purely to Russian art. They were accompanied by several friends, among them a little knot of disciples—young men clad in simple peasant costume like that worn by the master. It was evident that he was an acknowledged lion at the old Russian capital, for as he led me about to see the pictures he liked best he was followed and stared at by many. His discussions of these pictures interested me greatly. His ideas came out in various striking utterances, but the limits of this article forbid my repeating them.

Our next walk was taken across the River Moskwa on the ice, to and through the Kremlin, and as we walked, the conversation fell upon literature. As to French literature, he thought Maupassant the man of the greatest talent, by far, in these days, but said that he was depraved, and centered all fiction in women. For Balzac he evidently preserved admiration, but cared little apparently for Daudet, Zola, and their compeers.

As to American literature, he said that Turgenieff had once told him that there was nothing in it worth reading—nothing new or original; that it was simply a copy of English literature. To this I replied that such criticism seemed to me very shallow; that American literature was, of course, largely a growth out of the parent stock of English literature, and must mainly be judged as such; that to ask in the highest American literature something absolutely different from English literature in general was like looking for oranges upon an apple-tree; that there had come new varieties in this growth, many of them original, and some of them beautiful, but that there was the same sap, the same current running through it all; and I cited the treatment of women in all Anglo-Saxon literature, whether on one side of the Atlantic or on the other, from Chaucer to Mark Twain, as compared with the treatment of her by French writers from Rabelais to Zola. To this he answered that in his opinion the strength of American literature arose from the inherent Anglo-Saxon religious sentiment. He expressed a liking for Emerson, Hawthorne, and Whittier, but he seemed to have read at random, not knowing at all some of the best things. He spoke with admiration of Theodore Parker's writings, and seemed interested in my reminiscences of him and of his acquaintance with Russian affairs. He also revered and admired the character and work of William Lloyd Garrison. He had read Longfellow somewhat, but was evidently uncertain regarding Lowell—confusing him apparently with some other author. Of contemporary writers he knew some of Howells's novels, and liked them, but said: "Literature in the

United States at present seems to be in the lowest trough of the sea between high waves." He dwelt on the flippant tone of American newspapers, and told me of an interviewer who came to him in behalf of an American journal, and wanted simply to know at what time he went to bed and rose, what he ate, and the like. He thought that people who cared to read such trivialities must be very feeble-minded, but he said that the European press is, on the whole, just as futile. On my attempting to draw from him some statement as to what part of American literature pleased him most, he said that he had read some publications of the New York and Brooklyn Society for Ethical Culture, and that he knew and liked the writings of Felix Adler. I then asked who in the whole range of American literature he thought the foremost. To this he made an answer which amazed me, as it would have astonished my countrymen. Indeed, did the eternal salvation of all our seventy millions depend upon some one of them guessing the person he named, we should all go to perdition together. That greatest of American writers was—Adin Ballou! Evidently some of the philanthropic writings of that excellent Massachusetts clergyman and religious communist had jumped with his humor.

The next day he came over to my hotel, and we went out for a stroll. As we passed along the streets I noticed especially what I had remarked during our previous walks, that he had a large quantity of small Russian coins in his pockets; that this was evidently known to the swarms of beggars who infest the Kremlin and the public places generally, and that he always gave to them.

On my speaking of this, he said he thought that any one when asked for money ought to give it. Arguing against this doctrine, I said that in the United States there are virtually no beggars, and I might have gone on to discuss the subject from the politico-economical point of view to show how such indiscriminate alms-giving in perpetual driblets is sure to create the absurd and immoral system which one sees throughout Russia—hordes of men and women who are able to take care of themselves, and who ought to be far above beggary, cringing and whining to the passers-by for alms. But I had come to know the man well enough to feel sure that a politico-economical argument would slide off him like water from a duck's back, so I attempted to take him upon another side, and said, "In the United States there are virtually no beggars, though my countrymen are, I really believe, among the most charitable in the world." To this last statement he assented, referring in a general way to our shipments of provisions to aid the famine-stricken in Russia; "but," I added, "it is not our custom to give to beggars save in special emergencies." I then gave him an account of certain American church organizations which had established piles of fire-wood, and thereby enabled any able-bodied tramp, by sawing or cutting some of it, to earn a good breakfast, a good dinner, and, if need be, a good bed, and showed him that Americans considered beggary not only a great source of pauperism, but as absolutely debasing to the beggar himself, in that it puts him in the attitude of a suppliant of that which, if he works as he ought, he can claim as his right; that to me the spectacle of Count Tolstoy virtually posing as a superior being, while his fellow-Russians came crouching and whining to him, was not at all edifying. To this view of the case he listened very civilly.

Incidentally I expressed wonder that he had not traveled more. He then spoke with some disapprobation of travel. He had lived abroad for a time, he said, and in St. Petersburg a few years, but the rest of his life had been mainly spent in Moscow and the interior of Russia. The more we walked together the more it became clear that this last statement explains some of his main defects. Of all distinguished men that I have ever met, Tolstoy seems to me most in need of that enlargement of view and healthful modification of opinion which come from observing men, and comparing opinions in different lands and under different conditions. This need has been all the greater because in Russia there is no opportunity to discuss really important questions. Among the whole hundred and twenty millions of people there is no public body in which the discussion of large public questions is allowed; the press affords no real opportunity for discussion; indeed, it is more than doubtful whether such discussions would be allowed to any effective extent in correspondence or at one's own fireside.

I remember well that during my former stay in St. Petersburg people who could talk English at their own tables generally did so, in order that they might not betray themselves to any spy who might happen to be among their servants.

Still worse, no one, unless a member of the diplomatic corps or otherwise especially

privileged, is allowed to read such books or newspapers as he chooses, so that even this little access to the thoughts of others is denied to the very men who most need it.

Like so many other men of genius in Russia, then—and Russia is fertile in such—he has had little opportunity to take part in any real discussion of leading topics, and the result is that his opinions have been developed without modification by any rational interchange of thought with other men. Under such circumstances, any man, no matter how noble or gifted, having given birth to striking ideas, coddles and pets them until they become the full-grown, spoiled children of his brain. He can see neither spot nor blemish in them, and he at last virtually believes himself infallible. This characteristic I found in several other Russians of marked ability. Each had developed his theories for himself until he had become infatuated with them, and despised everything differing from them.

This is a main cause why sundry ghastly creeds, doctrines, and sects, religious, social, political, and philanthropic, have been developed in Russia. One of these religious creeds favors the murder of new-born children in order to save their souls; another enjoins the most horrible bodily mutilation for a similar purpose; other, still, would plunge the world in flames and blood for the difference of a phrase in a creed, or a vowel in a name, or a finger more or less in making the sign of the cross, or this garment in a ritual, or that gesture in a ceremony.

In social creeds they have developed nihilism, which virtually assumes the right of an individual to sit in judgment upon the whole human race, and condemn to death every other human being who may differ in opinion or position from this self-constituted judge. In political creeds they have conceived the monarch as the all-powerful and irresponsible vicegerent of God, and all the world outside Russia as given over to Satan for the reason that it has "rejected the divine principle of authority." In various branches of philosophy they have developed doctrines which involve the rejection of the best to which man has attained in science, literature, and art, and a return to barbarism. In the theory of life and duty they have devised a pessimistic process under which the human race would cease to exist. Every one of these theories is the outcome of some original mind of more or less strength, discouraged, disheartened, and overwhelmed by the sorrows of Russian life, developing its ideals logically and without any possibility of adequate discussion with other men. This alone explains a fact which struck me forcibly: the fact that Tolstoy's love of humanity, real though it certainly is, is accompanied by a depreciation of the ideas, statements, and proposals of almost every other human being, and by virtual intolerance of all thought which differs in the slightest degree from his own.

THE next day he came again to my rooms, and at once began speaking upon religion. He said that every man is religious, and has in him a religion of his own; that religion results from the conception a man forms of his relations to his fellow-men and to the principle which in his opinion controls the universe; that there are three stages in religious development: first, the childhood of man, when he thinks of the whole universe as created for him and centering in him; secondly, the maturity of nations—the time of national religions, when each nation believes that all true religion centers in it, the Jews and the English being striking examples; and, finally, the perfected conception—when man has the idea of fulfilling the will of the Supreme Power, and considers himself an instrument for that purpose. He went on to say that in every religion there are two main elements, one of deception and one of devotion, and he asked me of the Mormons, some of whose books had interested him. He thought two-thirds of their religion deception, but said that on the whole he preferred a religion which professed to have dug its sacred books out of the earth to one which pretended that they were let down from Heaven. On learning that I had visited Salt Lake City two years before, he spoke of the good reputation of the Mormons for chastity, and asked me to explain the hold of their religion upon women. I answered that Mormonism could hardly be judged by its results at present; that, as a whole, the Mormons are no doubt the most laborious and decent people in the State of Utah, but that this is their heroic period, when outside pressure keeps them firmly together and arouses their devotion; that the true test will come later, when there is less pressure and more knowledge, and when the young men who are now arising begin to ask questions, quarrel with each other, and split the whole body into sects and parties.

This led to questions in regard to American women generally, and he wished to know

something of their condition and prospects. I explained some features of woman's condition among us, showing its evolution, first through the betterment of her legal status, and next through provision for her advanced education, but told him that, so far as political rights are concerned, there had been very little practical advance in the entire east and south of the country during the last fifty years, and that even in the extreme Western States, where women have been given political rights and duties to some extent, the concessions have been wavering and doubtful.

At this he took up his parable, and said that women ought to have all other rights except political; that they are unfit to discharge political duties; that, indeed, one of the great difficulties of the world at present lies in their possession of far more consideration and control than they ought to have. "Go into the streets and bazaars," he said, "and you will see the vast majority of shops devoted to their necessities. In France everything centers in women, and women have complete control of life, as contemporary French literature shows. Woman is not man's equal in the highest qualities; she is not so self-sacrificing as man. Men will at times sacrifice their families for an idea; women will not." On my demurring to this latter statement, he asked me if I ever knew a woman who loved other people's children as much as her own. I gladly answered in the negative, but cited Florence Nightingale, Sister Dora, and others, expressing my surprise at his assertion that women are incapable of making as complete sacrifice for any good cause as men. I pointed to the persecutions in the early Church, when women showed themselves even superior to men in suffering torture, degradation, and death in behalf of the new religion, and added similar instances from the history of witchcraft. To this he answered that, in spite of all such history, women will not make the sacrifices of their own interest for a good cause which does not strikingly appeal to their feelings, while men will do so; that he had known but two or three really self-sacrificing women in his life, and that these were unmarried. On my saying that observation had led me to a very different conclusion, his indictment took another form. He insisted that woman hangs upon the past; that public opinion progresses, but that women are prone to act on the opinion of yesterday or of last year; that women and womanish men take naturally to old absurdities—among which he mentioned the doctrines of the Trinity, "spiritism," and homeopathy. At this I expressed a belief that if, instead of educating women, as Bishop Dupanloup expressed it, "in the lap of the Church" (*sur les genoux de l'Église*), we educate them in the highest sense, in universities, they will develop more and more intellectually, and so become a controlling element in the formation of a better race; that as strong men generally have had strong mothers, the better education of women physically, intellectually, and morally is the true way of bettering the race in general. To this idea he demurred, and said that education would not change women; that women are illogical by nature. At this I cited an example showing that woman can be exceedingly logical and close in argument; but he still adhered to his opinion. Happening to mention the name of George Eliot, he expressed a liking for her.

On our next walk he took me to the funeral of one of his friends. He said that to look upon the dead should rather give pleasure than pain; that *memento mori* is a wise maxim, and looking upon the faces of the dead a good way of putting it into practice. I asked him if he had formed a theory as to a future life, and he said, in substance, that he had not, but that as we came at birth from beyond the forms of space and time, so at death we returned whence we came. I said, "You use the word 'forms' in the Kantian sense?" "Yes," he said; "space and time have no reality."

We arrived just too late at the house of mourning. The dead man had been taken away, but many of those who had come to do him honor still lingered, and were evidently enjoying the "funeral baked meats." There were clear signs of a carousal. The friends who came out to meet us had, most of them, flushed faces, and one young man in military uniform coming down the stairs staggered, and seemed likely to break his neck.

Tolstoy refused to go in, and, as we turned away, expressed disgust at the whole system, saying, as well he might, that it was utterly barbarous. He seemed despondent over it, and I tried to cheer him up by showing how the same custom of drinking strong liquors at funerals had only a few generations since prevailed in large districts of England and America, but that better ideas of living had swept it away.

On our way through the street, passing a shrine at which a mob of peasants were adoring a sacred picture, he dwelt on the fetish-

ism involved in this. I reminded him of his definition of religion given me on one of our previous walks, and he repeated it, declaring religion to be the feeling which man has regarding his relation to the universe, including his fellow-men, and to the principle which governs all.

The afternoon was closed with a visit to a *Raskolnik*, or "Old Believer," a most curious experience, but too long to relate here.

As we came into the road after this visit he suddenly turned to me, and said almost fiercely: "That man is a hypocrite; he can't believe what he has said; he is a shrewd, long-headed man; how can he believe such trash? Impossible!" At this I reminded him of Theodore Parker's famous distinction between men who believed and men who "believe that they believe," and said that possibly our Raskolnik was one of the latter. This changed the current of his thoughts. He said that he had read Parker's biography, and liked it all, save one thing, which was that he gave a pistol to a fugitive slave and advised him to defend himself. This Tolstoy condemned on the ground that we are to resist evil. I told him of the advice I had given to Dobroluboff—a very winning Russian student at Cornell University—when he was returning to Russia to practise his profession as an engineer. This advice was that he should bear in mind Buckle's idea as to the agency of railways and telegraphs in bringing and extending liberal ideas and devote himself to his profession of engineering, with the certainty that its ultimate result would be to aid in the enlightenment of the empire, but never on any account to conspire against the government; telling him that he might be sure he could do far more for the advancement of Russian thought by building railways than by entering into any conspiracies whatever. Tolstoy said the advice was good, but that he would also have advised the young man to speak out his ideas, whatever they might be. He said that only in this way could any advance ever be made; that one main obstacle in human progress is the suppression of the real thoughts of men. I answered that all this had a fine sound; that it might do for Count Tolstoy, but that a young, scholarly engineer following it would probably find himself not in a place where he could promulgate his ideas, but guarded by Cossacks in some remote Siberian mine.

He spoke of young professors in the universities, of their difficulties, and of the risk of their positions if they spoke out at all.

TOLSTOY AT WORK IN HIS STUDY. AFTER THE PAINTING BY ILYA EFIMOVITCH RÉPIN. 1891.

Age 20. From a daguerreotype. *Age 29. As an officer in the Crimean War.*

LYEFF NICHOLAIEVITCH TOLSTOY.

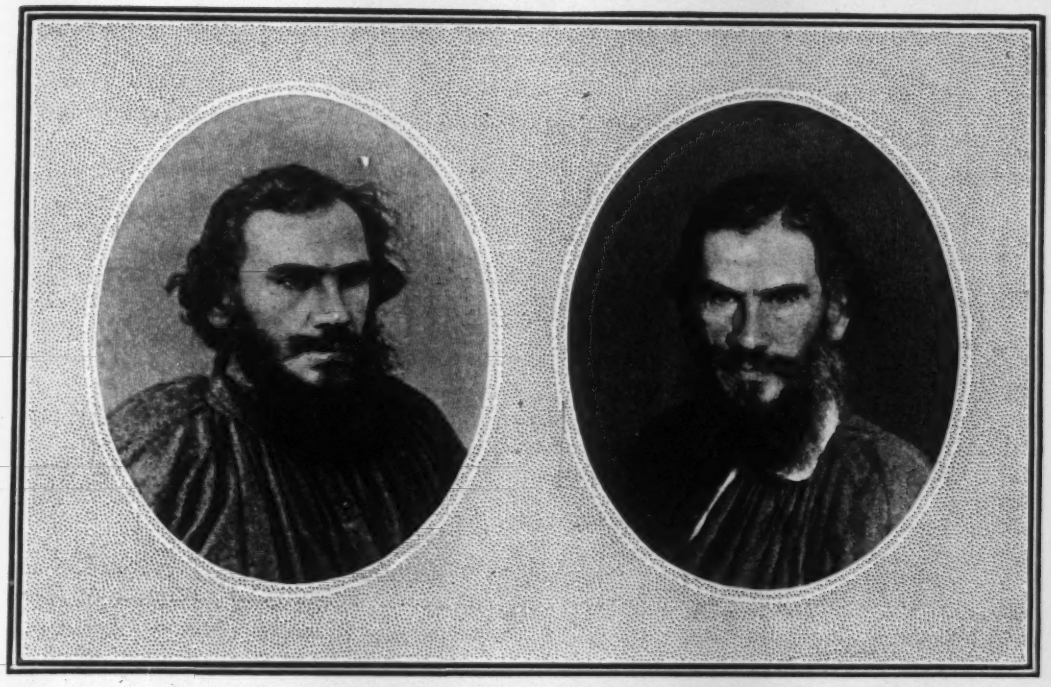
I asked him if there was any liberality or breadth of thought in the Russo-Greek Church. He answered that occasionally a priest had tried to unite broader thought with Orthodox dogma, but that every such attempt had proved futile.

From Parker we passed to Lowell, and I again tried to find if he really knew anything of Lowell's writings. He evidently knew very little, and asked me what Lowell had written. He then said he had no liking for verse, and he acquiesced in Carlyle's saying that nobody had ever said anything in verse which could not have been better said in prose.

A day or two later, on another of our walks, I asked him how and when, in his opinion, a decided advance in Russian liberty and civilization would be made. He answered that he thought it would come soon, and with great power. On my expressing the opinion that such progress would be the result of a long evolutionary process, with a series of actions and reactions, as heretofore in Russian history, he expressed dissent, and said that the change for the better would come soon, suddenly, and with great force.

As we passed along the streets he was, as during our previous walks, approached by many beggars, to each of whom he gave, as long as his money lasted. He said that he was accustomed to take a provision of copper money with him on his walks for this purpose, since he regarded it as a duty to give when asked, and he went on to say that he carried the idea so far that even if he knew the man wanted the money to buy brandy he would give it to him; but he added that he would do all in his power to induce the man to work and to cease drinking. I demurred strongly to all this, and extended the argument which I had made during our previous walk, telling him that by such giving he did two wrongs: first, to the beggar, because it leads him to cringe and lie in order to obtain as a favor that which, if he does his duty in working, he can claim as a right; and, secondly, to society, because indiscriminate giving causes a multitude to prey upon it who might be giving it strength; and I again called his attention to the hordes of sturdy beggars in Moscow. He answered that the results of our actions in such cases are not the main thing, but that the cultivation of better feelings in the giver is first to be considered.

I rejoined that this had to me a decidedly selfish sound, and then asked him about his manual labor. He said that his habit is to rise early and read or write until noon, then to take his luncheon and a short sleep, and after that to work in his garden or fields.



Age 40. As the author of "War and Peace." *Age 48. As the author of "Anna Karénina."*

LYEFF NICHOLAIEVITCH TOLSTOY.

He thinks this good for him on every account, and herein we fully agreed.

On our return through the Kremlin, passing the heaps and rows of cannon taken from the French in 1812, I asked him if he still adhered to the low opinion of Napoleon expressed in "War and Peace." He said that he did, and more than ever, since he had recently read a book on Napoleon's relations to women, which showed that he took the lowest possible view of womankind. I then asked him if he still denied Napoleon's military genius. He answered that he certainly did; that he did not believe in the existence of any such thing as military genius; that he had never been able to understand what is meant by the term. I asked, "How, then, do you account for the amazing series of Napoleon's successes?" He answered, "By circumstances." I rejoined that such an explanation has the merit at least of being short and easy.

He then went on to say that battles are won by force of circumstances, by chance, by luck, and he quoted Suwaroff to this effect. He liked Lanfrey's "History of Napoleon," and Taine's book on the Empire, evidently because both denounce men and things he dislikes, but said that he did not believe in Thiers. In this I had the pleasure of agreeing with him.

We came finally under the shade of the great tower, into the gateway through which Napoleon entered the Kremlin, and there we parted with a hearty "good-by."

The question has been asked me at various times since whether, in my opinion, Tolstoy is really sincere, and allusion has been made to a book published by a lady who claims to have been in close relations with his family, which would seem to reveal a theatrical element in his whole life. To this my answer has always been, and still is, that I believe him to be one of the most sincere and devoted men alive—a man of great genius, and at the same time of very deep sympathy with his fellow-creatures.

Out of this character of his come his theories of art and literature, and, despite their faults, they seem to me in many respects more profound and far-reaching than any others which have been put forth in this century.

There is in them, toward the current cant regarding art and literature, a sound, sturdy, hearty contempt which braces and strengthens one who reads or listens to him. It does one good to hear his quiet sarcasms against the whole *fin de siècle* business—the "impressionism," the "sensationalism," the vague futilities of every sort; the "great poets," wallowing in Parisian mud; the "great mu-

sicians," with no power over melody or harmony; the "great painters," mixing their colors with as much filth as the police will allow. His keen thrusts at these incarnations of folly and obscenity in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and especially at those who seek to hide the poverty of their ideas in the obscurity of their phrases, encourages one to think that in the next generation the day of such pretenders will be done. His prophesying against "art for art's sake"; his denunciation of art which simply ministers to sensual pleasure; his ridicule of art which can only be discerned by "people of culture"; his love for art which has a sense not only of its power but of its obligations, which puts itself at the service of great and worthy ideas, which appeals to men as men—in these he is one of the best teachers of his time and of future times.

Yet here come in his unfortunate limitations. From his substitutions of assertion for inference, and from the inadequacy of his views regarding sundry growths in art, literature, and science, arises endless confusion.

For who will not be skeptical as to the value of any criticism by a man who pours contempt over the pictures of Puvis de Chavannes, stigmatizes one of Beethoven's purest creations as "corrupting," calls Shakspere a "scribbler," and denounces nearly all that he has himself ever written?

Nothing can be more genuine than his manner; there is no posing, no orating, no phrase-making, a quiet earnestness pervades all his utterances. The great defect arises, as I have already said, from his mode of living; namely, that during so large a part of his life he has been wont to discuss subjects with himself and not with other men; that he has therefore come to worship idols of his own creation, and often very unsubstantial idols, and to look with misgiving and distrust on the ideas of others. Very rarely during our conversations did I hear him speak with any real enthusiasm regarding any human being; his nearest approach to it was with reference to the writings of the Rev. Adin Ballou, when he declared him the foremost literary character that America has produced. A result of all this is that when he is driven into a corner his logic becomes so subtle as to be imperceptible, and he is very likely to take refuge in paradoxes.

At times, as we walked together, he would pour forth a stream of reasoning so lucid and reach conclusions so cogent that he seemed divinely inspired; at other times he would develop a line of argument so outworn, and arrive at conclusions so inane, that I could not but look into his face closely to see if he could be really in earnest; but it always bore that same expression, forbidding the slightest suspicion that he was uttering anything save that which he believed—at least for the time being.

As to the moral side, the stream of his thought was usually limpid, but at times it became turbid, and his better ideas seemed to float on the surface as iridescent bubbles.

Had he lived in any other country, he would have been a power mighty and permanent in influencing its thought and in directing its policy; as it is, his utterances will pass mainly as the confused, incoherent wail and cry of a giant struggling against the heavy adverse currents in that vast ocean of Russian life:

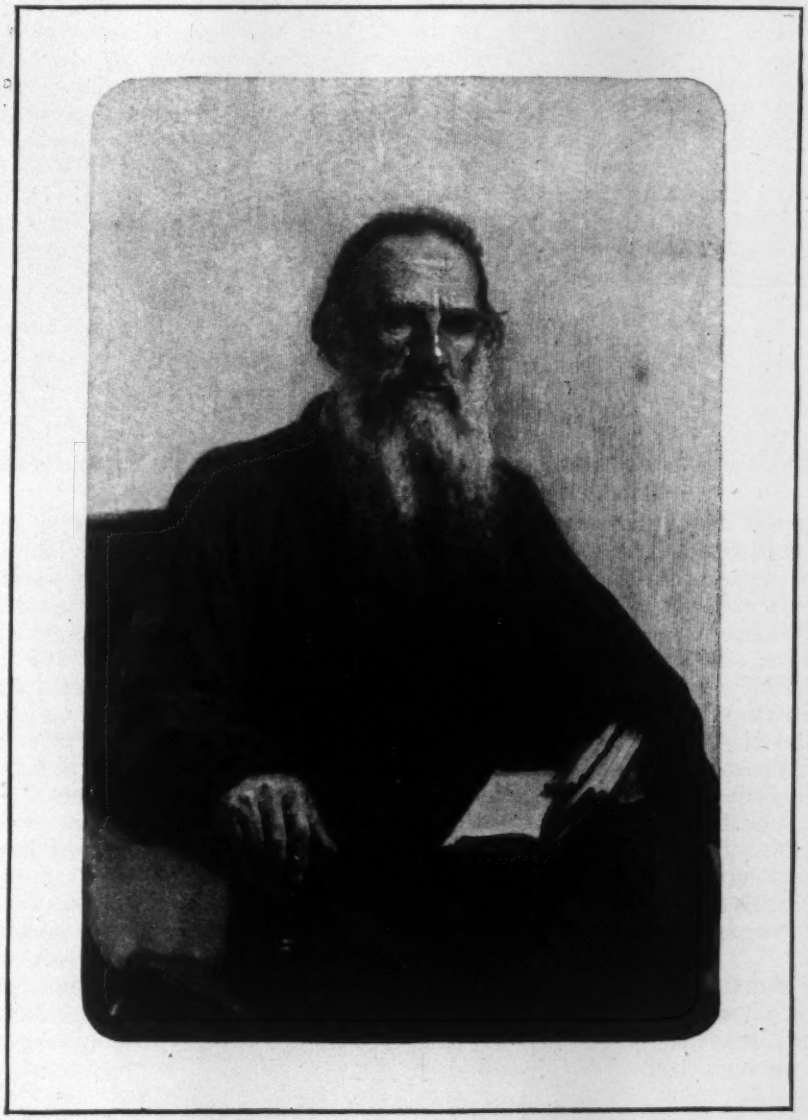
"The cry of some strong swimmer in his agony."

The evolution of Tolstoy's ideas has evidently been mainly determined by his environment. During the two centuries now ending, Russia has been coming slowly out of the Middle Ages; indeed, out of perhaps the most cruel phases of medieval life. Her history is, in its details, discouraging, her daily life disheartening: even the aspects of nature to the last degree depressing—no mountains, no hills, no horizon, no variety in forests—a soil during a large part of the year frozen or parched; a people whose upper classes are mainly given up to pleasure, and whose lower classes are sunk in fetishism; all their poetry and music in the minor key; old oppressions of every sort still lingering; famine chronic, no help in sight, and, to use their own cry, "God so high and the Czar so distant."

When, then, a great man arises in Russia, if he gives himself wholly to some well-defined purpose, looking to one high aim, and rigidly excluding sight or thought of the ocean of sorrow about him, he may do great things. If he be Suwaroff or Skobeleff or Gourko, he may win great battles; if he be Mendeleef, he may reach some epoch-making discovery in science; if he be Derjavine, he may write a poem like the "Ode to God"; if he be Antokolski, he may carve a statue like "Ivan the Terrible"; if he be Nesselrode, he may hold all Europe enchained to the ideas of the Autocrat; if he be Miloutine or Samaroff or Tscherkasky, he may devise vast plans like those which enabled Alexander II. to free twenty millions of serfs, and to secure means of subsistence for each of them; if he be Prince Hilkorf, he may

push railway systems to the extremes of Asia; if he be De Witte, he may set an example to American statesmen by a resolute rejection of debased currency and by the reform of a vast financial system.

But when a strong genius in Russia throws himself into philanthropic speculations of an abstract sort, with no chance of discussing his theories or plans until they are full-grown and have taken fast hold upon him, if he be a man of science, like Prince Krapotkin, one of the most gifted scientific thinkers of this decade, the result may be a wild revolt not only against the whole system of his own country but against civilization itself, and finally the adoption of the theory and practice of nihilism, which logically results in the destruction of the entire human race. Or if he be an accomplished statesman and theologian, like Pobedonostzeff, he may reason himself back into medieval methods, endeavor to fetter all free thought, and to crush out all forms of Christianity except the Russo-Greek creed and ritual. Or if he be a man of the highest genius in literature, like Tolstoy, whose native kindliness holds him back from the extreme of nihilism, he may rear a fabric heaven-high in which truths, errors, and paradoxes are piled up together until we have a new Tower of



TOLSTOY AT THE AGE OF SIXTY. AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY ILYA EFIMOVITCH RÉPIN.

Babel. Then we may see a man of genius denouncing all science, and commending what he calls "faith"; urging a return to a state of nature, which is simply Rousseau modified by misreadings of the New Testament; repudiating marriage, though himself most happily married, and the father of sixteen children; holding that Æschylus and Dante and Shakspere were not great in literature, and making Adin Ballou a literary idol; holding that Michael Angelo and Raphael were not great in sculpture and painting, yet insisting on the eminence of sundry unknown artists who have painted brutally; holding that Beethoven, Handel, Mozart, and Haydn were not great in music, but that some unknown performer outside any healthful musical evolution has given us the music of the future; declaring Napoleon to have had no genius, but presenting Kutusoff as a military ideal; loathing science—that organized knowledge which has done more than all else to bring us out of medæival cruelty into a better world—and extolling a "faith" which has always been the most effective pretext for bloodshed and oppression.

The long, slow, every-day work of developing a better future for his countrymen is to be done by others far less gifted than Tolstoy. His paradoxes will be forgotten; but his devoted life, his noble thoughts, and his lofty ideals will, as centuries roll on, more and more give life and light to the new Russia.

DEEPWATER POLITICS.

By May McHenry.

ONE day last January, when the air had a nip to it, Old Man John Barton leaned over his barn-yard gate and whistled "Maid of Dundee" softly in a minor key, as his nephew, Bob Barton, came along.

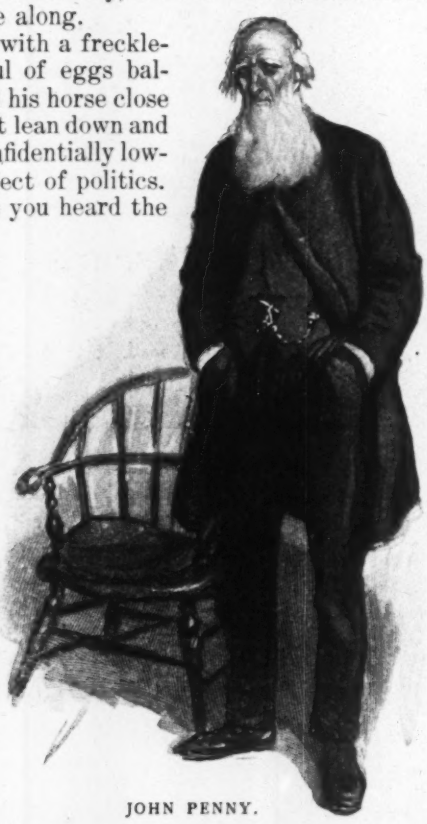
Bob was on horseback, with a freckle-nosed child and a basketful of eggs balanced in front. He urged his horse close to the fence, that he might lean down and address his uncle in the confidentially lowered tone befitting the subject of politics.

"Say, Uncle John, have you heard the news? The Hillers are putting up Old Sammie McNab to run for supervisor against John Penny."

The Old Man took off his cap and his mitten, and ran his fingers reflectively through his thick mane of fine white hair.

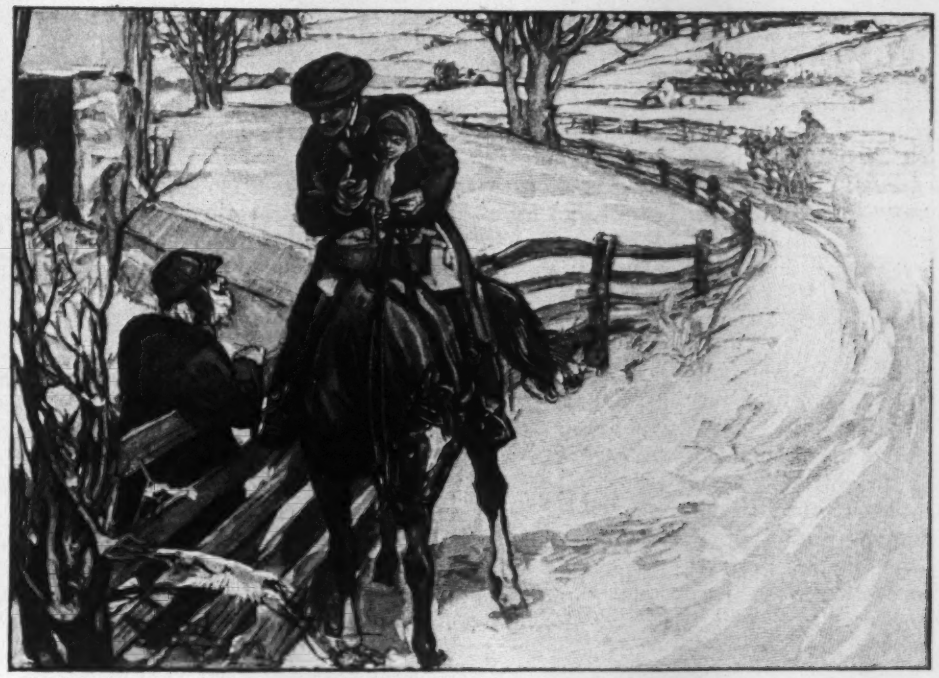
"So? Well, let Old Sammie run, Bob. Running for office is one of the inalienable rights of the American citizen."

"The McNabs are workers. Young Sam is a tiger," Bob went on. "The fact that John Penny has had the office four terms running gives them something to work on. We ought to have our best man at the front if we want to beat Old Sammie McNab. It won't do to let the Hillers get ahead of us here. The Valley pays the lion's share of the taxes, and we have a right to a supervisor who will look after our interests. Maybe Old Sammie would open those ditches along the road through your meadows and mine, and maybe he wouldn't."



JOHN PENNY.

"Don't worry over Old Sammie and those ditches, Bob; we're going to keep the supervisorship right where it is," the Old Man announced with decision. "John Penny is all right. He can run on his record, and that's more than all office-seekers can do. He is out and out the best supervisor we've ever had. When Judge Brewster was up here last summer he told me he believed our



"'HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS?'"

road master had not an equal in the State. You tell the boys that! When we have material of that sort, it is our duty to show appreciation by keeping it where it will do the most good. Tell them that. Moderation is a good thing even in holding office, but the right man in the right place is better. Tell them that. We must avoid any friction in our ranks, with the caucus only two weeks off. John Penny Barton is the man, and Harmony is the word, Bob—Harmony."

Old Man Barton chuckled as Bob rode on. "So Robert has been hearing the bee buzz himself! He hardly knows a road-scraper from a spring-tooth harrow! But fire and tow! I wonder what Dolly and Sam will think of it."

During the next few days all Deepwater was agitated with that question: what would Dolly and Sam think of it?

Dolly was the only unmarried daughter of John Penny Barton, and Sam was the sole male offspring of the house of McNab. Everybody knew that Dolly had her quilts pieced, her rag carpet at the weaver's, and her wedding clothes made, ready to marry Sam; and everybody knew that Sam had the finest new house on the Hill with the last coat of paint drying, ready to give Dolly just as comfortable a home as she had been used to.

While all the world wondered, Sam and Dolly got together, according to their custom on Saturday evening, and tried to decide what they really did think of it.

"Of course this will make no difference between you and me. There is no politics with us," Dolly said.

"I'm glad you look at it in that sensible way, Dolly," Sam replied with a breath of relief, and a reach of his long arm for her tantalizingly evasive person. "I didn't know just how you might take it, and I—well, look, Dolly—the politicians may fight it out—but you and I—oh, yes, Dolly!"

"Cousin Bob tells me you are going around making speeches for your father, but I know that is a mistake," Dolly remarked severely, as she pushed him away.

"It is. Speech-making is not in my line. Of course I'll do what I can for the head of the family, but I'll not make many speeches."

"Sam McNab! Do you mean you will fight my pa?"

"Being a Hiller, of course I will fight the Valleyites and their candidate for supervisor. Why, what's the matter? Didn't you just say that politics makes no difference with us?"

"I didn't say it will make no difference if you go around electioneering and working against pa. If our parents are running for the same office, you and I need not take sides. That is what I meant, and you know it. Why, Sam, I do not see how you can *want* to take part against any one I care for!"

"You are just like the rest of the women, after all," groaned Sam. "Can't you see that politics is outside of what a fellow cares for, and all that? It is a question of principles of government and—and citizenship. At least, that's the theory. Private affairs are not in it. They have nothing to do with the case. As a citizen and a voter, I have a duty."

"You have a duty to me, and that should come first!"

So they went on—Sam arguing from one point of view, Dolly arguing from another—until finally the young man slammed the front door angrily, and went off with a little pearl ring weighing like lead in his vest pocket, and a heart much heavier in his bosom.

Dolly, bright-eyed and white-lipped, swept tempestuously into the kitchen where Old Man Barton was talking ways and means with John Penny.

"Uncle John, we *must* beat those Hillers. I will cry my eyes out if we don't!" she exclaimed.

"Fire and tow! the child looks half-minded to cry her eyes out right now," commented the Old Man.

During the two weeks preceding the caucus, feeling between Hill and Valley ran high. Every man, woman, and child in the township, not to mention kinsfolks outside, took sides in the supervisorship fight. Parson Minter postponed his "protracted meeting" in the wise conviction that after the township election the people would have more time and inclination to think of their souls.

Caucuses are usually held in the village of Sweet Valley in the "ware-room" of Eben Barton's store, which also serves as a polling place on election days. When Deepwaterites of the majority—the hopeless minority seldom puts forward any candidates—met to decide whether John Penny Barton or Samuel McNab, Senior, should be the candidate for supervisor, also incidentally to nominate a constable, squire, and school-director, Eben's store and the porch and the road in front were like a crowded corner in the vicinity of the prize pigs at the county fair.

Voters and pillars of the government stamped around, slapping each other on the back and exchanging plug tobacco, while they discussed the drains through the Barton place, and argued and prophesied expansively as to the certain success of their respective candidates.

At the outset the Valleyites scored a point, though their opponents did not realize it at the time.

As standing chairman of all public meetings, Old Man John Barton stood at the top of the store steps and announced the hour for beginning business.

"And now, gentlemen," he went on in his pleasantly oratorical style, "since for some years it has been customary for our obliging merchant, Eben, to serve as clerk and watcher at our caucuses, doubtless you will all be willing to trust to his probity and fairness again. Howsomever, since Eben happens to be akin to one whose name is on the blackboard for our consideration, it will, I believe, be more fitting and—ah!—parliamentary to give him an associate. If the action meets approval, I will appoint Samuel McNab, Junior, as that associate."

The Hillers received the appointment with acclaim, and though the young man objected strenuously, he was pushed into the ware-room and seated beside Eben at the table, where Eben's new derby hat served to receive the slips of paper containing the vote of each faithful and zealous worker for the party.

Then Bob Barton took Dan Edgar by the arm, and they went behind the store, where they could permit their faces to expand and wreath with silent mirth.

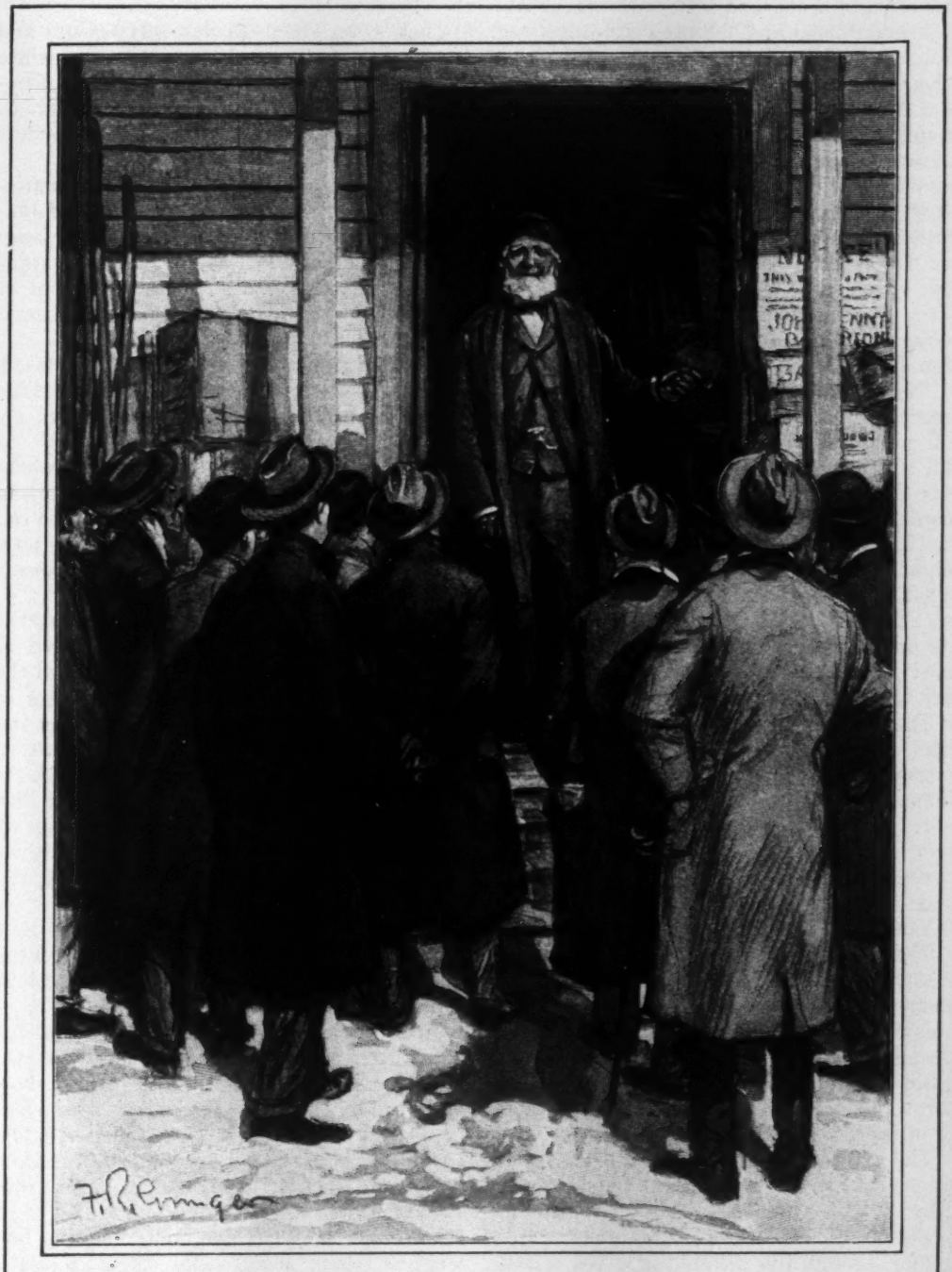
"That licks 'em!" gurgled Bob with a few fancy steps of triumph. "There is their best worker coralled—shut up for the afternoon as harmless as a blind kitten. Old Samuel and the rest do the talking, but Young Sam knows how to get in the votes: *he* was dangerous. Tell you, the Old Man is slick!"

That was an afternoon of excitement. Probably the liveliest and the most momentous incident was the "licking" of big Thad Prentiss by Johnnie Barton Smith.

Deepwater does not claim Thad Prentiss. He is a bully from a neighboring township, and on account of his size and his reputation as a fire-eater, most people are afraid of him, and he knows it. Chance brought him to Sweet Valley on the afternoon of the caucus, and his natural disposition, together with the raw whiskey he had swallowed at Zeke Cole's tavern on the way down the creek, led him to make a general nuisance of himself. He whooped around Eben's store like an Indian on the war-path, and offered to fight every man in the crowd, either singly or *en masse*. Being denied admittance to the sacred precincts of the ware-room, where the business of the caucus was being carried

on, he became ugly, and after trying to kick in a panel of the door, rammed his fist through a window. The good-natured Deepwaterites laughed at the blatant bully and humored him and endeavored to reason with him.

Finally Thad made the mistake of turning the stream of his profane abuse from Deepwaterites in general upon Old Man Barton in particular. In an instant Bob and two or three others of the younger Bartons were on their feet taking off their coats, but the Old Man's grandson, Johnnie Barton Smith, was



"OLD MAN JOHN BARTON STOOD AT THE TOP OF THE STORE STEPS AND ANNOUNCED THE HOUR FOR BEGINNING BUSINESS."

quickest. Before anybody realized what was happening, the youngster had slapped the bully twice across the mouth resoundingly.

A few seconds later the two were facing each other in the slush and mud of the road with a circle forming about them. There was a suggestion of David and Goliath: Thad was big and broad and red, with a neck like a Durham bull, and Johnnie was slim and white and pink like a girl. But Johnnie's lithe, lean young body was swift and strong as a steel trap, and during a year and a half at college he had acquired some science from a good boxing master down-town. "This is my funeral," Johnnie told Bob Barton, and after that no one interfered. Despite the three churches, the new graded school-house, and the Woman's Civic Club, Deepwater enjoys a fight as a cat enjoys cream.

In the remote and peaceful ware-room, young Sam McNab was startled to feel Old Man John Barton's hand on his shoulder.

"Just jump up on the table, Sammie, where you can look out of the window, and tell me what is going on in the road," the Old Man said briskly. "Johnnie will try to give Thad Prentiss a justly deserved punishment. Maybe he can do it and maybe he can't. If I should see Johnnie fighting, I might feel obliged to go out and stop it. What are they doing now, Sammie? It isn't always best to interfere. He's keeping out of reach, is he? Thank you, Sammie! That's his plan, to keep on the defensive till he gets the big slunge out of wind. Is Thad trying to wrestle him? That's unfair! Might as well be in the hug of a grizzly bear. If the boys don't see that Johnnie has fair play, I'll go out there myself. *Johnnie throwed him!* Throwed him over his shoulders by getting his head between his legs? Boys, I taught the lad that holt myself! Now, careful, careful, Johnnie!"

The Old Man resolutely kept his back to the window while Sam and Eben, prancing about excitedly on the table, reported to him the progress of the fight. The ink bottle and the derby hat ballot-box were both upset before they announced the final overthrow and crying for quarter of big Thad Prentiss.

The afternoon ended without further unpleasantness. After the fight the air seemed clearer, and public satisfaction in the humiliation of the bully restored general good humor, though the Hillers regretted it later. Chaffing and joking took the place of arguments that threatened to become bitter, and when Old Man Barton announced the result —that John Penny Barton had been nominated by four votes—and made a little speech about the white dove of peace and about harmony and neighborly good feeling, and the duty and desirability of upholding the caucus nominee, Hill and Valley alike cheered the Old Man.

Then young Sam McNab stepped out and announced that, notwithstanding the white dove of peace and the caucus nominee, Samuel McNab, Senior, would run for supervisor of public roads on an independent ticket, and both sides cheered again lustily.

As Old Man John Barton limped rheumatically homeward through the early dusk of January, Johnnie Barton Smith, who had been scraping off mud and applying rotten apple to his bruised countenance, stepped out of the blacksmith's shop and linked his arm in that of the Old Man.

"Grandfather, that was a rattling speech of yours in the interest of peace. It thrilled me until chills chased up and down my spine."

The Old Man eyed the young reprobate critically in the dusk. "Young man, your eye looks like a freshly blackened stove-lid. Instead of levity, it behooves you to be studying out what in Sam Hill we are going to say to your mother."

For once interest now centered upon the election, and political fervor continued at white heat after the caucus had named the candidates. The ninety-seven members of the minority enjoyed sudden and novel importance; they became factors in the fight. The Hillers carried on the campaign with remarkable vigor. Day and night young Sam McNab's big bay horse was to be seen on the roads, as that energetic young politician drove with his father over the township, visiting every voter impartially.

John Penny himself shook his head over such pernicious activity. "Looks a little dubious," he admitted; but Old Man John smiled blandly.

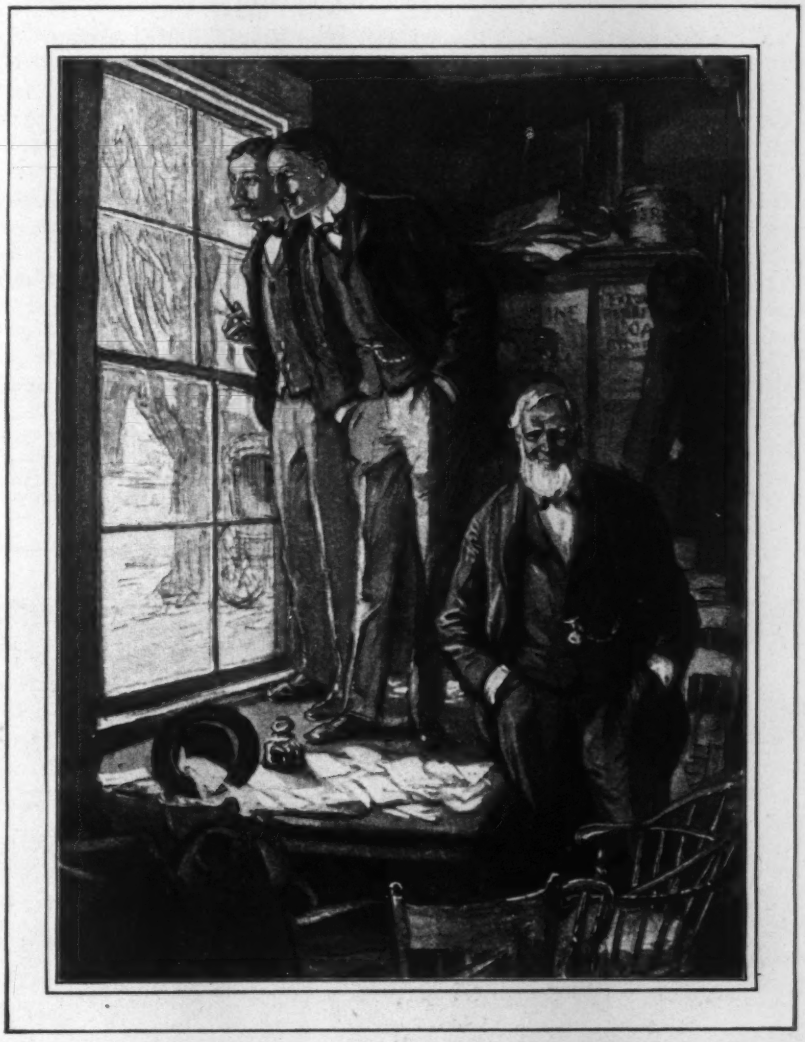
In all the driving to and fro, Sam's sleigh and big bay horse never once turned into the lane that led to John Penny's. Dolly, running up to the garret window, where she could look out over the bare apple-tree tops to the hill road, would go down-stairs again, with a red spot on each cheek. She would go about her work singing in such a high, sweet voice that the neighbors, hearing her, wagged their heads and their tongues. "Dolly isn't breaking *her* heart, anyway," they said. But Dolly's mother watched her

daughter out of the corner of her eye anxiously.

One clear, cold day about two weeks after the caucus, young Sam McNab was standing moodily in front of the blacksmith's shop in Sweet Valley, when Old Man John Barton, driving past in his sleigh, stopped and beckoned. Sam crossed the road slowly. He

As Sam stooped in front of the dash-board, the Old Man leaned forward and spoke, close to his ear, in a hoarse whisper:

"Dolly is going out to Dakota to her Uncle Cotner. Starts to-morrow morning. Her trunk was sent down to the Flowerville station this afternoon. Made up her mind all of a sudden, and none of us can stop her.



"THE OLD MAN RESOLUTELY KEPT HIS BACK TO THE WINDOW."

was in no humor for conversation with any one, and felt a dread of being called to order by the Old Man.

He was greeted with affectionate geniality.

"Sammie, seems to me the bolt that holds the shaft on this side is loose," the Old Man said. "I wish you would be so good as to look at it for me. I am pretty stiff these cold days, to be climbing in and out of the sleigh."

Dakota is a long way off. No use of her going way out there; Philadelphia or Washington, D. C., would do better—for a wedding trip."

Sam stood up suddenly, with his face much redder than his labors over the bolt warranted. The Old Man was looking steadily at the weather-vane on Squire Yorkes' barn.

"I shall not be surprised if we have more

snow when the weather moderates. There are indications," he observed casually. "The bolt is all right, is it, Sammie? I am obliged to you, sir. Your Grandmother Edgar was my first sweetheart, Sammie—as fine a woman as ever trod God's footstool! You favor her somewhat, upon my word you do! Good-by, my boy, good-by."

Shortly after dusk that evening young Sam, driving rapidly down the creek road, met John Penny and his wife headed toward the village. The young man chuckled as he passed their sleigh. He unbuttoned his overcoat with one hand, that he might finger a neatly folded paper in his vest pocket. Since that far-off, happy time before his father entered upon the troublesome paths of politics, he had carried that marriage license in the same pocket with Dolly's rejected ring; now he intended to put them both into use.

The square white house in the lane looked dark and forbidding. There was no response to Sam's eager knock. Deepwaterites seldom lock their front doors, and the young man walked boldly into the dimly lighted hall, that had not been graced by his presence for nearly a month.

"Dolly! Dolly!" he called imperiously.

There was no answer, no light form rustling to greet him. Perhaps the Old Man was mistaken, perhaps she had already gone. Overcome by a sudden sense of the emptiness of the house, of the village, of the universe, without Dolly, Sam bowed his head against the wall and groaned aloud.

"Dolly, I'll follow you to China!" he cried in his longing.

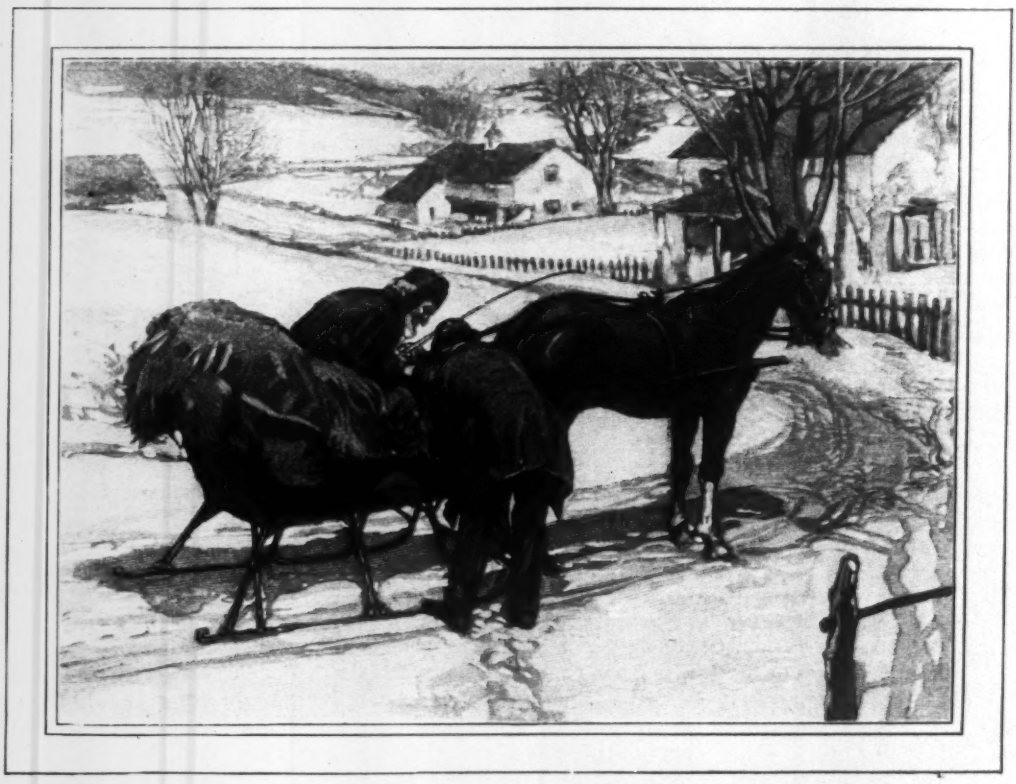
"Not China; Dakota," Dolly prompted on the stairs, half-laughing, half-crying, and clinging to the balustrade, because she could not keep from trembling so foolishly.

Sam bounded up two steps at a time to meet her, and—well, there was no politics between them then.

When Mr. and Mrs. John Penny returned from town, no loving daughter answered their call. Spread out in front of the lamp on the sitting-room table, they found this remarkably explicit letter.

"DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER:

"I have gone off to get married. I did not really want to go to Dakota, anyway. Now that we've made up, Sam does not want to wait for fear we quarrel again. We are going to Philadelphia and Washington, the same as we planned at first. Isn't it lucky that all my wedding clothes are in my trunk at the station? I hate to go



"'DOLLY IS GOING OUT TO DAKOTA.'"

without saying good-by to you, but Sam is afraid Elder Minter may go to bed before we get there. You will not be very mad, will you, *please?*

"Your affectionate and dutiful daughter,

"DOLLY."

Across the bottom of the sheet was scrawled in a large, masculine hand:

"It's all right, father-in-law. We will have the supervisorship in the family at any rate."

Mr. and Mrs. John Penny were not "very mad." The mother cried a little and laughed a little.

"I do hope she put on her arctics, and took my double blanket shawl. It is so bitter cold," she said.

"I reckon they'll not mind the cold," John Penny observed. "Did you put the cat in the cellar, Almira?"

Ten days later Mr. and Mrs. Samuel McNab, Junior, returned from their wedding trip, and rode up from the Flowerville station in the Sweet Valley stage. Ben Lemon, the stage-driver, greeted them hilariously. "Hello, Supervisor!" he shouted, slapping Sam staggeringly on the back. Sam, being engaged in tucking the robes about Dolly in the sled, paid little attention to the form of salutation.

A mile or so outside of the town, two Deepwater men passed the stage in a sleigh, lifting their hats to the bride, and calling back something about "election" and "clean sweep."

"As I'm a sinner, yesterday was election day!" exclaimed Sam. "I forgot it clean as a whistle, Dolly; didn't you?"

But Dolly only laughed, with her cheeks like red, red roses.

"Say, Ben, how did the election go off?" Sam called to the driver.

They were starting up the Hill, so Ben twisted the lines about the whipstock, and turned to face his two passengers.

"Well," he drawled, "Ike Bender was elected squire, Dave McElrory school-director, Dan Hess——"

"Yes, yes, of course! But how about supervisor?"

"Well, you folks are getting back just in time for the big celebration the Bartons are getting ready for at the Old Man's."

"Then my pa was elected!" exclaimed Dolly.

"No-ope, not John Penny; he's going to take a rest from supervisoring, and let the Hill have a chance to show itself."

"'NOT CHINA; DAKOTA.'"

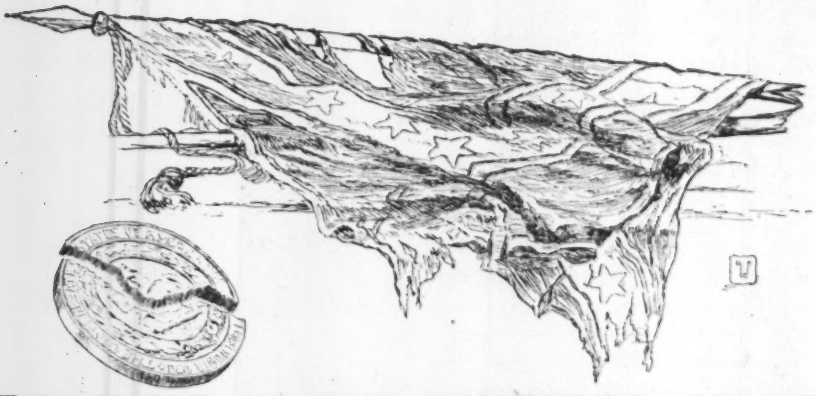
"Then *my* pa was elected!" laughed Sam, squeezing Dolly's hand until she shrieked softly.

"No-ope, not your pop either."

"Then who in thunder? Excuse me, Dolly!"

The old stage-driver smacked his lips with enjoyment.

"Well, you see, there was dissatisfaction about John Penny havin' the office agin, and they did say it was through the excitement of little Johnnie's fight that he got the nomination, so both sides, Hillers and Valleyites, got together, and seein' the Bartons wouldn't come over to the other candidate, they all agreed to consolidate, as Old Man Barton called it, on a new man, and, gosh all, if he wasn't elected unanimous—yes, sirree, u-nanimous. Eh? Who? Well, his name is S. McNab, Junior, known as young Sam—son of one retired candidate and son-in-law of t'other. *Gee up* there, Fan!"



DISBANDING OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY

BY

IDA M. TARBELL.

FOR a week the army of Northern Virginia had been fighting and retreating on parched corn, 57,000 men pursued by 125,000. They had done their best, but now, on April 9th, they were worn "to a frazzle," all but 28,000 of their number had been captured, killed, or scattered, and on all sides they were surrounded by the Federals. It was not their hunger or weariness which occupied their thoughts at this moment, however; it was the dismal fact that off there a little distance their commander, General Lee, was surrendering them to General Grant. Had he asked them to cut their way out of the circle which held them, battered and starved as they were, they would have tried to do it, but to submit, to surrender—that was harder. Yet when, a few hours later, the terms of the surrender arranged, the General, grave and pale, rode the length of their lines, they crowded about him as he went, their eyes wet with tears, their voices choked with sobs, struggling to kiss his hands, even to touch his horse—to show in some way that, bitter as their hearts were, there was nothing in them but love and honor for him.

The next day these men, who had fought from Bull Run to Petersburg, and won as brilliant victories as history records, marched up, stacked their muskets, signed a printed form of parole not to take arms again against the United States, and that alone in their pockets to face the world with, scattered north and south, east and west.

The news of Lee's surrender spread slowly but steadily through the Confederacy. By the evening of the 10th it had reached a force of seven or eight thousand men near Christianburg. At first the officers tried to conceal it from the men, but it could not be hushed. "Before we had concluded our brief conversation," writes General Duke, one of the staff, "we knew from the hum and stir in the anxious, dark-browed crowds nearest us, from excitement which soon grew almost to tumult, that the terrible tidings had got abroad. That night no man slept. Strange as the declaration may sound now, there was not one of the six or seven thousand then gathered at Christianburg who had entertained the slightest thought that such an event could happen, and doubtless that feeling pervaded the ranks of the Confederacy. During all the night officers and men were congregated in groups and crowds discussing the news. Great fires were lighted, every group had its orators who, succeeding each other, spoke continuously. Every conceivable suggestion was offered. Some advocated a guerrilla warfare; some proposed marching to the trans-Mississippi and thence to Mexico; the more practical and reasonable, of course, proposed that an effort to join General Johnston should immediately be made."

Spreading southward, the news on the 12th reached Joe Johnston, whose army was in North Carolina, facing that of Sherman. Johnston knew only too well what Lee's surrender meant for him, and on the 13th asked Sherman for a suspension of active operations. Two weeks later he surrendered his entire force. The effect of the

news was the same on the only other Confederate army east of the Mississippi—that of Dick Taylor, which on May 4th surrendered to General Canby. The principal Confederate force west of the Mississippi was stationed in Texas. There was no telegraph beyond the boundary line at that date, only one railroad penetrated the State, and the harbors were all blockaded, so that it was late in April before the news came to Texas. There came with it rumors that President Davis and his Cabinet and the armies of Johnston and Taylor were on their way to the trans-Mississippi region, and that there a new stand was to be taken and a new country opened. On this rumor such hopes were built that there was no thought of surrender. "Stand by the ship, boys, as long as there is one plank upon another," General Joe Shelby said on April 26th in his address

THEIR BELOVED LEE.

"They crowded about him as he went, their eyes wet with tears, their voices choked with sobs, struggling to kiss his hands, even to touch his horse."

to his troops. "We are not whipped," declared General Magruder on May 5th, "and no matter what may transpire, recollect we never will be whipped." Mass-meetings of citizens and soldiers were held all over the State, and resolutions of resistance adopted.

DISCUSSING THE SURRENDER.

"'*During all the night officers and men were congregated in groups and crowds discussing the news. Great fires were lighted, every group had its orators. . . . Every conceivable suggestion was offered.*'"

But swift upon the report that Johnston and Taylor and Davis had escaped came reports of their surrender. As soon as this news was confirmed in Texas, there followed in the army what was long known as the "break-up." It was a widespread and immediate decamping of the soldiers with whatever army property they could get their hands on. Officers wakened in the morning to find that where they had had three companies at night they had one now. In squads, singly, or by twos, the soldiers started for home without as much as a word of farewell. It was a complete conviction that the game was up and they must shift for themselves which had taken hold of the Texas army, and to which only a minority were sufficiently superior to remain until their officers could give them proper discharge papers.

On May 26th a formal surrender took place. The commander-in-chief of the Confederate forces west of the Mississippi was

General Kirby Smith. He was in Shreveport, Louisiana, when the "break-up" began, but hastened to Texas, his idea being to concentrate the entire force under his command in order to obtain honorable terms or to continue the struggle. On May 30th, at Houston, he issued an address in which he declared that he had returned to find himself "a commander without an army, a general without troops." "You have made your choice," he told the soldiers. "It was unwise and unpatriotic, but it is final. You have voluntarily destroyed your organization, and thrown away all means of resistance." Two days later he ratified the terms of surrender between Canby and Buckner, agreed to on May 26th.

Thus in six weeks an army scattered over a country nearly 2,000 miles in length and 1,000 in width—an army which had conducted a brave resistance for four years had crumbled into its original units. The great bulk of this army took the first step in their disbandment according to the rules laid down by their victors. It was only a small percentage which refused their compliance and decamped at the word of surrender, like the men referred to above by General Smith. The men who left thus unceremoniously were of two classes: those who were sick of the whole business, and simply wanted to get home as quickly as possible, and those who were unwilling to give up fighting. The former was by far the larger class, but both classes contributed to the disorders which followed the surrender of General Lee. The Federals proposed that the entire Confederate force should take paroles and surrender their arms, and they attempted to force those who had decamped to do so. For many weeks the forces left in the East occupied themselves in running down Confederates without paroles. Thus in the last of April Colonel H. B. Reed went up the Shenandoah Valley with a force and secured some 900 paroles. The official records of the period contain many accounts of scouts resulting in a few paroles and the discovery of small quantities of concealed arms. In Texas, where the largest number of men had deserted, the Federal general in charge of the State sent out orders in June that all Confederates must report at certain points, bring in their muskets, and be paroled. Few ever obeyed the order, and the State was too large for the military authorities to enforce it. Gradually the attempt to secure complete paroles was abandoned as doing more harm than good.

The number of recalcitrants who proposed to carry on the war individually or collectively has been greatly exaggerated. The guerrilla warfare which followed the surrender of the forces was really unimportant, though it caused considerable uneasiness in the North. In the mountains of Virginia small bands took refuge for a time and made raids on the inhabitants. In North Carolina, too, there was considerable complaint of marauding, but when the disturbers were run down they generally proved to be disorderly characters, stragglers from both armies, who had taken to robbery as a means of livelihood. In the West the trouble from guerrillas was naturally longer continued than in the East. What it actually amounted to there one can best judge from the reports of the officers who were in charge of the districts. Missouri was, after Texas, the longest in revolt, but even in May and June of '65 there was no very serious resistance there, and the bands were not numerous—one of thirty-five was driven out from the headwaters of the Little Piney in May, a few of the men being killed, the rest escaping. The captain of a company sent to the Blackwater near Longwood, Missouri, to clear out the reported bushwhackers, reported that, after having scouted the country daily for miles around during nearly three weeks, he had run down *three* bushwhackers—who broke through the bush and made their escape. Five men were caught by United States troops at Valley Mines robbing a store on May 22d, and one man was killed.

In short, this guerrilla warfare when analyzed resolves itself chiefly into the marauding of irresponsible and desperate bands, composed of a few Confederates, a sprinkling of renegade Federals, and many desperadoes who had never worn a uniform. It continued with diminishing strength for several months. Indeed, it was not until April 2, 1866, that President Johnson issued a proclamation that war was legally terminated. Even then Texas was omitted from the list of pacified States, and it was not until August 20, 1866, that Johnson issued a proclamation which included Texas, and which proclaimed "the insurrection is at an end," and "peace, order, tranquillity, and civil authority now exist in and throughout the whole of the United States." In March, 1867, Congress declared that the date of this second proclamation should be considered as the legal termination of the war. It is so considered in cases before the courts, in which such a date is necessary,

as it has been more than once in settling pension claims.*

But whether the disbanding soldiers complied with the Federal regulations or not, whether they took to the mountains and bayous or started on the nearest route to their homes, they were in a curious and perplexing position. They were literally men without a country. The government which had enlisted and supported them was dead, its officials were prisoners, its constitution void, its currency worthless. At the outset a dreadful practical question faced them. How were they going to get to their former homes? They had no money. Whatever funds their generals had been able to get hold of had been divided among them, but it was the merest pittance. Johnston when he saw surrender was inevitable had secured money to pay his men and officers a dollar apiece. Lee's men had received nothing. Dick Taylor's had received nothing. The only portion of Kirby Smith's which secured money were the 500 men at San Antonio. When they realized that the collapse had come they forced the financial agents of the Confederacy, who had some $80,000 in silver in the vault there, to divide this sum among them. The troops which were with Jefferson Davis also received a little money. The Confederate treasury of $250,000 to $300,000 had been kept with Mr. Davis, and was under the guard of General Duke. At Savannah River about $110,000 in silver from this fund was paid to the men, each one receiving about $32.

Penniless as they were, nothing but walking or working their way would have been left to the entire Confederate army if the Federals had not wisely and justly come to their relief. General Grant inaugurated this movement by allowing Lee's men to keep their horses. He also allowed his own quartermasters to turn over to the Confederates whatever horses and mules they could spare. Johnston's army fared a little better, for not only were they given their animals, but it was arranged that those who lived beyond the Mississippi should have transportation by water to some Southern port. The same arrangements were made for Taylor's army.

With the signing of the paroles all organization ceased, and the men were expected to disperse. Those who had horses mounted them, and in twos and threes or half-dozens rode away. Sometimes a body of men, whose homes were far away, were kept together and marched under Federal directions to a convenient point, and a limited amount of transportation furnished to them which would bring them within easier distance of their journey's end. Often and often there were no horses or mules, no transportation, and the men were obliged to shift for themselves, with the result that thousands straggled across country afoot, often for hundreds of miles, trusting to the hospitality of the people for food. "I am daily touched to the heart," wrote a correspondent of the New York "Tribune" in May, "by seeing these poor homesick boys and exhausted men wandering about in threadbare uniforms, with scanty outfit of slender haversack and blanket-roll hung over their shoulders, seeking the nearest route home; they have a care-worn and anxious look, a played-out manner."

The worst of the ordeal of these men, who had begun to disband in this haphazard way, was not getting home, it was what they found when they got there. The inventory of destruction in the South by the war is appalling. From the Potomac to the Rappahannock the country was cleaned of fences, of trees, of landmarks of every description. At Manassas, a town of forty or fifty houses before the war, there stood now forty or fifty chimneys. From the Rappahannock to Richmond all Eastern Virginia was a great and desolate battlefield, its only crop rusty canteens and moldy bread, knapsacks and exploded shells, and, thick as the grass in spring—Minié balls. Richmond after the havoc of a long siege had been swept by fire. Across South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama lay the path of devastation wrought by Sherman's army. In the streets of Charles-

* The whole subject was prettily argued only a few years ago in a pension case of considerable interest. This case arose from the passage by Congress in June, 1890, of an omnibus pension bill giving pensions to all persons who had served ninety days or more in the Rebellion, and had been honorably discharged. Among those who took advantage of this was one John Barleyoung, who had enlisted on April 19, 1866, and had been discharged on April 19, 1869. Barleyoung claimed that since the war had ended on August 20, 1866, and he had enlisted on April 19, 1866, he had served more than ninety days, and was entitled to a pension. The court, however, disagreed with him.

The Bill of 1890 does say, the court agreed, that all who served "during the War of the Rebellion" are entitled to pensions, but evidently Congress meant only those whose military service was in some way connected with the suppressing of the Rebellion, did not mean those of the army who in their mind were doing ordinary military service such as filling posts in a foreign country, fighting Indians, protecting fisheries in Alaska. To receive a pension a man's service must have been connected with the war. Now Barleyoung claims a pension because of service in the war between April 19, his enlistment, and August 20, the legal date of the close of the Rebellion.

Where did the United States government require war service at this period? On April 2d, President Johnson had declared that peace was restored in Georgia, South Carolina, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Florida. Evidently then the only State in which military service against the Rebellion was needed later was Texas. Did John Barleyoung serve in Texas? Unfortunately for John, his papers showed that he had not been anywhere in the vicinity of that State between April 19 and August 20, 1866, and accordingly he did not get his pension.

ton the grass was growing, while Summerville, its once favorite resort, from a prosperous town of 2,500 had been reduced to a hamlet of 200 half-starved souls. At Columbia, South Carolina, there was block upon block of dwellings, shops, and institutions of which nothing was left but jagged brick walls and slender, melancholy chimneys. Atlanta, Chattanooga, Vicksburg, Nashville, had been riddled by shell and turned topsy-turvy by hostile occupation. For four years, only irregular crops had been put in, and though there was cotton left in the country, there was no way for its owners to secure it or dispose of it. Most of the great manufactories of the South were destroyed or shut down—the Tredegar Iron Works at Richmond, the salt works in the Valley of the Holston, the iron manufactories at Marion, the lead works of Wythe County. Not only were fully two-thirds of all property destroyed and all industries at a stand-still, but those fundamental contrivances by which property is made productive and put into circulation were destroyed. Their labor system was wiped out by the emancipation of the slaves. The railroads were gone, tracks torn up, bridges destroyed, engines and cars worn out. Their ports had been long blockaded, and their shipping was destroyed. There was no postal system, and their money was useless, except as it could be disposed of to curiosity-hunters.

MAKING THEIR WAY HOMEWARD.

In many places the news of the surrender had not been heard, and the worn-out soldiers must needs rehearse it again.

It was through this desolation that the

disbanding Confederates made their way to their homes. All of those who lived in the track of the armies were haunted, not only by the fear of finding their homes destroyed, but finding their families scattered. It had been necessary for women and children all over Eastern and Northern Virginia to fly from the country. Sherman had driven the entire population from Atlanta when he left the city for his march to the sea, not wishing to feed and guard them as would have been necessary. Everywhere the people had scattered at the coming of the soldiers, hundreds going to Texas, a few to Europe, many to Canada, thousands into the portions of the States outside of the track of battle. The returning soldiers frequently knew little or nothing of where their loved ones had gone, and had no idea of how they would reach them.

The personal experiences related by Mrs. C. D. Maclean, in the Southern Historical Society Papers, are typical of the condition in which numbers of women found themselves at the close of the war. Mrs. Maclean's home was in Columbia, South Carolina, and she and her sister had been sent to the interior of North Carolina for safety. Here they were completely cut off from all intercourse outside of the neighborhood, and it was not until May that she learned of Lee's surrender. Then one day two threadbare soldiers passing stopped for a drink. They told what had happened, and explained that they were bound for South Carolina to "bushwhack Yankees." Eager as Mrs. Maclean was to get home now, it was not until midsummer that an opportunity came. Then a neighbor offered to take her to Greensboro, forty miles distant, in a dilapidated buggy drawn by a "spavined mule." At Greensboro she was able to take the remnant of a railroad which ran within a few miles of her home, and to finish her journey by stage-coach. "I approached Columbia from the north," writes Mrs. Maclean, "over bleak bare, sandhills, and it was from the nearest of these that I first saw the ruined city spread out like a neglected kiln below. At the sight I burst into tears."

Once back in their homes, the disbanding soldiers were met by the long series of difficult questions incident to the condition of the country, the first and most imperative of which was usually how to get bread for the coming year. As a rule there was nothing for them to do but take hold of the humblest tasks. Take Richmond, for example. The town was in such condition that business could not be carried on. Its ruins had to be cleared away and the streets rebuilt. Nothing is finer than the way in which the men of the highest breeding and education went to pulling down walls, clearing brick, laying foundations. John S. Wise, in his entertaining volume, "The End of an Era," says of the laborers he found filling the streets of Richmond in the month after the surrender:

"Many of them I knew well—men of as good social position as my own; soldiers come home and resolved not to be idle, but to work for an honest living in any way in which they could make it. Sitting in the sun with their trowels, jabbing away in awkward fashion at their new and unaccustomed tasks, covered with dust and plaster, they were the same bright, cheerful fellows who had learned to labor in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call them, just as they had been willing followers, in sunshine and in storm, of their beloved Lee. At night, with their day's wages in their pockets, they would go home, change their clothing, take a bath, and associate with their families—not at all ashamed of their labors, but making a joke of their newly discovered method of earning a sustenance."

Many of these people had property, to be sure, but it was impossible then to realize on it, even if they had wished to sacrifice it, nobody being willing to buy property which might be liable later to confiscation. There were hundreds, too, who owned valuable jewels, plate, pictures, or furniture which they would have disposed of if they had been able. One of the most pathetic editorials in the early numbers of the Richmond "Whig" is one headed: "A Pawnbroker Wanted," explaining the need there was of such a dealer in the town.

In the country a livelihood was even more uncertain than in the towns. Hon. John V. Wright,* now of the Department of the Interior, in response to the author's question as to what the resources of the planters were at the close of the war, has courteously stated his experience in reply:

"My opportunities for knowing the condition of the people of the South were good, both before and after the war. As to the class known as planters, having large tracts of lands and many slaves, my own experience

* A brother of General Marcus J. Wright, who for the last twenty years has been collecting and editing the records of the Confederate Army for the War Department.

THEIR NATIVE TOWN.

"At Columbia, South Carolina, there was block upon block of dwellings, shops, and institutions of which nothing was left but jagged brick walls, and slender, melancholy chimneys."

and fate will give an idea of the whole. I was the owner of perhaps six or more thousand acres of land in the cotton belt, with about one hundred slaves, together with mules, horses, and other stock and agricultural implements. The estate was valued at about $250,000. Added to this the other members of the family had estates which together aggregated $1,000,000. By the loss of the slaves the lands became practically valueless. The crops of the country had been consumed by the people or had gone to support the army. Hence we were reduced from wealth to poverty. Most of the planters had no trades or professions by which to make a living, and these were, indeed, the greatest sufferers. Virtually they had nothing on which to live, and many of the older ones died with broken spirits. The other classes not slaveholders also suffered, as all their stock was lost, and when they returned home they found only ashes where their humble but happy homes had been situated, their wives and children houseless, and stricken with poverty. The grand conduct of General Grant in allowing the soldiers of Lee to retain their horses served to mitigate the condition to some extent, as these soldiers used the horses in cultivating the land. This condition was almost universal. It is believed that in the history of the world no country was so entirely destroyed over so large a space as was the South. There were large amounts of cotton in the South at the close of the war, but little of it in the hands of the people. Much of it was confiscated by the Federal Government, and much of it was stolen or taken by force by roving bands of soldiers from both armies. There were many bales of cotton on my plantation, all of which disappeared in a single night. As the Southern ports were closed by the Federals, no cotton could be exported, and for two or three years it accumulated in great quantities. For a year or two during the close of the war but little cotton comparatively was planted, as food products were raised for the use of those at home and for the army. I suppose it would be difficult to find anywhere an accurate account of how much cotton was on hand, but it may be safely said that there was but lit-

tle which went to the aid of the men who returned from the war."

Perhaps nothing could illustrate better the straits to which the planters were put than the following actual experience related to the writer:

In April, 1865, Lawrence Taliaferro, who for four years had been with Lee's army, returned to his home on the north side of the Rappahannock, perhaps twelve miles from Fredericksburg. He was twenty-five years of age. When he went into the war his father owned a farm of several hundred acres, with handsome buildings, fine stock, and 150 negroes. Lawrence Taliaferro had always lived the life of a son of a country gentleman. Returning to Fredericksburg penniless, he crossed the river and started across country to his old home. Before he had gone a mile he had lost his way. The country, which he had once known as well as one knows the different halls and rooms of his own house, was like a foreign field to him. The forests had disappeared, and where once there had been a single road there were now twenty. The Army of the Potomac of over 100,000 men had occupied this place almost continuously from November, 1862, until May, 1863. They had cut every tree and sapling for miles in every direction, to get fuel to burn, logs for their huts, and corduroy for their roads. When Lawrence Taliaferro attempted to get to his old home, he was in a country of which he knew nothing. His way lost, he could only wander from one new road to another, until at last he came upon an unfamiliar hut. He rapped and an old darky came out. He was one of his father's former slaves, and the man conducted him to his old home. All outhouses and fences had disappeared, as well as the shade trees and shrubbery. There was only the shell of the house. He found his father and sister living there. Two of the old servants had remained, refusing to leave their master. Upon inquiry he found that all that was left of the farm property was one old mule and a much-patched harness. A few days after his return, an older brother came back from Lee's army and brought with him a worn-out horse. Then began the struggle for daily bread. The two young men patched up the harness for the mule and horse, borrowed an old plow, and began to prepare the ground for a garden. They had not been at home many days when they learned that a couple of men were in Fredericksburg buying bones. Now for miles around Fredericksburg the fields were thick with the bones of worn-out mules and horses, which had died during that long period when the country was occupied by Northern and Southern troops. As soon as the Taliaferros discovered that these bones were salable, they borrowed from a friend the remnant of a wagon and started out to pick them up. As the result of two days' work they found they had 2,000 pounds, which they sold for two cents a pound. "I thought my fortune was made, when I got that money," said Mr. Taliaferro. From that time on they put in every hour of daylight gathering up bones, while the two old darkies were putting in the garden and preparing the ground for corn. They carried on the bone business for a month, when they made a new discovery. Quantities of old iron were lying on the fields. This they found was salable, and accordingly they went into the junk business. They were much crippled in their work by the fact that their team was so poor that not more than half a day's work could possibly be gotten out of it.

This had been going on about a month when a great piece of good fortune fell to them. A wing of the Federal army in marching north passed near their home, and one night the Taliaferros were visited by two Union officers. They had come, they said, to see if old Mr. Taliaferro was living and in good health. It seems that at the time the Union army had been encamped on and around his plantation the old gentleman had become a great favorite with the officers. The visitors were invited in, and the Taliaferros did their best to get them a good supper. The men were very much pleased with their entertainment, and when they went home, insisted that the boys should go over to the army with their wagon the next day and return their visit. This they did, and when they started to go home, they found that the wagon had been filled with coffee, sugar, bacon, etc. "Enough," said Mr. Taliaferro, "to last six months." And not only this: one of the officers went to the quartermaster and said, "See here, aren't you turning loose every day jaded mules which can't keep up with the army? Haven't you now three or four which you know you will soon have to drop out? If so, give them to these men." "Well, sir," said Mr. Taliaferro, "do you know that that man actually brought out four mules and turned them over to us? They were pretty thin and tired, and he rather apologized for them and said, 'Do you think you can get them home?' Well, sir the tears just ran down my face. I said,

RICHMOND AFTER THE WAR.

"Nothing is finer than the way in which the men of the highest breeding and education went to pulling down walls, clearing brick, laying foundations."

'If they can't walk I'll carry them.' We took them home and turned them out to grass, for grass was one thing we did have. The whole country was green with it, and in two months those mules were fat as butter and able to do a full day's work. The only thing outside of grass which the country afforded was rabbits and birds. They had been left alone for so long a time while the men were away that they were thick, but we did not have powder or bullets, and for some time did not know exactly how to catch them; but we took up so much lead and so many shells on the battlefield, and were saving them all the time, that at last we got powder by unscrewing the caps off the shells and taking it out, and bullets by melting the lead and running it through holes punched in a piece of tin and letting it run into tubs of cold water. After we got this bullet factory started we had plenty of birds and rabbits.

"We got on pretty well that summer. Our garden was good, and we laid up a good deal for winter, but when winter came it was mighty hard to get wood. There was not any left in the country. I don't know what we would have done if it hadn't been for the Yankees' corduroy roads. They were all through our plantation in every direction. We pulled up the pieces, which were, of course, water-soaked, and set them up on end in stacks so they would dry out, and for two winters this is how we got our wood. It took us five years to get our plantation into shape to keep us and the two old darkies, and after that we began to make money enough to buy groceries and clothes, but it has been hard work."

It is not strange that there were many, particularly of the better class of Southerners, who felt that such conditions as these they returned to were not to be tolerated, and who at once declared that the last step in their disbandment was to be taken in a foreign land. "A good many of the young men of the South will go abroad," wrote Dr. Brodie Herndon, of Richmond, to Captain Maury in May, "and this is one of the gloomiest features of our future." Canada, Europe, Brazil were all considered, but Mexico was from the moment of surrender the country in which the greatest number proposed to begin life anew. Indeed for months before the surrender Mexico had been looked upon by the Confederacy as a place of refuge in case of defeat, and it is probable that many leading Confederates had attempted at least to make overtures to Maximilian similar to that in the following letter of General Kirby Smith:

SHREVEPORT, LA., February 1, 1865.

HON. ROBERT ROSE, SHREVEPORT, LA.

Sir:—Whilst in the City of Mexico I desire you, on some fitting occasion, to make known to His Majesty the Emperor that in the case of unexampled catastrophe to our arms and the final overthrow of the government which I have the honor to represent as the military chief of the States west of the Mississippi River, an event I do not now apprehend, but which yet may possibly occur in the future, it is my fixed purpose to leave my native land and seek an asylum in Mexico. Bred to the profession of arms, having such education in my profession as the best military schools in the United States offer, with the benefit of foreign travel and some experience, such as is acquired by the command of armies actively engaged in the field for more than two years, it is my desire still to continue in the exercise of the profession of my choice. Having some knowledge of the French and Spanish languages, and having been on duty once on the Mexican frontier, my humble services and such influence as I could exert might be rendered available to His Majesty's Government. I therefore authorize you to tender them to him in the possibility of the contingency above alluded to. The national antipathy that would exist in the minds of many citizens of the Confederate States to those of the North, together with their intelligence, endurance, and daring as soldiers, might in contemplation of possible collision between the Imperial Government and the United States of the North, render very desirable such a corps of Southern soldiers as might be induced by the offer of liberal terms to colonize the Empire, and thus greatly strengthen it. Should you find that this offer and the accompanying views are not wholly inappropriate to be attended to, you will please tender my service to the Emperor, and at the same time assure him of my heartfelt wish for the eminent success of his reign, and the honor, welfare, and happiness of his people.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

E. KIRBY SMITH, *General.*

It was towards Mexico, then, that hundreds turned when they found themselves free, and it was there that the only colony of Confederates of any importance was realized. This was founded and conducted by the eminent hydrographer, Captain M. F. Maury. Captain Maury had been sent to England by the Confederate Government in 1862 to perfect his submarine torpedoes. Already his inventions had done great damage to the Federal navy, and Captain Maury hoped to perfect them so that they would do more. In May, 1865, he sailed for the South, not knowing then of Lee's surrender. When the news reached him in the West Indies, he considered it unsafe to go back to the United States, and decided to go to Mexico and offer the Emperor his services. He reached Mexico in June of 1865, and was warmly welcomed by the Emperor and Empress. He was offered a position in the Ministry, but declined it, preferring the ap-

pointment of Director to the Imperial Observatory. In this position he planned a colony of Confederates in his new home. His idea he explained in a letter to one of his friends:

"In contemplating this shipwreck of country, kinsmen, and friends, I recognized among the *débris* of the wreck the very materials that are required to build, upon good and solid foundations, the Mexican Empire. Never, since the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, has such a class of people been found willing to expatriate themselves. From such a wreck Mexico may gather and transfer to her own borders the very intelligence, skill, and labor which made the South what she was in her palmy days—except her bondage."

Maury's scheme for a colony of Confederates in Mexico pleased Maximilian. It was at once adopted, and Maury himself appointed Imperial Minister for Colonization.

He succeeded in persuading one of his sons to join him, as well as a number of his friends. By November, 1865, he was writing from the "Office of Colonization" that he was selling lands near Cordova at one dollar an acre, at five years' credit, as fast as they could be served, and that there were already about forty Southern people there, and that several of the men had sent for their families. Maury estimated that by the time the land was paid for it would be worth $20, $30, and even $100 an acre, and he gave his friends the most glowing descriptions of coffee growing wild, and fig trees 100 feet high and three feet in circumference, and of luscious pine-apples at one cent apiece. On March 1, 1866, he wrote that two shiploads of immigrants had just arrived, and that everything

THE CONFEDERATE'S RETURN.

"There was only the shell of the house."

was going well in the Carlotta Colony. Very soon after this Maury went to England, where his family had been living for some time. Not long after his departure such pressure was brought to bear on Maximilian by his enemies, that the Emperor was obliged to abandon the colonization scheme. The fall of the government which came soon after prevented the plan ever being revived.*

That no larger numbers joined Maury or went into other similar colonies was due partly, no doubt, to the general poverty, but largely to the influence which from the day of his surrender General Lee exerted on the men of the South. He, like the rest, knew nothing of the course the United States Government would take towards him. His property was gone, and he must start at the bottom again. Whether he would be free or a prisoner he did not know, but he at once announced his determination of abiding by the decision of the government to which he had surrendered, and if allowed to do it to engage in some work which would be useful in restoring the South. "At the first cessation of hostilities," he wrote a correspondent, "I considered that the South required her sons more than at any former part of her history to sustain and restore her, that though many might find comfortable homes in a foreign land, what would become of the Southern States and the citizens who abided in them?"

Colonel R. L. Maury, son of Captain Maury, tried to interest General Lee in his father's project, but the General declined. "I have entertained the opinion that unless prevented by circumstances or necessity, it would be better for them (the people of the South) and the country to remain at their homes and share the fate of their respective States." And to Captain Maury himself he wrote: "The thought of abandoning the country and all that must be left in it is abhorrent to my feelings, and I prefer to struggle for its restoration and share its fate rather than to give up all as lost. . . . I shall be sorry if your presence be lost to Virginia; she has now need for all of her sons and can ill afford to spare you." To scores of others who sought his advice he wrote in similar vein. Nor was he alone in this attitude. Wade Hampton, when besought to head a colony of emigrants, replied:

"The very fact that our State is passing through so terrible an ordeal as the present should cause her sons to cling the more closely to her. My advice to all of my fellow-citizens is that they should devote their whole energies to the restoration of law and order, the reëstablishment of agriculture and commerce, the promotion of education, and the rebuilding of our cities and dwellings which have been laid in ashes."

Indeed, the majority of the leading men of the South said with Lee and Hampton that their States had never needed them so much, and that they should stand by them. Gradually those who at first had felt that the humiliation and uncertainty of their new position were too great to be endured returned, as did Maury, and lent their aid. Inspired by these noble examples, the rank and file of the disbanded army faced their hard situation like the brave men they were, and joined patiently in one of the gravest tasks in the history of the world—the Reconstruction of the South. The story of the self-control of these disbanded men in the situation in which they found themselves when they reached their homes, of their courage, their patience, their effort, forms one of the finest chapters of heroism in the History of the United States.

* Maury himself remained in England, where his scientific friends presented him with a testimonial of 3,000 guineas. He was employed by the French and English governments to perfect their system of sea mining, and he opened a school of instruction in electrical torpedoes, to which the governments of Europe sent officers. Later he prepared the well-known series of school geographies, and in 1868 was given the degree of LL.D. at Cambridge at the same time that Tennyson and Max Müller received their degrees. The proclamation of a general amnesty the same year made it possible for Maury to return to the United States, where he accepted the chair of Physics at the Virginia Military Institute. Thus, after three years, he joined General Lee in his noble effort to revive the South by instructing the young generation.

THE BREAK IN "TURPENTINE."

By Edwin Lefèvre,

Author of "The Woman and Her Bonds."

IN the beginning of the beginning the distillers of turpentine carried competition to the quarreling point. Then they carried the quarrel to the point of silence, which meant that no time was to be wasted in words. All were losing money; but each hoped that the others were losing more, proportionately, and therefore would go under the sooner.

It was Mr. Alfred Neustadt, a banker in a famous turpentine district, who first called his brother-in-law's attention to the pitiable sight. Mr. Jacob Greenbaum at once perceived possibilities for successful operations. He felt that the time was ripe. He would form a Turpentine Trust!

First he bought for a song all the bankrupt stills; seven of them. Later on, in his scheme of trust-creation these self-same distilleries would be turned over to the "octopus" at a good round sum. Then he secured options on nine others, the tired-unto-death plants. In this way he was able to "control a large productive capacity" at an expenditure positively marvelous—it was so small. It was also in his brother-in-law's name. Then the banking house of Greenbaum, Lazarus & Co. stepped in, interested accomplices, duped or coerced into selling enough other distillers to assure success, cajoled the more stubborn, wheedled the more credulous, gave way gracefully to the shrewder, and gathered them all into the fold. The American Turpentine Company was formed, with a capital stock of $30,000,000 or 300,000 shares of $100 each. The cash needed to pay Mr. Greenbaum, Neustadt, and others who sold their plants for "part cash and part stock," was provided by an issue of $25,000,000 of 6 per cent. bonds, underwritten by a syndicate composed of Greenbaum, Lazarus & Co.; I. & M. Hirsch; Morris Steinfelder's Sons; Walford, Harris & Co.; Davis Bros.; Silberman & Lindheim; Rosenthal, Shaffran & Co.; and Zeman & Morris.

The prospectus of the "trust" was a masterpiece of persuasiveness and vagueness. In due course of time the public subscribed for the greater part of the $25,000,000 of bonds, and both bonds and stock were "listed" on the New York Stock Exchange—that is, they were placed on the list of securities which members may buy or sell on the floor of the Exchange.

Tabularly expressed, the syndicate's operations were as follows:

Authorized bonds	$25,000,000
Authorized stock	30,000,000
Total	$55,000,000
Actual worth of property	12,800,000
Aqua pura	$42,200,000

Paid to owners for 41 distilleries representing 90 per cent. of the turpentine production (and 121 per cent. of the consumption!) of the United States:

Cash (from bond sales)	$8,975,983
Bonds	12,000,000
Stock	18,249,800
Total	$39,225,783
Syndicate's commission, stock	12,988,500
Retained in Co.'s treasury, unissued	2,000,000
Expenses and discounts on bonds, etc.	785,717
Total	$55,000,000

These figures were *not* for publication. They told the exact truth.

The public knew nothing of the company's earning capacity, save a few tentative figures from the prospectus, which was a sort of financial gospel according to Greenbaum, but which did not create fanatical devotees among investors. The stock, unlike the Kipling ship, had not found itself; it was not market-proven, not seasoned; no one knew how much dependence to put on it; wherefore the banks would not take it as collateral security on loans, and wherefore the "speculative community," as the newspapers call the stock-gamblers, would not touch it, since in a pinch it might prove utterly unvendible. It remained for the syndicate to "make a market for it."

Mr. Greenbaum took charge of the market conduct of "Turp," as the "tape" called the stock of the American Turpentine Company. First the manufacturers who had received shares in part payment were

induced to promise not to sell their holdings, thus precluding any untimely unloading. Then the price was marked up by means of "matched" orders—preconcerted and therefore not bona fide transactions. Mr. Greenbaum told one of his brokers to sell 1,000 shares of "Turp" to another of his brokers, and shortly afterwards the second broker sold the same 1,000 shares to a third by prearrangement—this being the "matching" process—with the result that the tape recorded transactions of 2,000 shares. After this "matching" had gone on for some time, readers of the tape were supposed to imagine that the stock was legitimately active and strong—two facts which in turn were supposed to whet the buying appetite. It was against the rules of the Exchange, but how could convictions be secured?

"Turp" began at 25, and as the syndicate had all the stock in the market, it was easily manipulated upward to 35. Every day many thousands of shares, according to the Stock Exchange's official records, "changed hands"—from Greenbaum's right to his left and back again!—and the price rose grandly and steadily. But something was absent. The manipulation was not convincing. It did not make the general public nibble. The only buyers were the "room traders," that is, professional stock-gamblers, who reasoned not illogically that the "Greenbaum gang" had all the stock, and that perforce the "gang" had to find a market for it, and the only way to do this was by a nice "bull" or upward movement. When a stock rises and rises and rises, the newspapers are full of pleasant stories about it, and the lambs read but do not run away; they buy on the assumption that, as the stock has already risen ten points, it may rise ten more. This explains why they make so much money in Wall Street—for the natives.

Greenbaum and his associates were "practical" financiers, thoroughly familiar with Wall Street. They marked up the price of "Turp" ten points; but they could not arouse public interest in it so that people would buy it. Indeed, at the end of three weeks, during which the "Street" had been flooded with impressive advice to buy because the price was going higher, all they had for their trouble was more stock—6,000 shares from Ira D. Keep, a distiller, who sold out at 38 because he needed the money (most of the others held on to their stock by agreement); and they also were obliged to buy back from the "room traders" at 35 and 36 and higher, much of the same stock the "gang" had sold at 30 and 31 and 32 and 34. Then the manipulators had to "support" the stock at the higher level, that is, they had to keep it from declining, which could be done only by continuous buying. By doing this the public might imagine there was considerable merit in a stock which was in such good demand from intelligent people as to remain firm, notwithstanding its previous substantial rise.

Every attempt to sell "Turp" met with failure. At length it was decided to allow the price to sink back to an "invitingly low" level. It was done. But still the invited public refused to buy. Efforts to encourage a short interest to over-extend itself unto "squeezable" proportions failed similarly The Street was afraid to "go short" of a stock which was so closely held. The philosophy of short selling is simple; it really amounts to betting that values will decline. A man who "sells short" sells what he does not possess, but hopes to buy, later on, at a lower price. But since he must deliver what he sells to the man who buys, he borrows it, giving the lender ample security. To "cover" or to "buy in" is to purchase stock previously sold short. Obviously, it is unwise to be short of a stock which is held by such a few that it may be difficult to borrow it. To "squeeze" shorts is to advance the price in order to force "covering." This is done when the short interest is large enough to make it worth while.

In the course of the next few months, after a series of injudicious fluctuations which gave to "Turp" a bad name, even as Wall Street names went, despite glowing accounts of the company's wonderful business and after distributing less than 35,000 shares, the members of the "Turpentine Skindicate," as it was popularly called, sorrowfully acknowledged that, while they had skilfully organized the trust and had done fairly well with the bonds, they certainly were not howling successes as manipulators. During the following eight months they sold more stock, chiefly to their friends. But there still remained a great deal to market.

Now, manipulators of stocks are born, not made. Anybody can buy stocks or can sell them. But not every one can sell stocks and at the same time convey the impression that he is buying them, and that prices therefore must inevitably go much higher. The art requires boldness and consummate judgment, knowledge of technical stock-

". . . *Samuel Wimbleton Sharpe, the best manipulator Wall Street had ever known.*"

market conditions, infinite ingenuity and mental ability, a careful study of the curious psychological phenomena of gambling, to say nothing of knowing thoroughly the various brokers to be employed, their capabilities, limitations, and personal temperaments; also, their price.

Adequate manipulative machinery, moreover, can be perfected only with much toil and patience and money. Professional Wall Street will always tell you that "the tape tells the story." The little paper ribbon therefore must be made to tell such stories as the manipulator desires should be told to the public. He must produce certain effects which should preserve an appearance of alluring spontaneity.

Several members of the syndicate had many of these qualities, but none had them all. It was decided to put "Turp" stock in the hands of Samuel Wimbleton Sharpe, the best manipulator Wall Street had ever known. "Jakey" Greenbaum said he would conduct the negotiations with the great plunger.

Sharpe was a financial free-lance, free-booter, and free-thinker. He had made his first fortune in the mining camps of Arizona, and finding that field too narrow, had come to New York, where he could

gamble to his heart's content. He was all the things that an ideal manipulator should be, and several more. He had arrived in New York with a sneer on his lips and a loaded revolver in his financial hands. The other "big operators" looked at him in pained astonishment.

"I carry my weapons openly," Sharpe told them, "and you conceal your dirks. Don't hurt yourselves trying to look honest. I never turn my back on such as you." Of this encounter was born a hostility that never grew faint. Sharpe had nothing of his own to unload on any one else, no property to over-capitalize and sell to an undiscriminating public by means of artistic lies; and his enemies often did. So they called him a gambler, very bitterly, and he called them philanthropists, very cheerfully. If he thought a stock was unduly high he sold it confidently, aggressively, stupendously. If he thought a stock was too low he bought it boldly, ready to take all the offerings and bid for more. And once on the march, he might be temporarily checked, be forced by the enemy to halt for a day or a week or a month; but inevitably he arrived. And such an arrival!

And as a manipulator of stock-values he had no equal. On the bull side he rushed a stock upward so steadily, so boldly and brilliantly, but, above all, so persuasively, that lesser gamblers almost fought to be allowed to take it off his hands at incredibly high prices. And when in the conduct of one of his masterly bear campaigns he saw fit to "hammer" the market, values melted away as by magic—Satanic magic, the poor lambs thought. All stocks looked "sick," looked as though prices would go much lower; murmurs of worse things to come were in the air, vague, disquieting, ruin-breeding. The atmosphere of the Street was supersaturated with apprehension, and the black shadow of Panic brooded over the Stock Exchange, chilling the little gamblers' hearts, wiping out the last of the little gamblers' margins.

Greenbaum was promptly admitted to Sharpe's private office. It was a half-darkened room, the windows having wire-screens, summer and winter, in order that prying eyes across the street might not see his visitors or his confidential brokers, whose identity it was advisable should remain unknown to the Street. He was walking up and down the room, pausing from time to time to look at the tape. The ticker is the only telescope the stock-market general has; it tells him what his forces are doing and how the enemy is meeting his attacks. Every inch of the tape is so much ground; every quotation represents so many shots.

There was something feline in Sharpe's stealthy, soundless steps, in his mustaches, in the conformation of his face—broad of forehead and triangulating chinward. In his eyes, too, there was something tigerish—unmelodramatically cold hearted and coldly curious as they looked upon Mr. Jacob Greenbaum. Unconsciously the unfanciful Trust-maker asked himself whether Sharpe's heart-beats were not ticker ticks, impassively indicating the pulse of the stock-market.

"Hallo, Greenbaum."

"How do you do, Mr. Sharpe?" quoth the millionaire senior partner of the firm of Greenbaum, Lazarus & Co. "I hope you are well? Yes, you must be. I haven't seen you look so fine in a long time."

"You didn't come up here just to tell me this, Greenbaum, did you? I am feeling pretty well, thanks. How's your Turpentine? Oh!"—with a long whistle—"I see. You want me to go into it, hey?"

"What's the matter with a pool?"

"How big?" coldly.

"Up to the limit." Again the Trust-maker smiled uncertainly.

"You haven't all the capital stock, I hope."

"Well, call it 100,000 shares," said Greenbaum, more uncertainly and less jovially.

"Who is to be in it besides you?"

"Oh, you know; the same old crowd."

"Oh, I know," mimicked Mr. Sharpe, scornfully, "the same old crowd. You ought to have come to me before; it will take something to overcome your own reputations. How much will each take?"

"We'll fix that O.K. if you take hold," answered Greenbaum, laughingly. "We've got over 100,000 shares, and we'd rather some one else held some of it. Nearly all of the rest of the stock, issued as part payment, is still held by the distillers. Here are our agreements with them to hold on until we give the word to sell. They won't leak, and there's mighty little stock afloat."

"Bring your friends here this afternoon. Good-by. And, I say, Greenbaum."

"Yes?"

"No funny tricks at any stage of the game."

"What's the use of saying such things, Mr. Sharpe?" with an experimental frown.

"The use is so you won't try any. Come

at four," and Mr. Sharpe began to pace up and down the room. Greenbaum hesitated, still frowning tentatively; but he said nothing, and at length went out. Sharpe looked at the tape. "Turp" was 29.

He resumed his restless march back and forth. It was only when the market "went against him" that Mr. Sharpe did not pace about the room in the mechanical way of a menagerie animal, glancing everywhere but seeing nothing. When something unexpected happened in the market, Sharpe stood beside the ticker immobile, because his overworked nerves were tense—like a tiger into whose cage there suddenly enters a strange and eatable animal.

On the minute of four there called on Mr. Sharpe the senior partners of the firms of Greenbaum, Lazarus & Co.; I. & M. Hirsch; Morris Steinfelder's Sons; Walford, Harris & Co.; Davis Bros.; Silberman & Lindheim; Rosenthal, Shaffran & Co.; and Zeman & Morris.

They were ushered not into the private office, but into a sumptuously furnished room, the walls of which were covered with dashing oil paintings of horses and horse-races. The visitors seated themselves about a long oaken table.

Mr. Sharpe appeared at the threshold.

"How do you do, gentlemen? Don't move, please; don't move." He made no

"'*Bring your friends here this afternoon.*'"

motion to shake hands with any of them, but Greenbaum came to him and held out his fat dexter resolutely and Sharpe took it. Then Greenbaum sat down and said, "We're here," and smiled, blandly.

Sharpe stood at the head of the polished, shining table, and glanced slowly down the double row of alert faces. His look rested a fraction of a minute on each man's eyes—a sharp, half-contemptuous, almost menacing look that made the older men uncomfortable and the younger resentful.

"Greenbaum tells me you wish to pool your Turpentine stock and have me market it for you."

All nodded; a few said "yes"; one—Lindheim, *aetat* 27—said, flippantly, "That's what."

"Very well. What will each man's proportion be?"

"I have a list here, Sharpe," put in Greenbaum. He intentionally omitted the "Mr." for effect upon his colleagues. Sharpe noted it, but did not mind it.

Sharpe read aloud:

Greenbaum, Lazarus & Co.	38,000	shares.
I. & M. Hirsch	14,000	"
Morris Steinfelder's Sons	14,000	"
Walford, Harris & Co.	11,000	"
Davis Bros.	10,000	"
Silberman & Lindheim	9,000	"
Rosenthal, Shaffran & Co.	9,800	"
Zeman & Morris	8,600	"
Total	114,400	shares.

"Is that correct, gentlemen?" asked Sharpe.

Greenbaum nodded his head and smiled affably as befitted the holder of the biggest block. Some said "Yes"; others, "That is correct." Young Lindheim said, "That's what." The founders of the firm—his uncle and his father—were dead, and he had inherited the entire business from the two. His flippancy was not inherited from either.

"It is understood," said Sharpe, slowly, "that I am to have complete charge of the pool, and conduct the operations as I see fit. I want no advice and no questions. If there is any asking to be done, I'll do it. If my way does not suit you we'll call the deal off right here, because it's the only way I have. I know my business, and if you know yours you'll keep your mouths shut in this office and out of it."

No one said a word, not even Lindheim.

"Each of you will continue to carry the stock for which he has agreed to stand in the pool. You've had it a year and couldn't sell it, and you might keep it a few weeks more, until I sell it for you. It must be subject to my call at one minute's notice. I've looked into the company's business, and I think the stock can easily sell at 75 or 80."

Something like a gasp of astonishment came from those eight hardened speculators. Then Greenbaum smiled, knowingly, as if that were *his* programme, memorized and spoken by Sharpe.

"It is also understood," went on Sharpe, very calmly, "that none of you has any other stock for sale at any price, excepting his proportion in this pool, and that proportion, of course, is not to be sold excepting by me." No one said a word, and he continued:

"My profit will be 25 per cent. of the pool's winnings, figuring on the stock having been put in at 29. The remaining profits will be divided pro rata among you; the necessary expenses will be shared similarly. I think that's all. And, gentlemen, no unloading on the sly—not one share."

"I want you to understand, Mr. Sharpe, that we are not in the habit of—" began Greenbaum with perfunctory dignity. He felt in duty bound to remonstrate before his colleagues.

"Oh, that's all right, Greenbaum. I know you. That's why I'm particular. We've all been in Wall Street more than a month or two. I simply said, 'No shenanigan.' And, Greenbaum," he added, very distinctly, while his eyes took on that curious, cold, menacing look, "I mean it, every d——d word of it. I want the numbers of all your stock-certificates. Excuse me, gentlemen. I am very busy. Good-afternoon."

And that is how the famous bull pool in Turpentine came to be formed. They thought he might have been nicer, more diplomatic; but as they had sought him, not he them, they bore with his eccentricities. Each pool manager had his way, just as there are various kinds of pools.

"Sam is not half a bad fellow," Greenbaum told them, as if apologizing for a dear friend's weaknesses. "He wants to make out he is a devil of a cynic, but he's all right. If you humor him you can make him do anything. *I* always let him have his way."

On the very next day began the historical advance in Turpentine. It opened up at 30. The specialists—brokers who made a specialty of dealing in it—took 16,000 shares, causing an advance to 32½. Everybody who had been "landed" with the shares at higher

figures, now began to feel hopeful. As never before a stock had been manipulated, with intent to deceive and malice prepense, so did Sharpe manipulate Turpentine stock. The tape told the most wonderful stories in the world, all utterly untrue. Thus, one day the leading commission houses in the Street were the buyers, which inevitably led to talk of "important developments"; and the next day brokers identified with certain prominent financiers took calmly, deliberately, nonchalantly, all the offerings; which clearly indicated that the aforementioned financiers had acquired a "controlling interest"—the majority of the stock—of the American Turpentine Company. And on another day there was a long string of purchases of "odd" lots—amounts less than 100 shares—by brokers that usually did business for the Greenbaum syndicate, meaning that friends of the syndicate were buying for investment.

Then, one fine, sunshiny day, when everybody felt very well and the general market was particularly firm, the loquacious tape told the watchful professional gamblers of Wall Street—oh, so plainly!—that there was "inside realizing"; said, almost articulately to them, that the people most familiar with the property were unloading. Sharpe was selling, with intentional clumsiness, stock he had been forced to accumulate during his bull manipulation—in order to advance the price he had to buy much—and he was not averse to conveying such impressions as would lead to the creation of a short interest, large enough to make it profitable to "squeeze." He had too much company on the bull side. And, sure enough, the professional gamblers said: "Aha! They are through with it. The movement is over!" and sold "Turp" short confidently, for a worthless stock had no business to be

The American Turpentine Company visits Mr. Sharpe.

selling at $46 a share. The price yielded and they sold more the next day. But lo, on the day following, the Board member of a very conservative house went into the "Turp" crowd and bought and bought until he had accumulated 20,000 shares, and the bears became panic-stricken, and rumors of a near-by dividend began to circulate, and the bears covered their shorts at a loss and "went long"—bought in the hope of a further rise—and the stock closed at 52.

And Sharpe reduced very greatly the amount of "Turp" stock he had been obliged to take for manipulative purposes. So far he was buying more than he sold. Later he would do the reverse. When the demand exceeds the vendible supply, obviously the price rises; when the supply for sale exceeds the demand, a fall results. But the average selling price of a big line may be high enough to make the operation profitable, even though a decline occurs during the course of the selling.

For a week "Turp" rested; then it began to rise once more. At 56 and 58 it became the most active stock of the entire list. Everybody talked about it. The newspapers began to publish statements of the company's wonderful earnings, and the Street began to think that, in common with other "trusts," the American Turpentine Company must be a very prosperous concern. The company at this time developed a habit of advancing prices a fraction of a cent per gallon every week, so that the papers could talk of the boom in the turpentine trade.

At 60 the Street thought there really must be something behind the movement, for no mere manipulation could put up the price thirty points in a month's time, which shows what a wonderful artist Mr. Sharpe was. And people began to look curiously and admiringly and enviously and in many other ways at "Jakey" Greenbaum and his accomplices, and to accuse them of having intentionally kept the price of the stock from advancing for a year in order to "freeze out" the poor, unsophisticated stock-holders, because "Turp," being "a good thing," Greenbaum *et al.* wanted it all for themselves. And Greenbaum *et al.* smiled guiltily and said nothing, though Jakey winked from time to time when they spoke to him about it; and old Isidore Hirsch cultivated a Napoleon III. look of devilish astuteness; and "Bob" Lindheim became almost dignified; and Rosenthal stopped patting everybody on the back, and mutely invited everybody to pat him on the back.

Then Sharpe sent for "Jakey," and on the next day young "Eddie" Lazarus swaggeringly offered to wager $10,000 against $5,000 that a dividend on "Turp" stock would be declared during the year. Whereupon the newspapers of their own accord began to guess how great a dividend would be paid, and when; and various figures were mentioned in the Board room by brokers who confided to their hearers that they "got it on the dead q. t., *straight from the inside.*" And two days later Sharpe's unsuspected brokers offered to pay 1¾ per cent. for the dividend on 100,000 shares, said dividend to be declared within sixty days or the money forfeited. And the stock sold up to 66¾, and the public wanted it. A big, broad market had been established, in which one could buy or sell the stock with ease by the tens of thousands of shares. The 114,400 shares, which at the inception of the movement at the unsalable price of $30 a share represented a theoretical $3,432,000, now readily vendible at $65 a share, meant $7,422,000; not half bad for a few weeks' work.

And still Sharpe, wonderful man that he was, gave no sign that he was about to begin unloading. Whereupon the other members of the pool began to wish he were not quite so greedy. They were satisfied to quit, they said. The presence of the pool's stock in their offices began to irritate them. They knew the vicissitudes of life, the uncertainties of politics, and of the stock-market. Supposing some crazy anarchist blew up the President of the United States, or the Emperor of Germany were to insult his grandmother, the market would "break" to pieces. They implored, individually and collectively, Mr. Jacob Greenbaum to call on Sharpe; and Greenbaum, disregarding a still, small voice that warned him against it, went to Sharpe's office, and came out of it, two minutes later, somewhat flushed, and assured his colleagues one by one that Sharpe was all right, and that he seemed to know his business. Also, that he was cranky that day. He always was, added Greenbaum forgivingly, when one of his horses lost a race.

The stock fluctuated between 60 and 65. It seemed to be having a resting spell. But as it had enjoyed these periods of repose on three several occasions during the rise—at 40 and 48 and 56—the public became all the more eager to buy it whenever it fell to 60 or 59, for the Street was now full of tips that "Turp" would go to par. And such was the public's speculative temper and Mr. Sharpe's good work that disinterested ob-

servers were convinced the stock would surely sell above 90 at the very least. Mr. Sharpe still bought and sold, but he sold twice as much as he bought, and the big block he had been obliged to take in the course of his manipulation diminished. On the next day he hoped to begin selling the pool stock.

That very day Mr. Greenbaum, as he returned to his office from his luncheon, felt well pleased with the meal and therefore with himself and therefore with everything. He scanned a yard or two of the tape and smiled. "Turp" was certainly very active and very strong.

"In such a market," thought Mr. Greenbaum, "Sharpe can't possibly tell he's getting stock from me. In order to be on the safe side I'm going to let him have a couple of thousand. Then, should anything happen, I'd be that much ahead. Ike!" he called to a clerk.

"Yes, sir."

"Sell two—wait; make it 3,000—no, never mind. Send for Mr. Ed Lazarus." And he muttered to himself, with a subthrill of pleasure: "I can just as well as not make it 5,000 shares."

"Eddie," he said to his partner's son, "give an order to some of the room traders, say to Willie Schiff, to sell five—er—six—tell him to sell 7,000 shares of Turpentine and to borrow the stock. I am not selling a share, see?" with a wink. "It's short selling by him, do you understand?"

"Do I? Well, I guess. I'll fix that part O.K.," said young Lazarus, complacently. He thought he would cover Greenbaum's tracks so well as to deceive everybody, including that highly disagreeable man, Samuel Wimbleton Sharpe. He felt so confident, so elated, did the young man, that when he gave the order to his friend and clubmate, Willie Schiff, he raised the amount to 10,000 shares. Greenbaum's breach of faith had grown from the relatively small lot of 2,000 shares to five times that amount. It was to all appearances short stock, and it was duly "borrowed" by young Schiff. It was advisable that it should so appear. In the first place no member of the pool could supply the stock which he held, because Sharpe could trace the selling to the office as he had the numbers of the stock-certificates. And, again, short selling does not have the weakening effect that long selling has. When stock is sold short it is evident that sooner or later the seller will have to buy it back; that is, a future demand for the stock is assured from this source, if from no other. Whereas, long stock is that actually held by some one.

Isidore Hirsch, who held 14,000 shares, was suffering from a bad liver the same day that Greenbaum was suffering from nothing at all, not even a conscience. A famous art collection would be sold at auction that week, and he felt sure his vulgar friend, "Abe" Wolff, would buy a couple of exceptionally fine Troyons and a world-famous Corot, merely to get his name in the papers.

"'Turp,' 62⅞," said his nephew, who was standing by the ticker.

Then old Hirsch had an idea. If he sold 2,000 shares of Turpentine at 62 or 63, he would have enough to buy the ten best canvases of the collection. His name—and the amounts paid—would grace the columns of the papers. What was 3,000 shares, or even 4,000, when Sharpe had made such a big, broad market for the stock?

"Why, I might as well make it 5,000 shares while I'm about it, for there's no telling what may happen if Sharpe should overstay his market. I'll build a new stable at Westhurst"—his country place—"and call it," said old Hirsch to himself, in his peculiar, facetious way so renowned in Wall Street, "the Turpentine Horse Hotel, in honor of Sharpe." And so his 5,000 shares were sold by E. Halford, who had the order from Walter Browne & Co., who received it from Hirsch. It was short selling.

Total breach of faith, 15,000 shares.

Now that very evening Bob Lindheim's extremely handsome wife wanted a necklace, and wanted it at once; also she wanted it of filbert-sized diamonds. She had heard her husband speak highly of Sam Sharpe's masterly manipulation of Turpentine, and she knew he was "in on the ground floor." She read the newspapers, and she always followed the stock-market diligently, for Bob, being young and loving, used to give her a share in his stock deals from time to time, and she learned to figure for herself her "paper" or theoretical profits, when there were any, so that Bob couldn't have "welched" if he had wished. On this particular evening she had statistics ready for him, showing how much money he had made; and she wanted that necklace. She had longed for it for months. It cost only $37,000. But there was also a lovely bracelet, diamonds and rubies, and——

Lindheim, to his everlasting credit, remonstrated and told her: "Wait until the pool realizes, sweetheart. I don't know at what price that will be, for Sharpe says

nothing. But I know we'll all make something handsome, and so will you. I'll give you 500 shares at 30. There!"

"But I want it now!" she protested, pouting. She was certainly beautiful, and when she pouted, with her rich, red lips——

"Wait a week, dear," he urged nevertheless.

"Lend me the money now, and I'll pay it back to you when you give me what I make on the deal," she said, with fine finality. And seeing hesitation in Bob's face, she added, solemnly: "Honest, I will, Bob. I'll pay you back every cent, this time."

"I'll think about it," said Bob. He always said it when he had capitulated, and she knew it, and so she said, magnanimously: "Very well, dear."

Lindheim thought 1,000 shares would do it, so he decided to sell a thousand the next day, for you can never tell what may happen, and accidents seldom help the bulls. But as he thought of it in his office more calmly, more deliberately, away from his wife and from the influence she exercised over him, it struck him forcibly that it was wrong to sell 1,000 shares of Turpentine stock. He might as well as not make it 2,500; and he did. He was really a modest fellow, and very young. His wife's cousin sold the stock for him, apparently short.

Total breach of faith, 17,500 shares. The market stood it well. Sharpe was certainly a wonderful chap.

Unfortunately, Morris Steinfelder, Jr., decided to sell 1,500 "Turp," and did so. The stock actually rose a half point on his sales. So he sold another 1,500, and, as a sort of parting shot, 500 shares more. All this through an unsuspected broker.

Total breach of faith, 21,000 shares. The market was but slightly affected.

Then Louis Walford, of Walford, Harris & Co.; "Andy" Davis, of Davis Bros.; Hugo Morris, of Zeman & Morris; and "Joe" Shaffran, of Rosenthal, Shaffran & Co., all thought they could break their pledges to Sharpe with impunity, and each sold, to be on the safe side. This last lump figured up as follows:

Name.	Sales first contemplated. Shares.	Period of hesitancy. Minutes.	Actual sales. Shares.
Louis Walford.....	1,500	3	2,600
"Andy" Davis.....	2,000	15	5,000
Hugo Morris.....	1,000	0	1,000
Joe Shaffran	500	1⅓	1,800

Total breach of faith, 31,400 shares.

The market did not take it well. Sharpe, endeavoring to realize on the remainder of his manipulative purchases, found that "some one had been there before him."

An accurate list of the buyers and sellers was sent in every day by his lieutenants, for all but the most skilful operators invariably betray themselves when they attempt to sell a big block of stock. He scanned it very carefully now, and put two and two together; and he made certain inquiries and put four and four together—four names and four other names. He saw through the time-worn device of the fictitious short selling. He knew the only people who would dare sell such a large amount must be his colleagues. He also was convinced that their breach of faith was not a concerted effort, because if they had discussed the matter they would have sold a smaller quantity. He knew where nearly every share of the stock was. It was his business to know everything about it.

"Two," he said to his secretary, "may play at that game." And he began to play.

By seemingly reckless, plunging purchases he started the stock rushing upward with a vengeance—63, 64, 65, 66, four points in as many minutes. The floor of the Stock Exchange was the scene of the wildest excitement. The market—why, the market was simply Turpentine. Everybody was buying it, and everybody was wondering how high it would go, Greenbaum and the other seven included. It looked as if the stock had resumed its triumphant march to par.

Then Sharpe called in all the stock his brokers were loaning to the shorts, and he himself began to borrow it. This, together with the legitimate requirements of the big short interest, created a demand so greatly in excess of the supply that Turpentine loaned at a sixty-fourth, at a thirty-second, at an eighth, and finally at a quarter premium over night. It meant that the shorts had either to cover or to pay $25 per diem for the use of each 100 shares of stock they borrowed. On the 31,400 shares that the syndicate was borrowing it meant an expense of nearly $8,000 a day; and in addition the stock was rising in price. The shorts were losing at the rate of many thousands a minute. There was no telling where the end would be, but it certainly looked stormy for both the real and the fictitious shorts.

Mr. Sharpe sent a peremptory message to Greenbaum, Lazarus & Co.; I. & M. Hirsch; Morris Steinfelder's Sons; Walford, Harris & Co.; Davis Bros.; Silberman & Lindheim;

Rosenthal, Shaffran & Co.; and Zeman & Morris. It was the same message to all:

"*Send me at once all your stock!*"

There was consternation and dismay, also admiration and self-congratulation, among the recipients of the message. They would have to buy back in the open market the stock they had sold a few days before. It would mean losses on the treasonable transactions of fully a quarter of a million, but

"They blustered and fumed among themselves, and gained courage thereby and tried Sharpe's door. . . ."

the pool "stood to win" simply fabulous sums, if Mr. Sharpe did his duty.

There were some large blocks of stock for sale at 66, but Sharpe's brokers cleared the figures with a fierce, irresistible rush, whooping exultantly. The genuine short interest was simply panic-stricken, and atop it all there came orders to buy an aggregate of 31,400 shares—orders from Messrs. Greenbaum, Hirsch, Lindheim, Steinfelder, Walford, Davis, Shaffran, and Morris. The stock rose grandly on their buying: 4,000 shares at 66; 2,200 at 66⅜; 700 at 67⅝; 1,200 at 68; 3,200 at 69½; 2,000 at 70; 5,700 at 70½; 1,200 at 72. Total, 31,400 shares bought in by the "Skindicate." Total, 31,400 shares sold by Samuel Wimbleton Sharpe to his own associates in the great Turpentine pool. In all he found buyers for 41,700 shares that day, but it had taken purchases of exactly 21,100 to "stampede the shorts" earlier in the day, and in addition he held 17,800 shares acquired in the course of his bull manipulation, which had not been disposed of when he discovered the breach of faith, so that at the day's close he found himself not only without a share of stock manipulatively purchased, but "short" for his personal account of 2,800 shares.

The newspapers published picturesque accounts of the "Great Day in Turpentine." A powerful clique, they said, owned so much of the stock—had "cornered" it—that they could easily mark up the price to any figure. They called it a "memorable squeeze." It was hinted also that Mr. Sharpe had been on the wrong side of the market, and one paper gave a wealth of details and statistics in bold, bad type to prove that the wily bear leader had been caught short of 75,000 shares, and had covered at a loss of $1,500,000.

On the next day came the second chapter of the big Turpentine deal. Mr. Sharpe, having received the pool's 114,400 shares, divided it into three lots, 40,000 shares, 50,000 shares, and 24,400 shares. The market had held fairly strong, but the lynx-eyed room traders failed to perceive the usual "support" in "Turp," and began to sell it in order to make sure. There was enough commission-house buying and belated short-covering to keep it moderately steady. Then the room traders redoubled their efforts to depress it, by selling more than there were buying orders for; also by selling it cheaper than was warranted by the legitimate demand for the stock. It was a favorite trick to offer to sell thousands of shares lower than people were willing to pay, in order to frighten the timid holders and make them sell; which in turn would make still others sell, until the movement became general enough to cause a substantial fall.

Slowly the price began to yield. All that was needed was a leader. Whereupon Mr. Sharpe took the first lot of pool stock, 40,000 shares, and hurled it full at the market. The impact was terrible; the execution appalling. The market reeled crazily. The stock, which after selling up to 72¾ had "closed" on the previous day at 71⅞, dropped twenty points and closed at 54. The newspapers said that the "corner" was "busted"; that the "squeeze" was over. Hundreds of people slept ill that night. Scores did not sleep at all.

On the next day he fired by volleys 50,000 shares more at the market. The stock sank to 41¼. Such a break was almost unprecedented. The Street asked itself if it were not on the eve of a crash that would become historic in a district whose chronology is reckoned by big market movements.

Greenbaum rushed to Sharpe's office. The terrible break gave him courage to do anything. A Wall Street worm will turn when the market misbehaves itself.

"What's the matter?" he asked angrily. "What are you doing to Turpentine?"

Sharpe looked him full in the face, but his voice was even and emotionless as he replied: "Somebody has been selling on us. I don't know who. I wish I did. I was afraid I might have to take 100,000 shares more, so I just sold as much as I could. I've marketed most of the pool's stock. If it had not been for the jag of stock I struck around 60 and 62, Turpentine would be selling at 85 or 90 to-day. Come again next week, Greenbaum; and keep cool. Did you ever know me to fail? Good-by, Greenbaum; and don't raise your voice when you speak to me."

"This has gone too far," said Greenbaum, hotly. "You must give me an explanation or by Heaven I'll——"

"Greenbaum," said Mr. Sharpe, in a listless voice, "don't get excited. Good-by, Greenbaum. Be virtuous and you will be happy." And he resumed his caged-tiger pacing up and down his office. As by magic Mr. Sharpe's burly private secretary appeared and said: "This way, Mr. Greenbaum," and led the dazed Trust-maker from the office. On his return Sharpe told him: "There is no need to accuse those fellows of breach of faith. They'd deny it."

The next day Mr. Sharpe simply poured the remaining 25,000 shares of the pool's stock on the market as one pours water from a pitcher into a cup. The bears had it all their own way. The loquacious tape said, ever so plainly: "This is nothing but inside liquidation, all the more dangerous and ominous since it is at such low figures and is so urgent in its character. Heaven alone can tell where it will end; and there is no telephone communication thither."

Everybody was selling because somebody had started a rumor that the courts had dissolved the company for gross violation of the Anti-Trust law, and that a receiver had been appointed. Having sold out the last of the pool's stock, Mr. Sharpe "took in" at $22 a share the 2,800 shares which he had put out at $72, a total profit on his small "line" of $140,000.

Turpentine stock had declined fifty points in fifteen business hours. It meant a shrinkage in the market value of the company's capital stock of $15,000,000. The shrinkage in the self-esteem of some of the pool was measurable only in billions.

Sharpe notified his associates that the pool had completely realized—*i.e.*, had sold out—and that he would be pleased to meet them at his office on Monday—this was Thursday—at eleven A.M., when he would have checks and an accounting ready for them. He refused himself to Greenbaum, Hirsch, Davis, Walford, and others who called to see what could be done to save their reputations from the wreck of Turpentine. The stalwart private secretary told them that Mr. Sharpe was out of town. He was a very polite man, was the secretary; and an amateur boxer of great proficiency.

Failing to find Sharpe, they hastily organized a new pool, of a self-protective charac-

ter, and sent in "supporting" orders. They were obliged to take large quantities of stock that day and the next in order to prevent a worse smash, which would hurt them in other directions. They found themselves with more than 50,000 shares on their hands, and the price was only 26 @ 28. And merely to try to sell the stock at that time threatened to start a fresh Turpentine panic.

They met Sharpe on Monday. His speech was not so short as usual. He had previously sent to each man an envelope containing a check and a statement, and now he said, in a matter-of-fact tone:

"Gentlemen and Greenbaum, you all know what I did for Turpentine on the up-tack. Around 62 I began to strike some stock which I couldn't account for. I knew none of you had any for sale, of course, as you had pledged me your honorable words not to sell, save through me. But the stock kept coming out, even though the sellers borrowed against it, as if it were short stock, and I began to fear I had met an inexhaustible supply. It is always best on such occasions to act promptly, and so, after driving in the real shorts, I sold out our stock. The average selling price was 40. If it had not been for that mysterious selling it would have been 80. After commissions and other legitimate pool expenses, I find we have made nine points net, or $1,029,600, of which 25 per cent., or $250,000, come to me according to the agreement. It is too bad some people didn't know enough to hold their stock for 90. But I find Wall Street is full of uncertainties—there is so much stupidity in the district. I trust you are satisfied. In view of the circumstances, I am. Yes, indeed. Good-day, gentlemen; and you too, Greenbaum, good-day."

There was nothing tigerish about him. He was affable and polished; they could see that he seemed pleased to the purring point. He nodded to them and went into his inner office.

They blustered and fumed among themselves and gained courage thereby and tried Sharpe's door and found it locked. They knocked thereon, vehemently, and the ubiquitous private secretary came out and told them that Mr. Sharpe had an important engagement and could not be disturbed, but that he was authorized to discuss any item of the statement, and he had charge of all the vouchers, in the shape of brokers' reports, etc. So they expressed their opinions of the private secretary and of his master rather mildly, and went out, crestfallen. Outside they compared notes, and in a burst of honesty they confessed. Then, illogically enough, they cursed Sharpe. The pool was not "ahead of the game." They had so much more stock on their hands than they desired, that in reality they were heavy losers!

And as time wore on they had to buy more "Turp"; and more "Turp"; and still more "Turp." They thought they could emulate Sharpe and rush the price up irresistibly, at any rate up to 50. They declared a dividend of 2 per cent. on the stock. But they could not market Turpentine. Again and again they tried, and again and again they failed.

It is now quoted at 16 @ 18. But it is not readily vendible at that figure; nor, indeed, at any price. Opposition distilleries are starting up in all the turpentine districts, and the trade outlook is gloomy. And the principal owners of the stock of the American Turpentine Company, holding between them not less than 140,000 out of the entire issue of 300,000 unvendible shares, are the famous "Greenbaum Skindicate."

LIMITATIONS.

A CHICAGO EPISODE.

By Edith Wyatt.

A VERY limited young man, Mr. Peetie Geiger, once worked in the office of the V. R. and N. Railroad.

He was a short, stocky fellow, with bright blue eyes, thick hands, and a brisk manner. He always wore very light suits, pink shirts, and his hat either over one eye or far on the back of his head.

He worked like a nailer, and supported a mother and two sisters, just as ably as though he had been quite unlimited.

They respected his ability, loved his good-nature, and madly doted on a peculiar, subtle quality they called his "'cuteness."

This he showed by his manner of wearing his hat over one eye, by signing his name "P. T. Geiger, *alias* P. D. Q.," and by dancing a double shuffle to rag-time as soon as he came home every evening.

When he sat at the head of their table, and said to his sister, "Hat, what's the matter of another potato down this side-track?" and made, at other moments, remarks equally natural and unpretending, the sisters and the mother would be apparently overcome by his charm; and they were always quoting his opinions, and deferring to his wishes.

In the same office there worked a very limited young girl named Daisy Andersen. She was small, with a neat figure, and short, curly black hair; a good typewriter, and deeply admired at the working-girls' club, where she lived. She always wore clothes of the latest fashion, and undertook the most progressive enterprises. She had taken a C. Y. F. R. U. course in banking and in bookkeeping, and had been sent abroad by a popular magazine for collecting a thousand subscriptions.

When she came tripping through the office, in a very fashionable plaid shirt-waist, carrying a page of copy, Peetie Geiger was entranced. Indeed, the first time he saw her whisking through the hall, he had, after her passage, gasped to the office-boy, "Catch me!" and facetiously swooned.

Daisy Andersen, on first seeing Peetie Geiger, had really felt just as his sisters and his mother felt, but the fetters of her sex restrained her from any such display as his.

Afterwards, when Peetie observed that Daisy was not working, he would in rare moments of leisure go into the room where she was, and sit with one leg thrown over the office table to show off for her benefit, and to admire her.

He soon fell into the way of taking her to Park concerts, to walk on Sunday afternoons, and sometimes to the theater. In the course of these amusements he admired her daily more and more. Everything she said and did, her way of turning her handkerchief, of pushing in side-combs, and even her custom of powdering outrageously, seemed to him wonderfully elegant and correct.

Daisy Andersen, on her side, besides being charmed by the "'cuteness" of her friend, was honestly thrilled by his goodness. She had, in her own family, in Moline, Illinois, two worthless brothers, and she knew how to appreciate, in Peetie Geiger, certain stanch and splendid qualities.

She loved him; and when he asked her to marry him, she promised. But as she herself was a good girl, she began at once to have scruples about Peetie's dependent family. His marriage would be impossible till they were provided for; and she thought it better their engagement should be kept a secret.

Peetie Geiger thought that if one of the girls married or went to work he could make both ends meet. Hat did go to work: but it was of no use; she was not very competent, nor, perhaps, very eager, and she always lost her job. When the betrothal had lasted six years, Babe, the younger sister, was married, but that, too, was of no use; her husband drank, and she returned to her brother within two months. There was nothing to do but to keep on waiting.

Peetie Geiger did the same double shuffle, and led the same facetious life; and Daisy Andersen was just as enterprising and as neat and fashionable as ever.

After Babe's marriage, they had told of their engagement in the rash certainty of their hope; and Daisy sometimes visited over Sunday at the Geigers, where she was rather contemptuously treated by the mother and Hat, and especially by Babe after her return. But she cared very little for that. Peetie never observed it; and she could see that it pleased him to have her sitting with his family, as though she were one of them; and when he kissed her good night in his parlor, she was entirely happy.

After they had been engaged for ten years, Peetie Geiger was taken ill with typhoid fever and died. Daisy Andersen was with him, and he held her hand and told her "He'd be all right," and "She was a Daisy anyhow." This had been a ten-years-old jest between them.

Perhaps she was. At least she took care of the mother and sisters afterwards, and just as ably, and as quietly, as though she had been quite unlimited.

KIM.

By Rudyard Kipling.

EDITORIAL SUMMARY OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Kim is the orphan son of one Kimball O'Hara, once color-sergeant of an Irish regiment stationed in India. Kim is harbored by a half-caste woman, who has sewn his inheritance into a leather amulet-case and hung it about his neck. This property consists of three papers, O'Hara's "*ne varietur*," his clearance-certificate, and Kim's birth-certificate. The father, dying of opium, talked of how these documents would bring Kim the friendship of the regiment—the regiment whose flag is a red bull on a green field; but to the half-caste woman it seemed that he spoke of devils, whose god was a red bull, and who were to work magic for Kim, and it was thus that Kim came to conceive the matter.

So when he strikes up acquaintance with an old lama pilgriming in the footsteps of Buddha, and takes to him with boyish devotion, Kim, too, concludes to go wandering with the old man, reflecting that thus he stands the better chance of meeting the devils and the red bull.

Mahbub Ali is a horse-trader who, in the locked books of the Indian Secret Service, is registered as C.25; just now he has a report of magnitude to make regarding five native Kings, who are plotting against the Government. He has had dealings with Kim before, so he gives him a message to deliver, when, disguised as a Hindu boy, he and his lama shall reach Umballa. The message appears to concern only the pedigree of a white stallion. But when he delivers Mahbub Ali's word he manages to overhear enough to make him go forth and prophesy war. And the lama and others are moved to think his powers supernatural. Soon it appears that war is indeed at hand. Going on they come to where a regiment is encamping, and their flag is a red bull on a green field. Seeking to unravel their relation to himself, Kim falls into the hands of the regimental clergy. They discover who he is from the papers round his neck, and he is separated from the lama and cared for by the regimental authorities. The men do not know they are going to war till Kim so prophesies. They soon find he is right.

CHAPTER VI.

Now I remember comrades—
  Old playmates on new seas—
When as we traded orpiment
  Among the savages:
A thousand leagues to southward,
  And thirty years removed—
They knew not noble Valdez,
  But me they knew and loved.
Song of Diego Valdez.

VERY early in the morning the white tents came down and disappeared as the Mavericks took a side-road to Umballa. It did not skirt the resting-place, and Kim, trudging beside a baggage-cart under fire of comments from soldiers' wives, was not so confident as overnight. He discovered that he was closely watched—Father Victor on the one side, and Mr. Bennett on the other.

In the forenoon the column checked. A camel-orderly handed the Colonel a letter. He read it, and spoke to a Major. Half a mile in the rear, Kim heard a hoarse and joyful clamor rolling down on him through the thick dust. Then some one beat him on the back, crying: "Tell us how ye knew, ye little limb of Satan? Father dear, see if ye can make him tell."

A pony ranged alongside, and he was hauled on to the priest's saddle-bow.

"Now, my son, your prophecy of last night has come true. Our orders are to entrain at Umballa for the front to-morrow."

"What is that?" said Kim, for "*front*" and "*entrain*" were newish words.

"We are going to 'thee war,' as you called it."

"Of course you are going to thee war. I said last night."

"Ye did; but, Powers o' Darkness, how did ye know?"

Kim's eyes sparkled. He shut his lips, nodded his head, and looked unspeakable things. The chaplain moved on through the dust, and privates, sergeants, and subalterns called one another's attention to the boy. The Colonel, at the head of the column, stared at him curiously. "It was probably some bazar rumor," he said; "but even then"—He referred to the paper in his hand—"Hang it all, the thing was only decided within the last forty-eight hours."

"Are there many more like you in India?" said Father Victor, "or are you by way o' being a *lusus naturæ?*"

"Now I have told you," said the boy, "will you let me go back to my old man? If he has not stayed with that woman from Kulu, I am afraid he will die."

"By what I saw of him he's as well able to take care of himself as you. No. Ye've brought us luck, an' we're goin' to make a man of you. I'll take ye back to your baggage-cart and ye'll come to me this evening."

For the rest of the day Kim found himself an object of distinguished consideration among a few hundred white men. The story of his appearance in camp, the discovery of his parentage, and his prophecy, had lost nothing in the telling. A big, shapeless

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white woman on a pile of bedding asked him mysteriously whether he thought her husband would come back from the war. Kim reflected gravely, and said that he would, and the woman gave him food. In many respects, this big procession that played music at intervals—this crowd that talked and laughed so easily—resembled a festival in Lahore city. So far, there was no sign of hard work, and he resolved to lend the spectacle his patronage. At evening there came out to meet them bands of music, and played the Mavericks into camp near Umballa railway station. That was an interesting night. Men of other regiments came to visit the Mavericks. The Mavericks went visiting on their own account. Their pickets hurried forth to bring them back, met pickets of strange regiments on the same duty; and, after a while, the bugles blew madly for more pickets with officers to control the tumult. The Mavericks had a reputation for liveliness to live up to. But they fell in on the platform next morning in perfect shape and condition; and Kim, left behind with the sick, women, and boys, found himself shouting farewells excitedly as the trains drew away. Life as a Sahib was amusing so far; but he touched it with a very cautious hand. Then they marched him back in charge of a drummer-boy to empty, lime-washed barracks, whose floors were covered with rubbish and string and paper, and whose ceilings gave back his lonely footfall. Native fashion, he curled himself up on a stripped cot and went to sleep. An angry man stumped down the veranda, woke him up, and said he was a schoolmaster. This was enough for Kim, and he retired into his shell. He could just puzzle out the various English Police notices in Lahore City, because they affected his comfort; and among the many guests of the woman who looked after him had been a queer German who painted scenery for the Parsee traveling theater. He told Kim that he had been "on the barricades in Forty-eight," and therefore—at least that was how it struck Kim—he would teach the boy to write in return for food. Kim had been kicked as far as single letters, but did not think well of them.

"I do not know anything. Go away!" said Kim, scenting evil. Hereupon the man caught him by the ear, dragged him to a room in a far-off wing where a dozen drummer-boys were sitting on forms, and told him to be still if he could do nothing else. This he managed very successfully. The man explained something or other with white lines on a black board for at least half an hour, and Kim continued his interrupted nap. He much disapproved of the present aspect of affairs, for this was the very school and discipline he had spent two-thirds of his young life in avoiding. Suddenly a beautiful idea occurred to him, and he wondered that he had not thought of it before.

The man dismissed them, and first to spring through the veranda into the open sunshine was Kim.

"'Ere you! 'Alt! Stop!" said a high voice at his heels. "I've got to look after you. My orders are not to let you out of my sight. Where are you goin'?"

It was the drummer-boy who had been hanging round him all the forenoon—a fat and freckled person of about fourteen, and Kim loathed him from the soles of his boots to his cap-ribbons.

"To the bazar—to get sweets—for you," said Kim, after thought.

"Well, the bazar's out o' bounds. If we go there we'll get a dressing-down. You come back."

"How near can we go?" Kim did not know what bounds meant, but he wished to be polite—for the present.

"'Ow near? 'Ow far, you mean? We can go as far as that tree down the road."

"Then I will go there."

"All right. I ain't goin'. It's too 'ot. I can watch you from 'ere. It's no good your runnin' away. If you did, they'd spot you by your clothes. That's regimental stuff you're wearin'. There ain't a picket in Umballa wouldn't 'ead you back quicker than you started out."

This did not impress Kim as much as the knowledge that his raiment would tire him out if he tried to run. He slouched to the tree at the corner of a bare road leading towards the bazar, and eyed the natives passing. Most of them were barrack-servants of the lowest caste. Kim hailed a sweeper, who promptly retorted with a piece of unnecessary insolence, in the natural belief that the European boy would not follow. The low, quick answer undeceived him. Kim put his fettered soul into it, thankful for the late chance to abuse somebody in the tongue he knew best. "And now, go to the nearest letter-writer in the bazar and tell him to come here. I would write a letter."

"But—but what manner of white man's son art thou, to need a bazar letter-writer? Is there not a schoolmaster in the barracks?"

"Ay; and Hell is full of the same sort. Do my order, you—you Od! Thy mother

was married under a basket! Servant of Beg" (Kim knew the god of the sweepers), "run on my business or we will talk again."

The sweeper shuffled off in haste. "There is a white boy by the barracks waiting under a tree who is not a white boy," he stammered to the first bazar letter-writer he came across. "He needs thee."

"Will he pay?" said that spruce scribe, gathering up his desk and pens and sealing-wax all in order.

"I do not know. He is not like other boys. Go and see. It is well worth."

Kim danced with impatience when the slim young Kayeth hove in sight. As soon as his voice could carry he cursed him volubly.

"First I will take my pay," the letter-writer said. "Bad words have made the price higher. But who art thou, dressed in that fashion, to speak in this fashion?"

"Aha! That is in the letter which thou shalt write. Never was such a tale. But I am in no haste. Another writer will serve me. Umballa city is as full of them as is Lahore."

"Four annas," said the writer, sitting down and spreading his cloth in the shade of a deserted barrack-wing.

Mechanically Kim squatted beside him,—squatted as only the natives can,—in spite of the abominable clinging trousers.

The writer regarded him sideways.

"That is the price to ask of Sahibs," said Kim. "Now fix me a true one."

"An anna and a half. How do I know, having written the letter, that thou wilt not run away?"

"I must not go beyond this tree, and there is also the stamp to be considered."

"I get no commission on the price of the stamp. Once more, what manner of white boy art thou?"

"That shall be said in the letter, which is to Mahbub Ali, the horse-dealer in the Kashmir Serai, at Lahore. He is my friend."

"Wonder on wonder!" murmured the letter-writer, dipping a reed in the inkstand. "To be written in Hindi?"

"Assuredly. To Mahbub Ali, then. Begin! *I have come down with the old man as far as Umballa in the train. At Umballa I carried the news of the bay mare's pedigree.*" After what he had seen in the garden, he was not going to write of white stallions.

"Slower a little. What has a bay mare to do . . . Is it Mahbub Ali the great dealer?"

"Who else? I have been in his service. Take more ink. Again. *As the order was, so I did it. We then went on foot towards Benares, but on the third day we found a certain regiment.* Is that down?"

"Ay, *pulton*," murmured the writer, all ears.

"*I went into their camp and was caught, and by means of the charm about my neck, which thou knowest, it was established that I was the son of some man in the regiment: according to the prophecy of the Red Bull, which thou knowest was common talk of our bazar.*" Kim waited for this shaft to sink into the letter-writer's heart, cleared his throat, and continued: "*A priest clothed me and gave me a new name . . . One priest, however, was a fool. The clothes are very heavy, but I am a Sahib and my heart is heavy too. They send me to a school and beat me. I do not like the air and water here. Come then and help me, Mahbub Ali, or send me some money, for I have not sufficient to pay the writer who writes this.*"

"'Who writes this.' It is my own fault that I was tricked. Thou art as cunning as Husain Bux that forged the treasury stamps at Nucklao. But what a tale! What a tale! Is it true by any chance?"

"It does not profit to tell lies to Mahbub Ali. It is better to help his friends by lending them a stamp. When the money comes I will repay."

The writer grunted doubtfully, but took a stamp out of his desk, sealed the letter, handed it over to Kim, and departed. Mahbub Ali's was a name of power.

"That is the way to win a good account with the Gods," Kim shouted after him.

"Pay me twice over when the money comes," the man cried over his shoulder.

"What was you bukkin' to that nigger about?" said the drummer-boy when Kim returned to the veranda. "I was watchin' you."

"I was only talkin' to him."

"You talk the *bât* same as a nigger, don't you?"

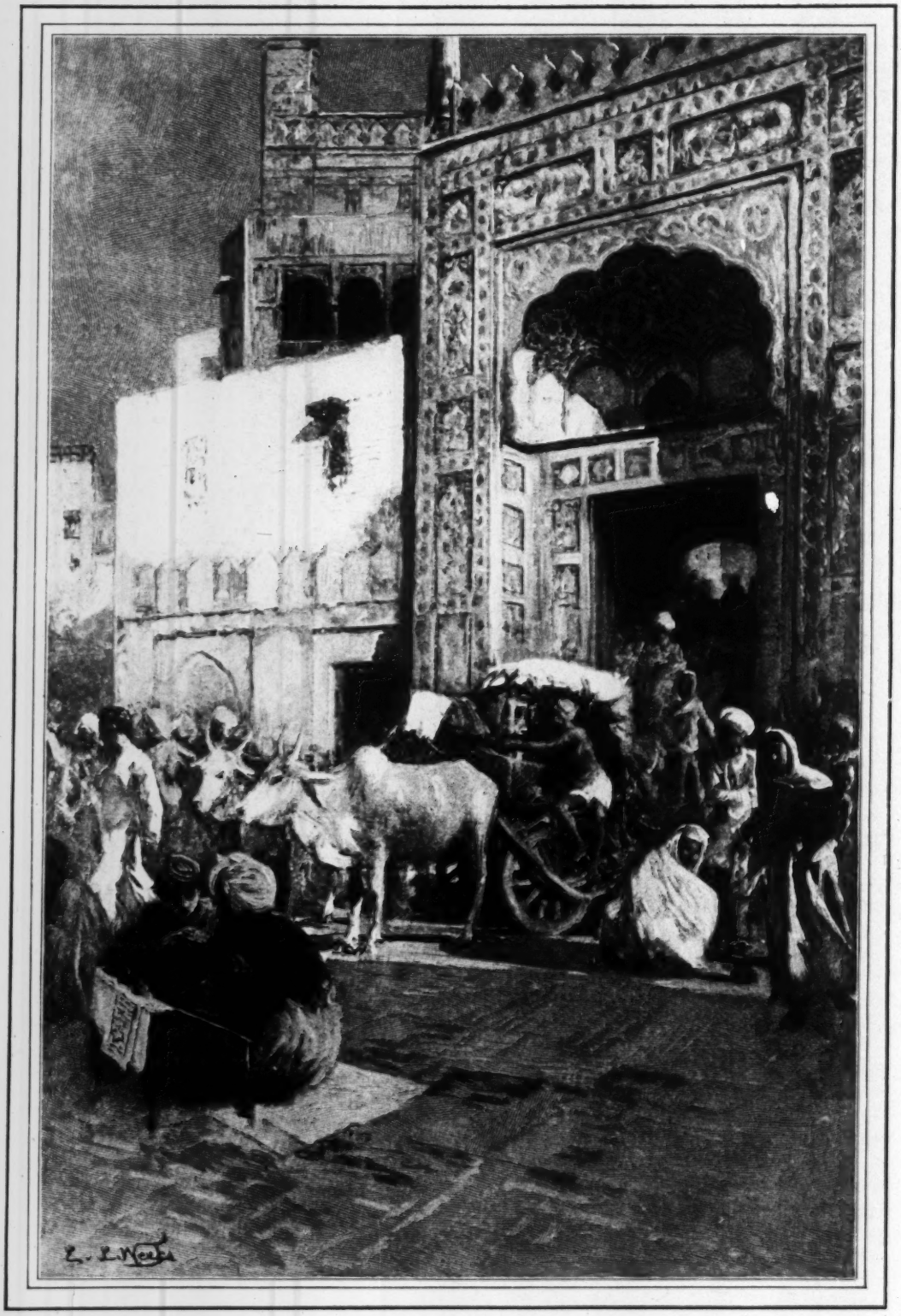
"No-ah! No-ah! I onlee speak a little. What shall we do now?"

"The bugles 'ill go for dinner in arf a minute. I wish I'd gone up to the front with the regiment. It's awful doin' nothin' but school down 'ere. Don't you 'ate it?"

"Oah yess!"

"I'd run away if I knew where to go to, but, as the men say, in this bloomin' Injia you're only a prisoner at large. You can't desert without bein' took back at once. I'm fair sick of it."

"You have been in Be—England?"



"'COME THEN AND HELP ME, MAHBUB ALI, OR SEND ME SOME MONEY, FOR I HAVE NOT SUFFICIENT TO PAY THE WRITER WHO WRITES THIS.'"

"'W'y, I only come out last troopin' season with my mother. I should think I 'ave been in England. What a ignorant little beggar you are. You was brought up in the gutter, wasn't you?"

"Oah yess. Tell me something about England. My father he came from there."

Though he would not say so, Kim of course disbelieved every word the drummer-boy spoke about the Liverpool suburb which was his England. It passed the heavy time till dinner—a most unappetizing meal served to the boys and a few invalids in a corner of a barrack-room. But that he had written to Mahbub Ali, Kim would have been almost depressed. The indifference of native crowds he was used to; but this strong loneliness among white men preyed on him. He was grateful when, in the course of the afternoon, a big soldier took him over to Father Victor, who lived in another wing across another dusty parade-ground. The priest was reading an English letter written in purple ink. He looked at Kim more curiously than ever.

"An' how do you like it, my son, as far as you've gone? Not much, eh? It must be hard—very hard on a wild animal. Listen now. I've an' amazin' epistle from your friend."

"Where is he? Is he well? Oah! If he knows to write me letters, it is all right."

"You're fond of him then?"

"*Of* course I am fond of him. He was fond of me."

"It seems so by the look of this. He can't write English, can he?"

"Oah no. Not that I know, but *of* course he found a letter-writer who can write English verree well, and so he wrote. I do hope you understand."

"That accounts for it. D'you know anything about his money affairs?" Kim's face showed that he did not.

"How can I tell?"

"That's what I'm askin'. Now listen if you can make head or tail o' this. We'll skip the first part. . . . It's written from Jagadhir Road. . . . '*Sitting on wayside in grave meditation, trusting to be favored with your Honor's applause of present step, which recommend your Honor to execute for Almighty God's sake. Education is greatest blessing if of best sorts, otherwise no earthly use.*' Faith, the old man's hit the bull's-eye that time! '*If your Honor condescending giving my boy best educations Xavier* (I suppose that's St. Xavier in Partibus) '*in terms of our conversation dated in your tent 15th instant*' (a business-like touch there!) '*then Almighty God blessing your Honor's succeedings to third an' fourth generation and*'—now listen—'*confide in your Honor's humble servant for adequat remuneration per hoondie per annum three hundred rupees a year to one expensive education St. Xavier, Lucknow, and allow small time to forward same per hoondie sent to any part of India as your Honor shall address yourself. This servant of your Honor has presently no place to lay crown of his head, but going to Benares by train on account of persecution of old woman talking so much and unanxious residing Saharunpore in any domestic capacity.*' Now what in the world does *that* mean?"

"She has asked him to be *puro*—her clergyman—at Saharunpore, *I* think. He would not do that on account of his River. She *did* talk."

"It's clear to you, is it? It beats me altogether. '*So going to Benares, where will find address and forward rupees for boy who is apple of eye, and for Almighty God's sake execute this education, and your petitioner as in duty bound shall ever awfully pray. Written by Sobrao Satai, Failed Entrance Allahabad University, for venerable Teshoo Lama the priest of Such-zen looking for a River, address care of Tirthankers' Temple, Benares. P.M.—Please note boy is apple of eye, and rupees shall be sent per hoondie three hundred per annum. For God Almighty's sake.*"

"Now, is that ravin' lunacy or a business proposition? I ask you, because I'm fairly at my wits' end."

"He says he will give me three hundred rupees a year, so he will give me them."

"Oh, that's the way you look at it, is it?"

"*Of* course. If he says so!"

The priest whistled; then he addressed Kim as an equal.

"I don't believe it; but we'll see. You were goin' off to-day to the Military Orphanage at Sanawar, where the regiment would keep you till you were old enough to enlist. Ye'd be brought up to the Church of England. Bennett arranged for that. On the other hand, if ye go to St. Xavier's ye'll get a better education an'—an' can have the religion. D'ye see my dilemma?"

Kim saw nothing save a vision of the lama going south in a train with none to beg for him.

"Like most people, I'm going to temporize. If your friend sends the money from Benares—Powers of Darkness below, where's a street-beggar to raise three hun-

dred rupees?—ye'll go down to Lucknow and I'll pay your fare, because I can't touch the subscription money if I intend, as I do, to make ye a Catholic. If he doesn't, ye'll go to the Military Orphanage at the regiment's expense. I'll allow him three days' grace, though I don't believe it at all. Even then, if he fails in his payments later on . . . but it's beyond me. We can only walk one step at a time in this world, praise God. An' they sent Bennett to the front an' left me behind. He can't expect everything."

"Oah yess," said Kim vaguely.

The priest leaned forward. "I'd give a month's pay to find what's goin' on inside that little round head of yours."

"There is nothing," said Kim, and scratched it. He was wondering whether Mahbub Ali would send him as much as a whole rupee. Then he could pay the letter-writer and write letters to the lama at Benares. Perhaps Mahbub Ali would visit him next time he came south with horses. Surely he must know that Kim's delivery of the letter to the officer at Umballa had caused the great war which the men and boys had discussed so loudly over the barrack dinner-tables. But if Mahbub Ali did not know this, it would be very unsafe to tell him so. Mahbub Ali was hard upon boys who knew, or thought they knew, too much.

"Well, till I get further news"—Father Victor's voice interrupted the reverie—"ye can run along and play with the other boys. They'll teach ye something—but I don't think ye'll like it."

The day dragged to its weary end. When he wished to sleep he was instructed how to fold up his clothes and set out his boots; the other boys deriding. Bugles waked him in the dawn; the schoolmaster caught him after breakfast, thrust a page of meaningless characters under his nose, gave them senseless names, and whacked him without reason. Kim meditated poisoning him with opium borrowed from a barrack-sweeper, but reflected that, as they all ate at one table in public (this was peculiarly revolting to Kim, who preferred to turn his back on the world at meals), the stroke might be dangerous. Then he attempted running off to the village where the priest had tried to drug the lama—the village where the old soldier lived. But far-seeing sentries at every exit headed back the little scarlet figure. Trousers and jacket crippled body and mind alike, so he abandoned the project and fell back, Oriental fashion, on time and chance. Three days of torment passed in the big, echoing white rooms. He walked out of afternoons under escort of the drummer-boy, and all he heard from his companion were the few useless words which seemed to make two-thirds of the white man's abuse. Kim knew and despised them all long ago. The boy resented his silence and lack of interest by beating him, as was only natural. He did not care for any of the bazars which were in bounds. He styled all natives "niggers"; yet servants and sweepers called him abominable names to his face, and, misled by their deferential attitude, he never understood. This somewhat consoled Kim for the beatings.

On the morning of the fourth day a judgment overtook that drummer. They had gone out together towards Umballa race-course. He returned alone, weeping, with news that young O'Hara, to whom he had been doing nothing in particular, had hailed a scarlet-bearded nigger on horseback; that the nigger had then and there laid into him with a peculiarly adhesive quirt, picked up young O'Hara, and borne him off at full gallop. These tidings came to Father Victor, and he drew down his long upper lip. He was already sufficiently startled by a letter from the Temple of the Tirthankers at Benares, enclosing a native banker's note of hand for three hundred rupees, and an amazing prayer to "Almighty God." The lama would have been more annoyed than the priest had he known how the bazar letter-writer had translated his phrase "to acquire merit."

"Powers of Darkness below!" Father Victor fumbled with the note. "An' now he's off with another of his peep-o'-day friends. I don't know whether it will be a greater relief to me to get him back or to have him lost. He's beyond my comprehension. How the Divil—yes, he's the man I mean—can a street-beggar raise money to educate white boys?"

Three miles off, on Umballa race-course, Mahbub Ali, reining a gray Cabuli stallion with Kim in front of him, was saying:

"But, Little Friend of all the World, there is *my* honor and reputation to be considered. All the officer-sahibs in all the regiments, and all Umballa, know Mahbub Ali. Men saw me pick thee up and chastise that boy. We are seen now from far across this plain. How can I take thee away, or account for thy disappearing if I set thee down and let thee run off into the crops? They would put me in jail. Be patient. Once a Sahib, always a Sahib. When thou art a man—who knows—thou wilt be grateful to Mahbub Ali."

"Take me beyond their sentries where I

can change this red. Give me money and I will go to Benares and be with my lama again. I do not want to be a Sahib, and remember I did deliver that message!"

The stallion bounded wildly. Mahbub Ali had incautiously driven home the sharp-edged stirrup. (He was not the new sort of fluent horse-dealer who wears English boots and spurs.) Kim drew his own conclusions from that betrayal.

"That was a small matter. It lay on the straight road to Benares. I and the Sahib have by this time forgotten it. I send so many letters and messages to men who ask questions about horses, I cannot well remember one from the other. Was it some matter of a bay mare that Peters Sahib wished the pedigree of?"

Kim saw the trap at once. If he said "bay mare" Mahbub would have known by his very readiness to fall in with the amendment that the boy suspected something. Kim replied therefore:

"Bay mare. No. *I* do not forget my messages thus. It was a white stallion."

"Ay, so it was. A white Arab stallion. But thou didst write bay mare to me."

"Who cares to tell truth to a letter-writer?" Kim answered, feeling Mahbub's palm on his heart.

"Hi! Mahbub, you old villain, pull up," cried a voice, and an Englishman raced alongside on a little polo-pony. "I've been chasing you half over the country. That Cabuli of yours can go. For sale, I suppose?"

"I have some young stuff coming on made by Heaven for the delicate and difficult polo-game. He has no equal. He——"

"Plays polo and waits at table. Yes. We know all that. What the deuce have you got there?"

"A boy," said Mahbub gravely. "He was being beaten by another boy. His father was once a white soldier in the big war. The boy was a child in Lahore city. He played with my horses when he was a babe. Now I think they will make him a soldier. He has been newly caught by his father's regiment that went up to the war last week. But I do not think he wants to be a soldier. I take him for a ride. Tell me where thy barracks are and I will set thee there."

"Let me go. I can find the barracks alone."

"And if thou runnest away who will say it is not my fault?"

"He'll run back to his dinner. Where has he to run to?" the Englishman asked.

"He was born in the land. He has friends. He goes where he chooses. He is a *chabuk sawai* (a sharp chap). It needs only to change his clothing, and in a twinkling he would be a low-caste Hindi boy."

"The deuce he would!" The Englishman looked critically at the boy as Mahbub headed towards the barracks. Kim ground his teeth. Mahbub was mocking him, as faithless Afghans will; for he went on:

"They will send him to a school and put heavy boots on his feet and swaddle him in these clothes. Then he will forget all he knows. Now which of the barracks is thine?"

Kim pointed—he could not speak—to Father Victor's wing, all staring white near by.

"Perhaps he will make a good soldier," said Mahbub reflectively. "He will make a good orderly at least. I sent him to deliver a message once from Lahore. A message concerning the pedigree of a white stallion."

Here was deadly insult on deadlier injury—and the Sahib to whom he had so craftily given that war-waking letter heard it all. Kim beheld Mahbub Ali frying in flame for his treachery, but for himself he saw one long, gray vista of barracks, schools, and barracks again. He gazed imploringly at the clear-cut face in which was no glimmer of recognition; but even at this extremity it never occurred to him to throw himself on the white man's mercy or to denounce the Afghan. And Mahbub stared deliberately at the Englishman, who stared as deliberately at Kim, quivering and tongue-tied.

"My horse is well trained," said the dealer. "Others would have kicked, Sahib."

"Ah," said the Englishman at last, rubbing his pony's damp withers with his whip-butt. "Who makes the boy a soldier?"

"He says the regiment that found him, and especially the padre-sahib of that regiment."

"There is the padre!" Kim choked as bare-headed Father Victor sailed down upon them from the veranda.

"Powers o' Darkness below, O'Hara! How many more mixed friends do you keep in Asia?" he cried, as Kim slid down and stood helplessly before him.

"Good morning, Padre," the Colonel said cheerily. "I know you by reputation well enough. Meant to have come over and called before this. I'm Creighton."

"Of the Ethnological Survey?" said Father Victor. The Colonel nodded. "Faith I'm glad to meet ye then; an' I owe you some thanks for bringing back the boy."

"'. . . PATHANS ARE NOT FAITHLESS—EXCEPT IN HORSE-FLESH.'"

From the bas-relief modeled by Lockwood Kipling.

"No thanks to me, Padre. Besides, the boy wasn't going away. You don't know old Mahbub Ali"—the horse-dealer sat impassive in the sunlight. "You will when you have been in the station a month. He sells us all our crocks. That boy is rather a curiosity. Can you tell me anything about him?"

"Can I tell you?" puffed Father Victor. "You'll be the one man that could help me in my quandaries. Tell you! Powers o' Darkness, I'm bursting to tell some one who knows something o' the native!"

A groom came round the corner. Colonel Creighton raised his voice, speaking in Urdu. "Very good, Mahbub Ali, but what is the use of telling me all those stories about the pony? Not one pie more than three hundred and fifty rupees will I give."

"The Sahib is a little hot and angry after riding," the horse-dealer returned, with the leer of a privileged jester. "Presently, he will see my horse's points more clearly. I will wait till he has finished his talk with the padre. I will wait under that tree."

"Confound you!" The Colonel laughed. "That comes of looking at one of Mahbub's horses. He's a regular old leech, Padre. Wait, then, if thou hast so much time to spare, Mahbub. Now I'm at your service, Padre. Where is the boy? Oh, he's gone off to collogue with Mahbub. Queer sort of a boy. Might I ask you to send my mare round under cover?"

He dropped into a chair which commanded a clear view of Kim and Mahbub Ali in conference beneath the tree. The padre went indoors for cheroots.

Creighton heard Kim say bitterly; "Trust a Brahmin before a snake, and a snake before a harlot, and a harlot before an Afghan, Mahbub Ali."

"That is all one," the great red beard wagged solemnly. "Children should not see a carpet on the loom till the pattern is made plain. Believe me, Friend of all the World, I do thee great service. They will not make a soldier of thee."

"You crafty old sinner," thought Creighton. "But you're not far wrong. That boy mustn't be wasted if he is as advertised."

"Excuse me half a minute," cried the padre from within, "but I'm gettin' the documents of the case."

"If through me the favor of this bold and wise Colonel Sahib comes to thee, and thou art raised to honor, what thanks wilt thou give Mahbub Ali when thou art a man?"

"Nay, nay; I begged thee to let me take the road again, where I should have been safe; and thou hast sold me back to the English. What will they give thee for blood money?"

"A cheerful young demon!" The Colonel bit his cigar, and turned politely to Father Victor.

"What are the letters that the fat priest is waving before the Colonel? Stand behind the stallion as though looking at my bridle!" said Mahbub Ali.

"A letter from my lama which he wrote from Jagadhir Road, saying that he will pay three hundred rupees by the year for my schooling."

"Oho! Is old Red Hat of that sort? At which school?"

"God knows. I think in Nucklao."

"Yes. There is a big school there for the sons of Sahibs—and half-Sahibs. I have seen it when I sell horses there. So the lama also loved the Friend of all the World?"

"Ay; and *he* did not tell lies, or return me to captivity."

"Small wonder the padre does not know how to unravel the thread. How fast he talks to the Colonel Sahib." Mahbub Ali chuckled. "By Allah!"—the keen eyes swept the veranda for an instant—"thy lama has sent what to me looks like a note of hand. I have had some small dealings in *hoondies*. The Colonel Sahib is looking at it."

"What good is all this to me?" said Kim wearily. "Thou wilt go away, and they will return me to those empty rooms where there is no good place to sleep and where the boys beat me."

"I do not think that. Have patience, child. All Pathans are not faithless—except in horseflesh."

Five—ten—fifteen minutes passed, Father Victor talking energetically or asking questions which the Colonel answered.

"Now I've told you everything that I know about the boy from beginnin' to end; and it's a blessed relief to me. Did ye ever hear the like?"

"At any rate, the old man has sent the money. Gobind Sahai's notes of hand are good from here to China," said the Colonel, "The more one knows about natives the less can one say what they will or won't do."

"That's consolin'—from the head of the Ethnological Survey. It's this mixture of Red Bulls and Rivers of Healing (poor heathen, God help him!) an' notes of hand and Masonic certificates. Are you a Mason, by any chance?"

"By Jove, I am, now I come to think of it. That's an additional reason," said the Colonel absently.

"I'm glad ye see a reason in it. But as I said, it's the mixture o' things that's beyond me. An' his prophesyin' to our Colonel sitting on my bed with his little shimmy torn open showing his white skin; an' the prophecy comin' true! They'll cure all that nonsense at St. Xavier's, eh?"

"Sprinkle him with holy water," the Colonel laughed.

"On my word, I fancy I ought to sometimes. But I'm hoping he'll be brought up as a good Catholic. All that troubles me is what'll happen if the old beggar man——"

"Lama, lama, my dear sir; and some of them are gentlemen in their own country."

"The lama then, fails to pay next year. He's a fine business head to plan on the spur of the moment, but he's bound to die some day. An' takin' a heathen's money to give a child a Christian education——"

"But he said explicitly what he wanted. As soon as he knew the boy was a white he seems to have made his arrangements accordingly. I'd give a month's pay to hear how he explained it all at the Tirthankers' Temple at Benares. Look here, Padre, I don't pretend to know much about natives, but if he says he'll pay, he'll pay—dead or alive. I mean his heirs will assume the debt. My advice to you is, send the boy down to Lucknow. If your Anglican chaplain thinks you've stolen a march on him——"

"Bad luck to Bennett! He was sent to the front instead o' me. Doughty certified me medically unfit. I'll excommunicate Doughty if he comes back alive! Surely Bennett ought to be content with——"

"Glory, leaving you the religion. Quite so! As a matter of fact I don't think Bennett will mind. Put the blame on me. I—er—strongly recommend sending the boy to St. Xavier's. He can go down on pass as a soldier's orphan, so the railway fare will be saved. You can buy him an outfit from the regimental subscription. The Lodge will be saved the expense of his education, and that will put the Lodge in a good temper. It's perfectly easy. I've got to go down to Lucknow next week. I'll look after the boy on the way—give him in charge of my servants, and so on."

"You're a good man."

"Not in the least. Don't make that mistake. The lama has sent us money for a definite end. We can't very well return it. We shall have to do as he says. Well, that's settled, isn't it? Shall we say that, Tuesday next, you'll hand him over to me at the night train south? That's only three days. He can't do much harm in three days."

"It's a weight off my mind, but—this thing here?"—he waved the note of hand—"I don't know Gobind Sahai: or his bank, which may be a hole in a wall."

"*You've* never been a subaltern in debt. I'll cash it if you like, and send you the vouchers in proper order."

"But with all your own work too! It's askin'——"

"It's not the least trouble indeed. You see, as an ethnologist, the thing's very interesting to me. I'd like to make a note of it for some Government work that I'm doing. The transformation of a regimental badge like your Red Bull into a sort of fetish that the boy follows is very interesting."

"But I can't thank you enough."

"There's one thing you can do. All we Ethnological men are as jealous as jackdaws of one another's discoveries. They're of no interest to any one but ourselves, of course, but you know what book-collectors are like. Well, don't say a word, directly or indirectly, about the Asiatic side of the boy's character—his adventures and his prophecy, and so on. I'll worm them out of the boy later on and—you see!"

"I do. Ye'll make a wonderful account of it. Never a word will I say to any one till I see it in print."

"Thank you. That goes straight to an ethnologist's heart. Well, I must be getting back to my breakfast. Good Heavens! Old Mahbub here still?" He raised his voice, and the horse-dealer came out from under the shadow of the tree. "Well, what is it?"

"As regards that young horse," said Mahbub, "I say that when a colt is born to be a polo-pony, closely following the ball without teaching—when such a colt knows the game by divination—then I say it is a great wrong to break that colt to a heavy cart, Sahib."

"So do I say also, Mahbub. The colt will be entered for polo only. These fellows think of nothing in the world but horses, Padre. I'll see you to-morrow, Mahbub, if you've anything likely for sale."

The dealer saluted, horseman fashion, with a sweep of the off hand. "Be patient a little, Friend of all the World," he whispered to the agonized Kim. "Thy fortune is made. In a little while thou goest to Nucklao, and—here is something to pay the letter-writer. I shall see thee again, I think, many times," and he cantered off down the road.

"Listen to me," said the Colonel from the veranda, speaking in the vernacular. "In three days thou wilt go with me to Lucknow, seeing and hearing new things all the while. Therefore sit still for three days and do not run away. Thou wilt go to school at Lucknow."

"Shall I meet my Holy One there?" Kim whimpered.

"At least Lucknow is nearer to Benares than Umballa. It may be thou wilt go under my protection. Mahbub Ali knows this, and he will be angry if thou returnest to the road now. Remember—much has been told me which I do not forget."

"I will wait," said Kim, "but the boys will beat me."

Then the bugles blew for dinner.

CHAPTER VII.

Unto whose use the pregnant suns are poised
With idiot moons and stars retracting stars?
Creep thou betweene— thy coming's all unnoised.
Heaven hath her high as earth her baser wars.
Heir to these tumults, this affright, that fraye
(By Adam's fathers' own sin bound alway);
Peer up, draw out thy horoscope and say
Which planet mends thy threadbare fate or mars!
Sir John Christie.

IN the afternoon the red-faced schoolmaster told Kim that he had been "struck off the strength," which conveyed no meaning to him till he was ordered to go away and play. Then he ran to the bazaar, and found the young letter-writer to whom he owed a stamp.

"Now I pay," said Kim royally, "and now I need another letter to be written."

"Mahbub Ali is in Umballa," said the writer jauntily. He was, by virtue of his office, a bureau of general misinformation.

"This is not to Mahbub, but to a priest. Take thy pen and write quickly. *To Teshoo Lama, the holy one from Bhotiyal seeking for a River, who is now in the Temple of the Tirthankers at Benares.* Take more ink! *In three days I am to go down to Nucklao to the school at Nucklao. The name of the school is Xavier. I do not know where that school is, but it is at Nucklao.*"

"But I know Nucklao," the writer interrupted. "I know the school."

"Tell him where it is, and I give half an anna."

The reed pen scratched busily. "He cannot mistake." The man lifted his head. "Who watches us across the street?"

Kim looked up hurriedly and saw Colonel Creighton in tennis-flannels.

"Oh, that is some Sahib who knows the fat priest in the barracks. He is beckoning me."

"What dost thou?" said the Colonel, when Kim trotted up.

"I—I am not running away. I send a letter to my Holy One at Benares."

"I had not thought of that. Hast thou said that I take thee to Lucknow?"

"Nay, I have not. Read the letter, if there be a doubt."

"Then why hast thou left out my name in writing to that Holy One?" The Colonel smiled a queer smile. Kim took his courage in both hands.

"It was said once to me that it is inexpedient to write the names of strangers concerned in any matter, because by the naming of names many good plans are brought to confusion."

"Thou hast been well taught," the Colonel replied, and Kim flushed. "I have left my cheroot-case in the Padre's veranda. Bring it to my house this even."

"Where is the house?" said Kim. His quick wit told him that he was being tested in some fashion or another, and he stood on guard.

"Ask any one in the big bazaar." The Colonel walked on.

"He has forgotten his cheroot-case," said Kim, returning. "I must bring it to him this evening. That is all my letter except, thrice over, *Come to me! Come to me! Come to me!* Now I will pay for a stamp and put it in the post." He rose to go, and as an after-thought asked: "Who is that angry-faced Sahib who lost the cheroot-case?"

"Oh, he is only Creighton Sahib—a very foolish Sahib, who is a Colonel Sahib without a regiment."

"What is his business?"

"God knows! He is always buying horses which he cannot ride, and asking riddles about the works of God—such as plants and stones and the customs of people. The dealers call him the father of fools, because he is so easily cheated about a horse. Mahbub Ali says he is madder than all other Sahibs."

"Oh!" said Kim, and departed. His training had given him some small knowledge of character, and he argued that fools are not given information which leads to calling out eight thousand men besides guns. The Commander-in-Chief of all India does not talk, as Kim had heard him talk, to fools. Nor would Mahbub Ali's tone have changed, as it did every time he mentioned the Colonel's name, if the

Colonel had been a fool. Consequently—and this set Kim to skipping—there was a mystery somewhere, and Mahbub Ali probably spied for the Colonel much as Kim had spied for Mahbub. And, like the horse-dealer, the Colonel evidently respected people who did not show themselves to be too clever.

He rejoiced that he had not betrayed his knowledge of the Colonel's house; and when, on his return to barracks, he discovered that no cheroot-case had been left behind, he beamed with delight. Here was a man after his own heart—a tortuous and indirect person playing a hidden game. Well, if he could be a fool, so could Kim.

He showed nothing of his mind when Father Victor, for three long mornings, discoursed to him of an entirely new set of gods and godlings—notably of a goddess called Mary, who, he gathered, was one with Bibi Miriam of Mahbub Ali's theology. He betrayed no emotion when, after the lecture, Father Victor dragged him from shop to shop buying articles of outfit, nor when envious drummer-boys kicked him because be was going to a superior school did he complain, but awaited the play of circumstances with an interested soul. Father Victor, good man, took him to the station, put him into an empty second-class next to Colonel Creighton's first, and bade him farewell with genuine feeling.

"They'll make a man o' you, O'Hara, at St. Xavier's—a white man, an', I hope, a good man. They know all about your comin', an' the Colonel will see that ye're not lost or mislaid anywhere on the road. I've given you a notion of religious matters,—at least I hope so,—and you'll remember, when they ask you your religion, that you're a Cath'lic. Better say Roman Cath'lic, tho' I'm not fond of the word."

Kim lit a rank cigarette—he had been careful to buy a stock in the bazaar—and lay down to think. This solitary passage was very different from that joyful down-journey in the third-class with the lama. "Sahibs get little pleasure of travel," he reflected. "*Hai mai!* I go from one place to another as it might be a kick-ball. It is my *Kismet*. No man can escape his *Kismet*. But I am to pray to Bibi Miriam, and I am a Sahib"—he looked at his boots ruefully. "No; I am Kim. This is the great world, and I am only Kim. Who is Kim?" He considered his own identity, a thing he had never done before, till his head swam. He was one insignificant person in all this roaring whirl of India, going southward to he knew not what fate.

Presently the Colonel sent for him, and talked for a long time. So far as Kim could gather, he was to be diligent and enter the Survey of India as a chain-man. If he were very good, and passed the proper examinations, he would be earning thirty rupees a month at seventeen years old, and Colonel Creighton would see that he found suitable employment.

Kim pretended at first to understand perhaps one word in three of this talk. Then the Colonel, seeing his mistake, turned to fluent and picturesque Urdu and Kim was contented. No man could be a fool who knew the language so intimately, who moved so gently and silently, and whose eyes were so different from the dull fat eyes of other Sahibs.

"Yes, and thou must learn how to make pictures of roads and mountains and rivers—to carry these pictures in thy eye till a suitable time comes to set them upon paper. Perhaps some day, when thou art a chain-man, I may say to thee when we are working together: 'Go across those hills and see what lies beyond.' Then one will say: 'There are bad people living in those hills who will slay the chain-man if he be seen to look like a Sahib.' What then?"

Kim thought. Would it be safe to return the Colonel's lead?

"I would tell what that other man had said."

"But if I answered: 'I will give thee a hundred rupees for knowledge of what is behind those hills—for a picture of a river and a little news of what the people say in the villages there?'"

"How can I tell? I am only a boy. Wait till I am a man." Then, seeing the Colonel's brow clouded, he went on: "But I think I should in a few days earn the hundred rupees."

"By what road?"

Kim shook his head resolutely. "If I said how I would earn them, another man might hear and forestall me. It is no good to sell knowledge for nothing."

"Tell now." The Colonel held up a rupee. Kim's hand half reached towards it, and dropped.

"Nay, sahib; nay. I know the price that will be paid for the answer, but I do not know why the question is asked."

"Take it for a gift, then," said Creighton, tossing it over. "There is a good spirit in thee. Do not let it be blunted at St. Xavier's. There are many boys there who despise the black men."

"Their mothers were bazaar-women," said Kim. He knew well there is no hatred like that of the half-caste toward his brother-in-law.

"True; but thou art a Sahib and the son of a Sahib. Therefore, do not at any time be led to contemn the black men. I have known boys newly entered into the service of the Government who feigned not to understand the talk or the customs of black men. Their pay was cut for ignorance. There is no sin so great as ignorance. Remember this."

Several times in the course of the long twenty-four hours' run south did the Colonel send for Kim, always developing this latter text.

"We be all on one lead-rope, then," said Kim at last—"the Colonel, Mahbub Ali, and I—when I become a chain-man. He will use me as Mahbub Ali employed me, I think. That is good, if it allows me to return to the road again. This clothing grows no easier by wear."

When they came to the crowded Lucknow station there was no sign of the lama. He swallowed his disappointment, while the Colonel bundled him into a *ticca-garri*, with his neat belongings, and despatched him alone to St. Xavier's.

"I do not say farewell, because we shall meet again," he cried. "Again, and many times, if thou art one of good spirit. But thou art not yet tried."

"Not when I brought thee"—Kim actually dared to use the *tum* of equals—"a white stallion's pedigree that night?"

"Much is gained by forgetting, little brother," said the Colonel, with a look that pierced through Kim's shoulder-blades as he scuttled into the carriage.

It took him nearly five minutes to recover. Then he sniffed the new air appreciatively. "A rich city," he said. "Richer than Lahore. How good the bazaars must be! Coachman, drive me a little through the bazaars here."

"My order is to take thee to the school." The driver used the "thou," which is rudeness when applied to a white man. In the clearest and most fluent vernacular, Kim pointed out his error, climbed on to the box-seat, and, perfect understanding established, drove for a couple of hours up and down, estimating, comparing, and enjoying. There is no city—except Bombay, the queen of all—more beautiful in her garish style than Lucknow, whether you see her from the bridge over the river, or from the top of the Imambara looking down on the gilt umbrellas of the Chutter Munzil, and the trees in which the town is bedded. Kings have adorned her with fantastic buildings, endowed her with charities, crammed her with pensioners, and drenched her with blood. She is the center of all idleness, intrigue, and luxury, and shares with Delhi the claim to talk the only pure Urdu.

"A fair city—a beautiful city." The driver, as a Lucknow man, was pleased with the compliment, and told Kim many astounding things where an English guide would have talked of the Mutiny.

"Now we will go to the school," said Kim at last. The great old school of St. Xavier's in Partibus, block on block of low white buildings, stands in vast grounds over against the Gumti River, at some distance from the city.

"What like of folk are they within?" said Kim.

"Young Sahibs—all devils; but to speak truth, and I drive many of them to and fro from the railway station, I have never seen one that had in him the making of a more perfect devil than thou—this young Sahib whom I am now driving."

Naturally, for he was never trained to consider them in any way improper, Kim had passed the time of day with one or two frivolous ladies at upper windows in a certain street, and naturally, in the exchange of compliments, had acquitted himself well. He was about to acknowledge the driver's last insolence, when his eye—it was growing dusk—caught a figure sitting by one of the white plaster gate-pillars in the long sweep of wall.

"Stop!" he cried. "Stay here. I do not go to the school at once."

"But what is to pay me for this coming and recoming?" said the driver petulantly. "Is the boy mad? Last time it was a dancing-girl. This time it is a priest."

Kim was in the road headlong, patting the dusty feet beneath the dirty yellow robe.

"I have waited here a day and a half," the lama's level voice began. "Nay, I had a disciple with me. He that was my friend at the Temple of the Tirthankers gave me a guide for this journey. I came from Benares in the train, when thy letter was given me. Yes, I am well fed. I need nothing."

"But why didst thou not stay with the Kulu woman, O Holy One? In what way didst thou get to Benares? My heart has been heavy since we parted."

"The woman wearied me by constant flux

of talk and requiring charms for children. I separated myself from that company, permitting her to acquire merit by gifts. She is at least a woman of open hands, and I made a promise to return to her house if need arose. Then, perceiving myself alone in this great and terrible world, I bethought me of the *te-rain* to Benares, where I knew one abode in the Tirthankers' Temple who was a Seeker, even as I."

"Ah! Thy River," said Kim. "I had forgotten the River."

"So soon, my *chela?* I have never forgotten it; but when I had left thee it seemed better that I should go to the temple and take counsel; for, look you, India is very large, and it may be that wise men before us, some two or three, have left a record of the place of our River. There is debate in the Temple of the Tirthankers on this matter; some saying one thing, and some another. They are courteous folk."

"So be it; but what dost thou do now?"

"I acquire merit in that I help thee, my *chela*, to wisdom. The priest of that body of men who serve the Red Bull wrote me that all should be as I desired for thee. I sent the money to suffice for one year, and then I came, as thou seest me, to watch for thee going up into the Gates of Learning. A day and a half have I waited—not because I was led by any affection towards thee—that is no part of the way—but, as they said at the Tirthankers' Temple, because, money having been paid for learning, it was right that I should oversee the end of the matter. They resolved my doubts most clearly. I had a fear that, perhaps, I came because I wished to see thee—misguided by the red mist of affection. It is not so. . . . Moreover, I am troubled by a dream."

"But surely, Holy One, thou hast not forgotten the road and all that befell on it. Surely it was a little to see me that thou didst come?"

"The horses are cold, and it is past their feeding-time," whined the driver.

"Go to Jehannum and abide there with thy reputationless aunt," Kim snarled over his shoulder. "I am all alone in this land; I know not where I go nor what shall befall me. My heart was in that letter I sent thee. Except for Mahbub Ali, and he is a Pathan, I have no friend save thee, Holy One. Do not altogether go away."

"I have considered that also," the lama replied, in a shaking voice. "It is manifest that from time to time I shall acquire merit—if before that I have not found my River—by assuring myself that thy feet are set on wisdom. What they will teach thee I do not know, but the priest wrote me that no son of a Sahib in all India will be better taught than thou. So from time to time, therefore, I will come again. Maybe thou wilt be such a Sahib as he who gave me these spectacles"—the lama wiped them elaborately—"in the Wonder House at Lahore. That is my hope, for he was a fountain of wisdom—wiser than many abbots. . . . Again, may be thou wilt forget me and our meetings."

"If I eat thy bread," cried Kim passionately, "how shall I ever forget thee?"

"No—no." He put the boy aside. "I must go back to Benares. From time to time, now that I know the customs of letter-writers in this land, I will send thee a letter, and from time to time I will come and see thee."

"But whither shall I send my letters?" wailed Kim, clutching at the robe, all forgetful that he was a Sahib.

"To the Temple of the Tirthankers at Benares. That is the place I have chosen till I find my River. Do not weep; for, look you, all Desire is illusion and a new binding upon the Wheel. Go up to the Gates of Learning. Let me see thee go. . . . Dost thou love me? Then go, or my heart cracks. . . . I will come again. Surely I will come again."

The lama watched the *ticca-garri* rumble into the compound, and strode off, snuffing between each long stride.

"The Gates of Learning" shut with a clang.

. . . . . .

The country-born and bred boy has his own manners and customs, which do not resemble those of any other land; and his teachers approach him by roads which an English master would not understand. Therefore, you would scarcely be interested in Kim's experiences as a St. Xavier's boy among two or three hundred precocious youths, most of whom had never seen the sea. He suffered the usual penalties for breaking out of bounds when there was cholera in the city. This was before he had learned to write fair English, and so was obliged to find a bazaar letter-writer. He was, of course, indicted for smoking and for the use of abuse more full-flavored than even St. Xavier's had ever heard. He learned to wash himself with the Levitical scrupulosity of the native-born, who in his heart considers the Englishman rather dirty. He played the usual tricks on

the patient coolies pulling the punkahs in the sleeping-rooms where the boys thrashed through the hot nights telling tales till the dawn; and quietly he measured himself against his self-reliant mates.

They were sons of subordinate officials in the Railway, Telegraph, and Canal services; of warrant-officers, sometimes retired and sometimes acting as commanders-in-chief to a feudatory Rajah's army; of captains of the Indian Marine, Government pensioners, planters, Presidency shopkeepers, and missionaries. A few were cadets of the old Eurasian houses that have taken strong root in Dhurumtollah—Pereiras, De Souzas, and D'Silvas. Their parents could well have educated them in England, but they loved the school that had served their own youth, and generation followed sallow-hued generation at St. Xavier's. Their homes ranged from Howrah of the railway people to abandoned cantonments like Monghyr and Chunar; lost tea-gardens Shillong-way; villages where their fathers were large landholders in Oudh or the Deccan; Mission-stations a week from the nearest railway line; seaports a thousand miles south, facing the brazen Indian surf; and cinchona-plantations south of all. The mere story of their adventures, which to them were no adventures, on their road to and from school would have crisped a Western boy's hair. They were used to jogging off alone through a hundred miles of jungle, where there was always the delightful chance of being delayed by tigers; but they would no more have bathed in the English Channel in an English August, than their brothers across the world would have lain still while a leopard snuffed at their palanquin. There were boys of fifteen who had spent a day and a half on an islet in the middle of a flooded river, taking charge, as by right, of a camp of frantic pilgrims returning from a shrine; there were seniors who had requisitioned a chance-met Rajah's elephant, in the name of St. Francis Xavier, when the rains once blotted out the cart-track that led to their father's estate, and had all but lost the huge beast in a quicksand. There was a boy who, he said, and none doubted, had helped his father to beat off with rifles from the veranda a rush of Akas in the days when those head-hunters were bold against lonely plantations.

And every tale was told in the even, passionless voice of the native-born, mixed with quaint reflections, borrowed unconsciously from native foster-mothers, and turns of speech that showed they had been that instant translated from the vernacular. Kim watched, listened, and approved. This was not insipid, single-word talk of drummer-boys. It dealt with a life he knew and in part understood. The atmosphere suited him, and he throve by inches. They gave him a white drill suit as the weather warmed, and he rejoiced in the new-found bodily comforts as he rejoiced to use his sharpened mind over the tasks they set him. His quickness would have delighted an English master; but at St. Xavier's they know the first rush of minds developed by sun and surroundings, as they know the half-collapse that sets in at twenty-two or twenty-three.

None the less he remembered to hold himself lowly. When tales were told of hot nights, Kim did not sweep the board with his reminiscences; for St. Xavier's looks down on boys who "go native altogether." One must never forget that one is a Sahib, and that some day, when examinations are passed, one will command natives. Kim made a note of this, for he began to understand where examinations led.

Then came the holidays from August to October—the long holidays imposed by the heat and the rains. Kim was informed that he would go north to some station in the hills behind Umballa, where Father Victor would arrange for him.

"A barrack school?" said Kim, who had asked many questions and thought more.

"Yes, I suppose so," said the master. "It will not do you any harm to keep you out of mischief. You can go up with young De Castro as far as Delhi."

Kim considered it in every possible light. He had been diligent, even as the Colonel advised. A boy's holiday was his own property,—of so much the talk of his companions had advised him,—and a barrack-school would be torment after St. Xavier's. Moreover—this was magic worth anything else—he could write. In three months he had discovered how men can speak to each other without a third party, at the cost of half an anna and a little knowledge. No word had come from the lama, but there remained the Road. Kim yearned for the caress of soft mud squishing up between the toes, as his mouth watered for mutton stewed with butter and cabbages, for rice speckled with strong-scented cardamoms, for the saffron-tinted rice, garlic and onions, and the forbidden greasy sweetmeats of the bazaars. They would feed him raw beef on a platter at the barrack school, and he must smoke by stealth. But again, he was a

Sahib and was at St. Xavier's, and that pig Mahbub Ali. . . . No, he would not test Mahbub's hospitality—and yet . . . He thought it out alone in the dormitory, and came to the conclusion he had been unjust to Mahbub.

The school was empty; nearly all the masters had gone away; Colonel Creighton's railway pass lay in his hand, and Kim puffed himself that he had not spent Colonel Creighton's or Mahbub's money in riotous living. He was still lord of two rupees seven annas. His new bullock-trunk, marked "K. O'H.," and bedding-roll lay in the empty sleeping-room. "Sahibs are always tied to their baggage," said Kim, nodding at them. "You will stay here." He went out into the warm rain, smiling sinfully, and sought a certain house whose outside he had noted down some time before. . . .

"Arré! Dost thou know what manner of women we be in this quarter? O shame!"

"Was I born yesterday?" Kim squatted native fashion on the cushions of that upper room. "A little dye-stuff and three yards of cloth to help out a jest. Is it much to ask?"

"Who is *she?* Thou art full young, as Sahibs go, for this devilry."

"Oh, she? She is the daughter of a certain schoolmaster of a regiment in the cantonments. He has beaten me twice because I went over their wall in these clothes. Now I would go as a gardener's boy. Old men are very jealous."

"That is true. Hold thy face still while I dab on the juice."

"Not too black, *Naikan.* I would not appear to her as a *hubshi* (nigger)."

"Oh, love makes nought of these things. And how old is she?"

"Twelve years, I think," said the shameless Kim. "Spread it also on the breast. It may be her father will tear my clothes off me and if I am piebald——" he laughed.

The girl worked busily, dabbing a twist of cloth into a little saucer of brown dye that holds longer than any walnut juice.

"Now send out and get me a cloth for the turban. Woe is me, my head is all unshaved! And he will surely knock off my turban."

"I am not a barber, but I will make shift. Thou wast born to be a breaker of hearts! All this disguise for one evening? Remember, the stuff does not wash away." She shook with laughter till her bracelets and anklets jingled. "But who is to pay me for this? Huneefa herself could not have given thee better stuff."

"Trust in the Gods, my sister," said Kim gravely, screwing his face round as the stain dried. "Besides, hast thou ever helped to paint a Sahib thus before?"

"Never indeed. But a jest is not money."

"It is worth much more."

"Child, thou art beyond all dispute the most shameless son of Shaitan that I have ever known to take up a poor girl's time with this play, and then to say: 'Is not the jest enough?' Thou wilt go very far in this world." She gave the dancing-girls' salutation in mockery.

"All one. Make haste and rough-cut my head." Kim shifted from foot to foot, his his eyes ablaze with mirth as he thought of the fat days before him. He gave the girl four annas, and ran down the stairs in the likeness of a low-caste Hindu boy—perfect in every detail. A cookshop was his next point of call, where he feasted in extravagance and greasy luxury.

On Lucknow station platform he watched young De Castro, all covered with prickly heat, get into a second-class compartment. Kim patronized a third, and was the life and soul of it. He explained to the company that he was assistant to a juggler who had left him behind sick with fever, and that he would pick up his master at Umballa. As the occupants of the carriage changed, he varied this tale, or adorned it with all the shoots of a budding fancy, the more rampant for being held off native speech so long. In all India that night was no human being so joyful as Kim. At Umballa he got out and headed eastward, plashing over the sodden fields to the village where the old soldier lived.

About this time Colonel Creighton at Simla was advised from Lucknow by wire that young O'Hara had disappeared. Mahbub Ali was in town selling horses, and to him the Colonel confided the affair one morning cantering round Annandale race-course.

"Oh, that is nothing," said the horse-dealer. "Men are like horses. At certain times they need salt, and if that salt is not in the mangers they will lick it up from the earth. He has gone back to the road again for a while. The *madrissah* wearied him. I knew it would. Another time, I will take him upon the road myself. Do not be troubled, Creighton Sahib. It is as though a polo-pony, breaking loose, ran out to learn the game alone."

"Then he is not dead, think you?"

"Fever might kill him. I do not fear for the boy otherwise. A monkey will not die among trees."

Next morning, on the same course, Mahbub's stallion ranged alongside the Colonel.

"It is as I had thought," said the horse-dealer. "He has come through Umballa at least, and there he has written a letter to me, having learned in the bazaar that I was here."

"Read," said the Colonel, with a sigh of relief. It was absurd that a man of his position should take an interest in a little country-bred vagabond; but the Colonel remembered the conversation in the train, and often in the past few months had caught himself thinking of the queer, silent, self-possessed boy. His evasion, of course, was the height of insolence, but it argued some resource and nerve.

Mahbub's eyes twinkled as he reined out into the center of the cramped little plain, where none could come near unseen.

"'*The Friend of the Stars, who is the Friend of all the World*——'"

"What is this?"

"A name we give him in Lahore city. '*The Friend of all the World takes leave to go to his own places. He will come back upon the appointed day. Let the box and the bedding-roll be sent for; and if there has been a fault, let the Hand of Friendship turn aside the Whip of Calamity.*' There is yet a little more, but——"

"No matter, read."

"'*Certain things are not known to those who eat with forks. It is better to eat with both hands for a while. Speak soft words to those who do not understand this that the return may be propitious.*' Now the manner in which that was cast is of course the work of the letter-writer, but see how wisely the boy has devised the matter of it so that no hint is given except to those who know!"

"Is this the Hand of Friendship to avert the Whip of Calamity?" laughed the Colonel.

"See how wise is the boy. He would go back to the Road again, as I said. Not knowing yet thy trade——"

"I am not quite sure of that," the Colonel muttered.

"He turns to me to make a peace between you. Is he not wise? He says he will return. He is but perfecting his knowledge. Think, Sahib, he has been three months at the school. And he is not mouthed to that bit. For my part, I rejoice: the pony learns the game."

"Ay, but another time he must not go alone."

"Why? He went alone before he came under the Colonel Sahib's protection. When he comes to the Great Game he must go alone—alone, and at peril of his head. *Then*, if he spits, or sneezes, or sits down other than as the people do whom he watches, he may be slain. Why hinder him now? Remember how the Persians say: The jackal that lives in the wilds of Mazanderan can only be caught by the hounds of Mazanderan."

"True. It is true, Mahbub Ali. And if he comes to no harm, I do not desire anything better. But it is great insolence on his part."

"He does not tell me, even, whither he goes," said Mahbub. "He is no fool. When his time is accomplished he will come to me. It is time that the healer of pearls took him in hand. He ripens too quickly—as Sahibs reckon."

This prophecy was fulfilled to the letter a month later. Mahbub had gone down to Umballa to bring up a fresh consignment of horses, and Kim met him on the Kalka road at dusk riding alone, begged an alms of him, was sworn at, and replied in English. There was nobody within earshot to hear Mahbub's gasp of amazement.

"Oho! And where hast thou been?"

"Up and down—down and up."

"Come under a tree, out of the wet, and tell."

"I stayed for a while with an old man near Umballa; anon with a household of my acquaintance in Umballa. With one of these I went as far as Delhi to the southward. That is a wondrous city. Then I drove a bullock for a *teli* (an oilman) coming north; but I heard of a great feast forward in Puttiala, and thither went I in the company of a firework-maker. It was a great feast" (Kim rubbed his stomach). "I saw Rajahs and elephants with gold and silver trappings; and they lit all the fireworks at once, whereby eleven men were killed, my firework-maker among them, and I was blown across a tent but took no harm. Then I came back to the *rêl* with a Sikh horseman, to whom I was groom for my bread; and so here."

"*Shabash!*" said Mahbub Ali.

"But what does the Colonel Sahib say? I do not wish to be beaten."

"The Hand of Friendship has averted the Whip of Calamity; but another time, when thou takest the Road it will be with me. This is too early."

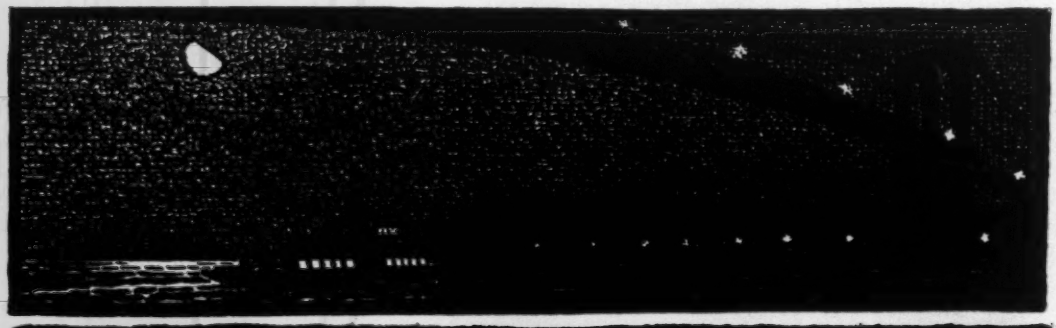
"Late enough for me. I have learned to

read and to write English a little at the *madrissah*. I shall soon be altogether a Sahib."

"Hear him!" laughed Mahbub, looking at the little drenched figure dancing in the wet. "Salaam—Sahib," and he saluted ironically. "Well, art tired of the road, or wilt thou come on to Umballa with me and work back with the horses?"

"I come with thee, Mahbub Ali."

(*To be continued.*)



IN THE WORLD OF GRAFT

By Josiah Flynt.

"YORK," A DISHONEST CITY.

Editor's Note: The following article was written six months ago, before the recent endeavors of various organizations to repress vice in New York City. Mr. Flynt spent a couple of weeks late in February of this year investigating conditions at the time, and found only a few additional verbal corrections to make. It was his opinion that the recent crusade against vice has had absolutely no effect upon crime, or the condition of criminals in this city. It has been said that vice consists in the harm one does one's self, and crime in the harm one does to others. While this is not altogether accepted by modern thinkers as a proper division, it does, in general terms, divide two great classes of evil in any community. It has been Mr. Flynt's purpose to study only the criminal: the merely vicious are outside of his field of investigation for the purpose of this series of articles. It is only left to say that these articles are published on the sole authority of their author, but in the belief of the editors of McClure's Magazine that they are making for good in every community.

ONE of the Powers that Rule in New York City, or "York," as the Under World prefers to call it, is a man who used to be one of the Powers that Prey. His photograph as a known thief may still be seen in Chicago, and he is recognized by it, from time to time, when traveling Powers that Rule visit New York. He is generally to be found about eleven o'clock at night in uptown haunts, where he "rubbers" around, makes a "pinch" occasionally, keeps track of new-comers in the haunts, and takes in as much "scale" as his position allows. From the Lombroso point of view, he would hardly be picked out for an "ex-gun." He is intelligent, has good manners, and might pass in the street for an ordinary man of affairs. With those who are able "to call the turn" on him he talks and acts as if his history were known ever since he left the cradle. Until convinced that the "turn" can be called on him, he is likely to be suspicious and uncommunicative.

I met him under circumstances which gave him the right to suppose that his record was known to me, but he was determined to feel me out, if he could, before taking too much for granted. One of the first questions I put to him was: "How are the guns making out here now?"

"We've got the guns pretty well on the

run," he replied. I looked at him and smiled. He looked at me in return, and finally also smiled.

"I mean," he said, changing his tone, "that they're leaving town to go to the different resorts. Understand, don't you?"

I nodded my head, and the conversation drifted off into a discussion in regard to the present "system" by which the guns are watched over in the metropolis, and soon after we separated. The man was evidently not comfortable in my company—he knew almost nothing about me—and it did not seem fair to detain him. Furthermore, he said that he had to make a "plant" in a hotel for all night, and he was in a hurry.

I have referred to him, and more particularly to his remark about having the guns on the run, because he is representative of the present police *régime* in New York City. I do not mean for an instant that the entire police force is composed of ex-guns; the man that I know may be the only one, although the Under World says not; but he is typical in that he wanted to make me believe that the police of New York really have the guns of the city under their control, and are successfully protecting the citizens from them. He knows, his superiors know, and the guns themselves know that New York is, for all practical purposes, as open to grafters as it has been at any time during the last ten years, and it is because the Powers that Rule try to bluff the public into thinking that they are doing their utmost to keep the town shut, when they are not, that the Under World calls New York a dishonest city. It likes New York for some things even more, perhaps, than Chicago, but it is not fooled in the least in regard to the city's official pose as a "closed berg." No one smiles more broadly than the gun when one of the Powers that Rule goes before a Grand Jury or an Assembly Investigating Committee and says that he has no personal knowledge of certain "joints"; and no one is better informed than the gun of how much the Front Office could tell if it wanted to. He does not blame the Powers that Rule for keeping their mouths shut about certain things; if he were chief he would also refuse to enter into details as to why and how certain "joints" are protected and others are not; but he considers the Powers that Rule silly in making out that they are more righteous than they are. It is his opinion that the public would be much better satisfied if they would come out boldly and say: "Yes, the town's open, and it's going to stay open as long as the majority wants it open." He believes, as his profession proves, in putting on a bold front and taking chances; men who are afraid to do this and yet graft, be they policemen or politicians, become for him "unmugged thieves."

The blame for the "open" conditions in New York he places virtually where the reformers do—on Tammany. He does not use the word blame; it is not a question of responsibility with him one way or another; but when asked who it is that secures licenses for the joints and protection for himself when he is able to pay for it, he takes a stroll with you on Fourteenth Street and points out Tammany Hall. By this, however, it must not be thought that he is necessarily a Democrat. Politically he has no real preferences, and if the Republicans were in power in New York, and understood how to manage men as does Tammany, he would make his deals with them as readily as he now does with the "Dimmies." All that he wants is a final authority to which the police, the district attorney, and the courts bow, and with which he can make contracts; cities where this authority can be found he considers absolutely safe. Compared with Chicago, New York is not as available for his purposes as he would like to have it—Tammany gets scared every now and then, he says, and has "to throw a bluff" of virtue; but the will to transact business with him is present, even though the opportunity to do so is not always improved; and his permitted residence in the city is evidence of the fact.

It has been interesting to talk with him about the so-called crusade against vice which has recently caused so much discussion and comment. He has to keep track of such movements in his own interests, and he appraises their value with the precision of a would-be expert. Speaking generally, he thinks that the present excitement in the city concerning corrupt policemen, gambling dens, and disorderly houses is simply a passing manifestation of public curiosity; that the citizens will get tired before long of the chatter about crime and vice, and the town will then settle back into its customary indifference to such matters. He thinks, furthermore, that he personally has been pretty safe throughout the commotion.

No one knows absolutely how many guns there are in New York; the Front Office itself could not tell for a certainty the number of first-class thieves who are on the streets at this moment; but it is a generally

accepted fact among the guns themselves that every day in the week there are enough grafters in the city to people a good-sized county seat. Collected and classified, the great majority would be found to be rather small fry, but a sufficiently large number of them would have to be included among the A Number One men. They live in the city mainly during the winter, and in the spring "jump out" in "mobs" to the various resorts. There is no doubt that the privilege to have a home within the jurisdiction of the police costs all the first-class men something, but I am not prepared to give any trustworthy schedule of prices. The Power that Rules referred to in the beginning of this chapter is a man that I know could be bribed to keep quiet about a thief's presence in New York, and if I were a thief myself I should not hesitate to offer him $25 when introduced to him, and a "tenner" from time to time during my stay in town. For this remuneration I should expect that he would refuse to tip me off to his superiors and shield me from orders to call at the Front Office. If he broke faith with me, and I was brought up on the carpet, I should do what a gun of my acquaintance claims is always his practice under such circumstances —"squeal on the copper."

The "joints" where thieves are generally to be seen are scattered all over the city, from the Battery to 125th Street, and even farther up, but a satisfactory tour of their haunts need not extend farther down-town than Bleecker Street and up-town than Fortieth Street. Within this section of the city may be found guns of all ages and conditions, and it is only necessary to take a stroll with a gun who knows their faces and dives to see them all. I made one of my inspections with a little English "Moll-buzzer," who claims that he has lived in New York a year, and has not yet been caught or ordered to report at the Front Office. His photograph is to be seen in one of the Western penitentiaries, but courtesy forbids me to give his name or "alias." His main graft is picking the pockets of women at funerals, and he seems to make a very comfortable living; he insisted on paying all the expenses of the inspection.

The majority of the places visited were saloons located on and to the right and left of Broadway between Fourteenth and Thirty-seventh Streets, but I saw more grafters in "Bohemia," "Cairo," "The" Allen's gambling house, "Mollie's," in Forty-second Street, and "The Black Rabbit," in Bleecker Street, than in all of the other places put together. Only a few of the grafters were men with "records," but all of them steal when they can, and the majority live on plunder.

The life at "The Black Rabbit"—this place has since been raided—inspired my companion to make some remarks.

"There ain't no use talkin'," he said, after we had been sitting quietly at a table for a few minutes, observing the antics of the habitués of the place, "this is dead tough. I wouldn't allow this, 'f I was the chief, I'll be —— if I would. I like an open town where everything goes all right enough, but I'd douse the glim here. Chapman's got more gall than I have."

"Perhaps he can't help himself," I suggested. "There may be somebody over at the Hall that stands for it."

"Well, I wouldn't give a —— whether the whole push at the Hall stood for it. I'd put the lights out here as long as I was captain, an' the Commissioners could switch me up-town 'f they liked. I'm a thief, an' a bad one, if you like, but no captain o' police has got any business protectin' this kind o' a joint, an' I know it an' you know it. I'd like to see this town run by thieves once. Course they'd graft—couldn't help it, but not any more 'n the police do. Do you know what the coppers cost this berg? Well, it's ten million plunks easy. An' what do the citizens get for it? The Broadway squad an' a dead easy town to graft in! I ain't kickin' that the town's easy, mind you —not me—but, say, wouldn't you think that the citizens 'ud settle back in the traces an' kick once in a while? I like York down to the ground, but the citizens are the jayest push o' yaps in this country. The Londoners are a thick-headed bunch, an' I don't like 'em, 'f I am English, but they'd no more stand for what these Yorkers stand for 'n they'd trade cities."

The majority of the grafters between Twenty-third Street and Fortieth—indeed, one need not hesitate to say in the entire city—are the wanderers of the night whom society classifies as "fallen women." The league between the Powers that Rule and these female Powers that Prey is founded on the exploitation of the Tenderloin. This district constitutes the most important graft in the entire community, and a gun is authority for the statement that supreme control of it is worth a yearly contribution of $100,000 to the municipal coffers, and a net gain to the ruler of three times this amount. It

would take a book by itself to show how the exploitation is managed, but an illustration or two will suffice to prove the existence of the league.

One morning, some time ago, a visitor to the city appeared at the Front Office and reported that he had been robbed of $80 in an up-town Raines Law hotel. The man described at the beginning of this chapter was put on the case, and in the course of time the guilty party was found and identified. The case was taken to court, and the following dialogue took place between the Magistrate and the man who had been robbed:

"You live in Elmira, you say?" the Magistrate asked. The man said that he did.

"What street?"

The man hesitated in his reply, and finally remarked that he preferred not to give the name of the street.

"Is the name you have given your right name?"

"No, sir."

"You're married, I take it?"

The man refused to answer.

"And are a father of children?"

No answer.

"Are you in the custom of coming to New York and going on these expeditions?"

"Not frequently."

"You're sure that the defendant took your money?"

"I had the money last night, and do not remember spending it."

"You were under the influence of liquor, perhaps, and forget what you did."

"I was not drunk, if that is what you mean."

"Could you swear that the defendant took your money?"

"I could not."

"And yet you think that the defendant did take it?"

"I do."

"You remember voluntarily giving the defendant a certain sum?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was it as much as $80?"

"Most certainly not."

"Could you swear to that?"

"I could."

"How can you prove it?"

"I don't know that I can."

"Then you would hardly be willing to take an oath, would you?"

"I am morally certain that I did not give away the $80."

The Magistrate pondered for a moment, and finally gave this decision:

"As there seems to be considerable doubt in the complainant's own mind in regard to the guilt of the defendant, and as he is unable to swear or prove that the defendant is the guilty party, I am compelled to order the defendant discharged. Woman, you may go."

The detective, who had worked up the case, and a spectator left the court-room together.

"See where the graft is?" asked the detective.

"I see that the defendant got off all right enough," replied the spectator; "but who gets the coin?"

"I do," the detective declared, importantly, and drew a roll of bank-bills from one of his pockets. "There's the $80."

The most conclusive proof of the existence of a league between the guns and the authorities in New York is that "mobs" of guns are continually leaving the city to do "work" in the provinces, and the provinces are very seldom warned of their coming. A man who has been with all kinds of "mobs" in nearly all of the Eastern States, and has always made New York City his headquarters, declares that the police are in a position to tip off his itineraries to all the world if they want to take the trouble to do so.

"I am known in York," he said to me, "as well as any of the Vanderbilts are, as far as the coppers are concerned, and they can keep track of me through mouth-pieces 'way out to 'Frisco. They don't bother me when I'm out on the road 'cause I don't bother them here in town. I fence a good deal o' the swag here, but they don't know where I do it, an' what they don't know they ain't worryin' about. Course they know more 'n they ever let the public think they know; that's good copper doctrine; but the guns can give 'em cards an' spades an' beat 'em about knowin' what's goin' on. If I leave town lookin' seedy an' come back swell, they know 't I've made a strike somewhere, but nine times out o' ten they don't know where it came off, an' don't care. If I make a touch here in town an' the holler's big, they'll land me 'f they can; but I never done time yet that money wouldn't 'a' got me out of 'f I'd had enough of it. Why, Walling himself, the old Superintendent, said in his book that there wasn't a crime in the calendar that Jay Gould could be convicted of 'f he wanted to pony up enough plunks. It's more or less the same way with a gun. If he's got enough 'fall money' he can square the whole bloomin' town."

One of the severest criticisms of the detective department of New York that I heard pertained to what a gun described as its "four-flushin' stunts."

"The poor pub swallows the guff ev'ry time, too," he went on. "They make a pinch o' some second-class old thief like Jim Mason, or some o' the have-beens o' twenty years ago, an' tell the reporters that they've copped out the flyest man on the turf. The reporters go an' chew the rag over again in the newspapers, and the pub thinks that York's got a —— of a cute lot o' elbows. That's what I call four-flushin'. The pub don't hear of a really good gun bein' copped out in this berg once in six months. Look at the police columns in the newspapers. Nine out o' ev'ry ten pinches is East Side door-mat thieves."

"The pub doesn't hear of many good touches in New York, either," I could not help saying.

"No, if you mean banks an' joolry places; but the Big Man (The Pinkertons) 's protectin' most o' them; 'tain't the Front Office. The guns leave the Big Man's territory alone, if they can. If there was two banks standin' close together, an' one o' them was a member o' the Bankers' Association an' the other one wasn't, the guns 'ud tackle the other one first. The Big Man protects the Bankers' Association banks."

"There are other things to touch up in New York besides banks," I remarked, "yet you don't hear of many big strikes."

"'Cause you don't happen to hear of 'em, young fellow, don't prove that they don't come off. See? There's leathers, good fat ones, too, lifted ev'ry day in this berg that the pub never hears nothin' about. The guns 'a' got to live, ain't they? Well, they can't live 'less they graft, can they?"

"They can go out of town and graft, and come back here to live."

"That's copper talk. Course there's mobs that don't graft much here in town, but there's lots as do, and you can take my tip for it. Almost every day the papers have a porch-climbin' story to tell, and there's more shovers of the queer in York than in any other town in the country. You just stay here long enough and keep your glims open, and you'll see that this berg ain't backward with its touches."

With all respect to this man's statement, my own observation is that more big "touches" take place in Chicago than in New York. As he well remarks, however, there is no doubt that "fat leathers" are "lifted" and "weeded" in the metropolis practically every day, and the probability is that the majority of them are never recovered.

Of the "boss" of New York I heard more from the Under World than of the boss of any other city visited. Mr. Croker is a subject of never-failing interest to the guns as well as to the politicians and newspaper men, and they discuss his performances and commands quite as intelligently as do Upper World critics. He is by no means so near to them as a personality as some of his lieutenants, and I met no gun who claimed that he knew him, but they all understand his power in the city, and consider him the chief Mogul in the municipal government. The only criticism I heard of him came from a little Irishman, who deplored Mr. Croker's protracted residence abroad.

"The old man ought to stick by the boys better," said the Irishman. "They ain't got the headpiece 't he has, and they're bound to queer things. You don't see Platt runnin' away from his push, he sticks by 'm whether it rains or shines; that's what Croker ought to do. When a man's boss he ought to stay in his district. Some day the boys 'll make a big mistake 'cause Croker ain't here to tell 'm what to do, an' Tammany 'll get it in the neck. You wait an' see 'f that don't happen."

My other informants spoke of Mr. Croker with considerable reverence, as if he were so high above them that he was beyond criticism. Of his lieutenants, whose names it is not necessary to mention here, I heard things both good and bad, but in the main they were judged friendly to the Under World's enterprises. No one, not even Mr. Croker himself, was considered powerful enough to order the town shut and enforce the order. One man, with whom I talked about this matter, said with regard to Mr. Croker: "He might order the town shut, and it might stay shut for a night; but if the boys thought that his Nibs was in earnest they'd turn him down. Croker is boss on the strength of the understandin' that York is to be open, and that Tammany is to get the benefit of the political graft. If he should go back on his promises to the boys he couldn't remain boss a week."

If Mr. Croker's power is limited, as indicated by this man, his position strikes me as being very similar to that of the Czar of Russia. Theoretically, both men seem to be supreme rulers in their separate spheres, and yet neither one can introduce sweeping changes without the consent of the gov-

erned. The Czar of Russia is helpless unless his ministers, officials, and nobles assist him; Mr. Croker, unless "the boys" stand by him. The Under World stands by Mr. Croker because his government of New York City makes grafting easy.

Apropos of the revelations (June, 1900) in regard to the Ice Trust in New York, I must quote some of the remarks of an Under World representative, who made the Trust a text for a long sermon on what he called "Tammany's system of grafting." This man used to enjoy Upper World citizenship; he is to-day one of the best educated gamblers in New York City. I cannot attempt to tell all that he said, but a few of his statements will suffice to bring out his idea.

"The 'boys' can no more help grafting than they can get out of the Hall. They are all politicians, and they've all seen Richard Croker get rich. Some of them knew him when he was just a beginner. They've watched him get wise and seen how politics brings money into his pocket. The majority of them are a lazy, ignorant lot, and when they get into politics it comes perfectly natural to them to graft. Take Van Wyck. He's another who's seen how Croker got rich. That Ice Trust business gives away the whole story about Tammany and its rich men. I like to have Tammany run the town, because it helps my trade; but when you ask me where the big graft in this town is, I've got to tell you the truth.

"Another fool thing that Van Wyck did was talking about Parkhurst in that interview. You remember that he said Parkhurst went up to the Tenderloin and paid to see all kinds of deviltries. What in the world are the deviltries up there for? That's what the citizens ask, and that's what I ask when a man talks the way Van Wyck did. Croker ought to teach him how to talk."

In regard to the gambling places and disreputable "joints" generally in New York, the Under World declares that the captains of the precincts can be held accountable for them. It is admitted that behind the captains there are often influential politicians who are the real protectors of the "cribs," but I am assured that the captains are the men to punish, because the "cribs" could not exist without their permission and because they graft off the proprietors. A thief who knows the Tenderloin district well asserts that a conscientious captain could clean up this district in a week, and the fact that it is not cleaned up is sufficient evidence for him that the local captain is unwilling to undertake the task.

Concerning the courts in New York, I heard very little adverse criticism beyond the statement that complainants in cases similar to the one used as an illustration in the early part of this chapter are likely to be bullyragged and browbeaten. The case referred to certainly proves that one complainant at least was asked some very annoying and very irrelevant questions. The Powers that Prey claim that nine-tenths of the denizens of the Tenderloin are thieves. If this be true, a magistrate is in a pretty poor business when he takes sides in court with a Tenderloin representative charged with theft. The probability is that the accused party is guilty, and the magistrate who favors the defendant in such cases abets both the defendant and the arresting officer in their grafting. Every police court in New York City where this conniving at crime is permitted is rated by the Under World as "crooked."

The resident thieves in New York represent the best and the worst of their kind in the United States. At the present moment there is perhaps no gang in the city with the reputation which the old Leslie and Red Leary Gang used to have; but, as has been stated, a number of "mobs" work out of New York City, and it is admitted throughout the gun world that they are as skilled criminal operatives as can be found anywhere. In the same streets, however, where these men may be seen, there are also to be found bungling "Yegg-Men" and inexpert beginners. New York is a Mecca for grafters from all parts of the country. Young and old, and experienced and inexperienced roadsters visit it at least once during their "road" career, and he who has not yet made the pilgrimage is considered that much behind his companions in wisdom and general proficiency. As a lounging place it is not so popular as Chicago, which, as we stated in the chapter on that city, is considered the favorite resort for tramps and thieves; but New York is certainly next to Chicago in the number of its local criminals.

At the present moment (February 27, 1901) as good a graft as any for the pickpockets is the Brooklyn Bridge. "Mobs" of "dips" can be found here practically every day, and some of them are so grasping that they even "switch" the gold spectacles of old men and women. If the Front Office would make up its mind to stop the graft, the Brooklynites could cross the great bridge

with absolute impunity. The local Under World says that the Powers that Rule either don't want to stop it, or don't know how. The leader of one of the "mobs" is a notorious thief that must surely be known to every "wise" operative at Police Headquarters, and one of his "side-partners" is a man who was let loose from Sing Sing not long ago.

"Cut them out o' the game," is the advice of certain men who like to talk sometimes about what New York's police force might do.

The general character of the New York Under World representative is not very different from that of the Philadelphia and the Boston criminal, but the New Yorker leads in reputation for skill and "all round" ability. In country towns in the middle West the capture of a New York thief invariably creates excitement and arouses curiosity, and the arresting officer is complimented on his "catch." The man arrested may be known among his colleagues as a second-rate thief, but the fact that he comes from New York convinces the local authorities that they have apprehended a notorious first-class robber. Not a few guns of the second and third class have had reputations made for them in this way. They are always careful, however, on their return to New York to take their proper place in Under World society; the aristocrats in this society—the first-class men—receive into their ranks no new-comers who cannot prove absolutely their right to be treated as equals.

The profits of a professional criminal's career in New York are as hard to determine as they were in the other cities reported upon. The most that I can say is that the majority of the guns pointed out to me by the little English "Moll-buzzer," on the tour of investigation that I made of the guns' joints, were well dressed and seemed to have plenty of spending-money.

As criticized by the professional tramp and thief, New York's municipal defence against crime seems to be faulty in the following particulars: Practically the entire municipal government is at the beck and call of Tammany, and Tammany subordinates the City's interests to its own. New York is "open" because it pleases and pays the Tammany Powers that Rule to have it so. The police department is helpless, because it must obey Tammany's orders and protect Tammany's friends. The guns understand the situation, and feel sure of a domicile in the city as long as they are able to "square" the authorities. If the police authorities were freed from Tammany's rule and were given to understand that they must clean up the city or give way to men who can, the Under World declares that New York could be "scrubbed out" in two nights. There would still be some guns in the city, but they would have to manage without the aid of the police, and would probably be "railroaded" when caught committing crimes.

The Under World is of the opinion that the citizens of New York do not want the city "scrubbed out," else they would overthrow Tammany. It thinks that much of the talk about the need of reform is pure "guff"—that it does not represent the rank and file of the voters. This is the main point of its criticism of the local defence against crime. The people want an "open" city, and would be the first to complain if it were closed. "There are a few sore-heads," one man remarked to me, "who chew the rag about corruption an' the way the town's run, but they don't represent you an' me an' the citizens. They're sore 'cause they ain't got any offices, that's what's troublin' them. The citizens have got just what they voted for an' wanted, an' they're the only people that can change things. Ain't that right?"

I had to admit that in the final analysis it was the voters who decided whether New York should be "open" or "shut."

STORIES AND SCENES OF FARM LIFE

BY

MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

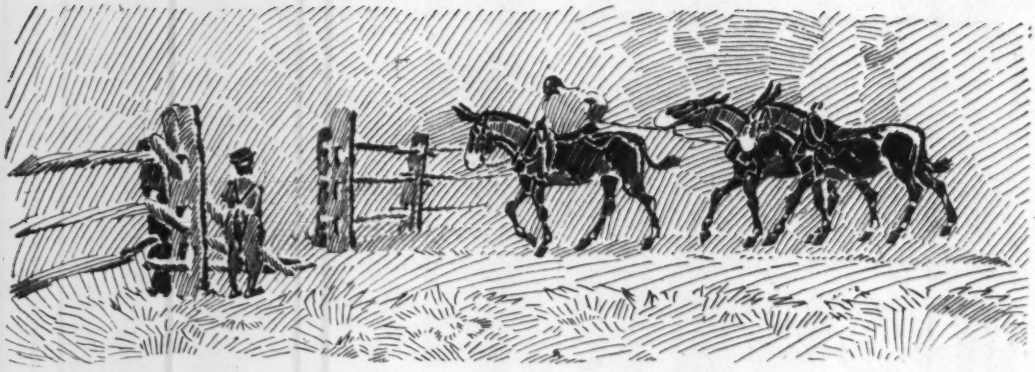
II

PLOUGHING

DAWN broadened into daylight as the teams came to the clover land at White Oaks. Neighboring fallowers had been at work since they could see a hand before them, but Major Baker, master of the White Oaks plantation, was merciful to his beasts, especially his plough-beasts. He knew they got their best sleep in the hour or two before dawn, as he knew, also, that for fallowing they needed all the strength sleep and rest could give. He liked to think of them stretched at ease, sometimes even snoring as a tired man snores. Waking them to be fed about the second chicken-crow was, to his way of looking at things, haste without speed.

The clover lay upland, in broad, undulant reaches, without a stump, or a serious gall, to break its expanse. Here or there, sparse briers had sprung up in two years since it was seeded. Occasionally, too, there were sassafras clumps, and, at the sink-hole, some remnant wild-growths—hazels, a hydrangea bush, and a rampant young sycamore rooted in a cleft three feet below the surface. The sink-hole had, apparently, no reason whatever for being where it was, in the middle of a broad plateau between two rich swales. But the grass country of Middle Tennessee, in which White Oaks lay, is a limestone region, full of underground streams that play curious pranks with the overlying earth.

Venus, the morning star, had showed as a point of white flame in a rosy east when the ploughmen started out. She was pale, the wan ghost of a star, as they filed through the draw-bars. There were three of them—black Dan, the plantation foreman, Slow Pete, Dan's elder brother, and Joe Baker, the Major's eldest son. Each rode a mule, sitting sidewise, and balancing carefully on the backbone, and led two others. Dan had three blacks, matched to a hair, in height, color, weight, and motion. Joe had three creamy duns, likewise matched. It is cruel, and a waste of strength in fallowing, to hitch a light beast beside a heavy one, or harness together a quick-stepper and a snail. Slow Pete had cross-matches—a gray, a sorrel, and a bay. Notwithstanding, they went very well together. They were slow like himself—slow, that is, by comparison with the blacks and the creamy duns. But they had weight, strength, and steadiness, if they were not so good to look at. The strength was about to be severely strained—they had a tougher job ahead than even clover fallowing. It was the breaking



of old grassland, never very mellow, and now sour and lifeless through years of trampling.

There were no better teams in the county, nor any in better condition. Each and several the beasts were sightly, neither fat nor lean, active, light on their feet, with good mouths, and sound in wind and limb. Major Baker kept none but mare-mules, knowing them to be sounder, kinder, and hardier. For the most part, he bred them himself, to make sure they had an infusion of blood. Blood tells in a mule, quite as much as in a horse or a man. Dan's blacks were out of handsome half-bred mares, and stood near sixteen hands at the withers; yet, except in pulling through the depths of winter mud, they could not hold out with the creamy duns, whose dams were thoroughbred.

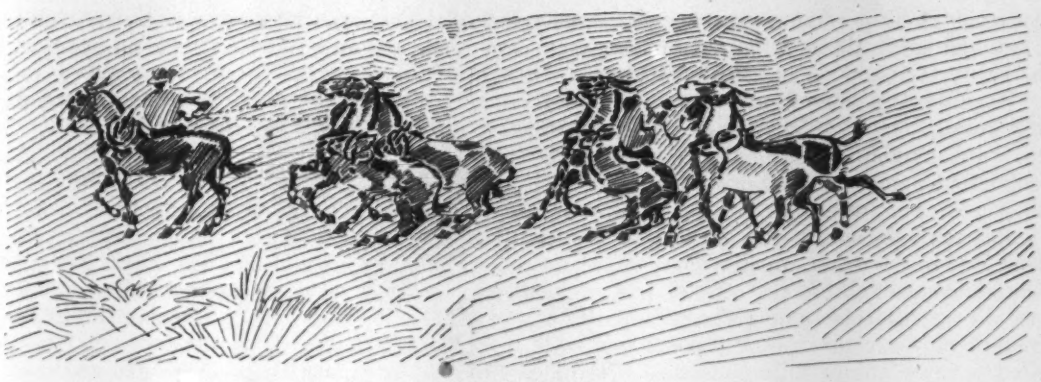
When it came to shearing mules Dan was an artist. He had spent two hours or more at it the day before. Manes were trimmed to half-inch upstanding fringes, tails banged to the pertest tasseled tip. Even the ears had been shorn of their long inner hairs. Dan had a firm faith in witches. Now, a witch, it is well known, cannot ride down a horse or mule unless there are hairs long enough to twist into a stirrup. Dan had not left a single long one—hence he was satisfied; the teams would thrive and stand up to their work, not to name being ever so much more biddable, since witches, working unhindered, put the devil into even the best broken of them.

Joe could have shut his eyes tight, yet named the fields as they passed them. Each had its own scent, subtly unlike all the rest. Tobacco gave out mainly the fragrance of newly turned earth—the single ploughs were just laying it by. The cornfields smelled of ripe tassels, a smell that is a sort of sublimation of new-mown hay. Still it was not quite so delicate as the scent of the wheat-stubble, where the young clover was just well in bloom. In a week the young clover would hide the stubble entirely. Already there was but the faintest suffusion of yellow underneath its grayish green.

The new clover did not look or smell like that which grew in the fallow land.

There would be a turn-row between the peas and the clover—that is to say, a strip of ground left unbroken and unseeded. The draw-bars were at one end of it. At the other there was a gate leading into the old grass. Slow Pete kept on to the gate, droning a dismal hymn as he went. Dan and Joe struck across the clover almost as soon as they were inside the bars. Dan was to plough in the pea-ground. Still, he thought it the part of wisdom to see that Joe got started right. But Joe motioned him back. "I know what I'm doin'," he said. "Besides, I shan't feel like I earn that new gun Marse Major's goin' to buy me, if my work makes you lose time."

"Aye-yi! little boss! But don't you go holler fer me, 'ceptin' you drives right slap in er yaller-jacket's nes'," Dan said, grinning



broadly, as he turned back. He was munching a hunk of cold corn-bread. None of them had waited for breakfast. The cool of the morning was too precious. Each had a runlet full of water slung at his back. Dan and Joe had filled their hat-crowns with fresh, dewy leaves, but Slow Pete had stuck to his every-day red head-rag. All of them wore boots. Ploughing is nothing like so tiresome to either man or beast barefoot, as when they go shod. Fresh sun-warm earth seems to give back electric strength to the foot that treads it naked. But fallowers seldom dare to go barefoot. Snakes abound in the clover. So do stinging things—humblebees, yellow-jackets, and their kind. Still, they are not to be named beside the mysterious danger of dew-poison, which takes off the skin with a touch, and leaves a deep, angry sore.

Happily it is rare ; but the fear of it has made the ploughmen go shod, and grease their mules well above the ankles with neat's-foot oil. The mules were unshod and harnessed to a nicety, with collars beaten smooth inside, back-hands exactly true, chin-straps easy, hames properly tied. On top of all came the leather nets—which were not nets at all, but fringes of long leather strings, swung from a stouter string, and falling down either side from the ears to the roots of the tail. Swinging back and forth they kept off the blood-suckers, flies, gnats, and midges, that otherwise would have run the poor beasts wild.

A LEFT-HAND plough makes its own land. Land, it may be explained, is the technical name for the space of ground a plough goes around without stopping. A right-hand plough begins at the edge of the land, and finishes in the middle, leaving there a deep, dead furrow which may turn either to a gully or a miry spot. Worse still, in drawing it, the plough-beasts walk upon freshly broken ground, and trample it at the corners very much more than is good for it. To a left-hand plough the leader walks in the clean furrow, the other two upon firm ground. Thus strength is saved ; thus, too, there are no corners to trample. Ploughing begins in the middle of the land, which is commonly the whole field. First the plough runs back and forth, throwing furrow to furrow, and stopping a good way from the ends. When the breaking is a yard wide it begins to go round and round, in a longish spreading oval, and never stops until there are only small unbroken triangles in the corners for the right-hand plough to finish.

Bob Whites, feeding in the stubble upon clover buds and scattered wheat, called in soft, half-plaintive sing-song to their fledgeling broods. Grasshoppers hung, often head downward, upon tall weeds and culms of grass, as yet too damp and chill for hopping, almost too sluggish, indeed, for crawling. There were butterflies everywhere, their wings too heavy for flight. Clouds of tiny white ones clung to the damp places, their motionless wings held flat together straight above their tiny bodies. The bigger, brown ones, whose larvæ is the voracious cut-worm, crawled painfully about the netted clover, too inert to think of a home for their eggs. As yet they were not very plenty. By mid-August there would be millions. Their cousins in golden yellow, and the gorgeous tawny-orange gentry, all over black velvet spots, began to flutter languidly out of the hedge-rows and the cornfield. Now and again a tobacco-fly, belated in his night ranging, hovered irresolutely above the fresh white trumpets of a vagrant honeysuckle, or the honey-heart of a late wild rose. Humblebees

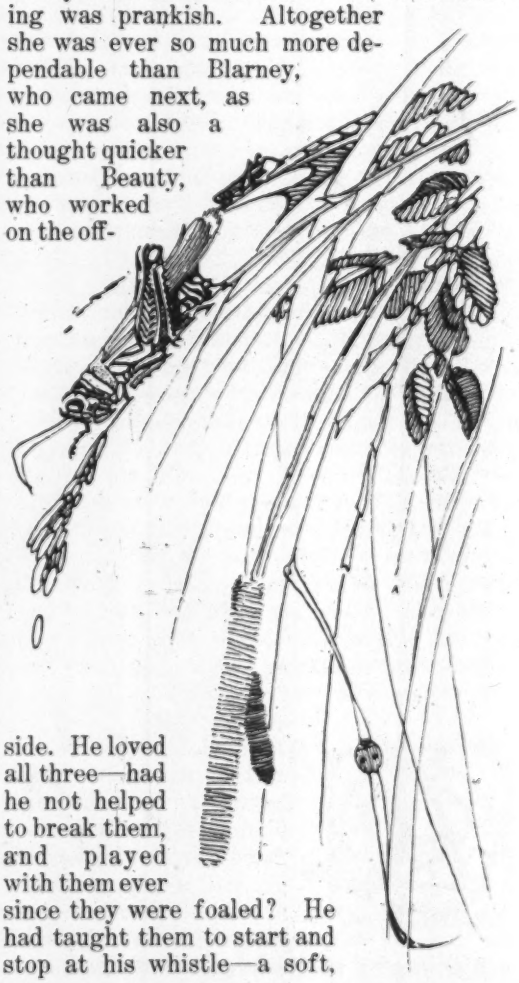
drowsed upon the plumes of early golden rod. They had slept there all night, perhaps, to be ready for work early in the morning.

Possibly it is some dim comprehension of his work's worth which makes the humblebee not humble at all, but the most self-important among winged creatures. Clover is worth, you see, uncounted and unreckonable millions not merely to the landward folk, but to the whole world which the landward folk feeds. Without the humblebee and his congeners clover would never ripen seed. Since the plant is a biennial, that would mean extinction in ten years at the outside.

The clover heads, you see, are made up of little trumpet-shaped florets, so curiously lipped and throated, self-fertilization is impossible. Humblebees and their cousins gather honey by means of a long retractile proboscis. In plundering the clover heads they gather more than honey. Pollen sticks in little lumps to forehead and eyes. It is cleared off with strokes of the forelegs, and in the clearing spread along the proboscis, which deposits it where it belongs—in the heart of the next floret rifled.

Hence clover seed. It is small, very small, to mean so much—no bigger than a tiny grain of sand. It has wonderful vitality, germinating sometimes after twenty years in earth, too deep to feel the quickening of sun and springtime. One might show statistically its value in hay and pastures, and their derivatives, beef and butter. Its value to the land itself is beyond all reckoning. Like all the pea family, scientifically the *Leguminosæ cloves* has for ages been accepted as a plant of paradox. Other crops took away with them the strength of the soil. Clover, the more lavish the yield the more the soil was enriched. Invariably it left the space where it grew in better heart than it found it. The wise men explained that clover was a sort of air plant, drawing thence a store of nitrogen, the most valuable of all plant foods. It was a fine explanation, except for the fact that it did not in the least explain how the trick was done. Still, in one point, the wise men blundered upon fact—the fact that it was through the clover roots, rather than its leaves, or stalks, or branches, the land was made richer. But they took no account of some queer little knobs and bunches, found on clover roots, and on those of its cousins—the peas. Latterly it has been discovered that the knobs and bunches do the work. They are made up of beneficent bacteria, which attack and dissolve the mineral elements of the soil, thus rendering them fit food for plants.

Joe's team was ready. Against Dan's advice, he had Wicked Sal in the lead. She was not wicked to him—never wicked at all, as he saw it, only tricky and full of mischief. Even her kicking was prankish. Altogether she was ever so much more dependable than Blarney, who came next, as she was also a thought quicker than Beauty, who worked on the off-side. He loved all three—had he not helped to break them, and played with them ever since they were foaled? He had taught them to start and stop at his whistle—a soft,



piping note, something like the partridge's feeding call. They ran to him in the pasture, even when they were hungry, and followed him like dogs if he but held out his hand. They had seemed to know what was before him this morning, had stood like lambs to be hitched, never snatching at the green stuff so temptingly under their feet. He had patted their necks, calling them pretty girls, and had stuck leafy bushes in their headstalls to frighten the flies from their ears.

He whistled. Wicked Sal laid one ear back, one forward, shook herself the least bit, and flung herself against the collar. Blarney and Beauty went with her, stepping out as though the three were one. There was no lurching, or darting, or pointing. The share surged forward, with foam-light earth creaming away from it almost as water creams from the prow of a boat. It was set to cut a furrow-slice nine inches wide and five inches deep. Thus, if the slices kept shape, they would fall slant-wise, one on the other, and cover all the face of the field with six inches of light earth.

Work had begun just where the pasture joined the mowing land. Down the tramped side the slices did keep shape. Over in the aftermath the earth was so mellow they melted as they fell, leaving bare a netted intricacy of big, yellow clover roots. Joe knew the tramped land would mellow before seed-time. It was only firm, not packed and caked as the path was. The path ran through the mowed stretch—it was a hungry man's path, straight, very narrow, and deeply trodden. Slow Pete had made it, walking in every morning and home again at night to his cabin in the edge of the flat-woods.

The ploughshare tore up the path in a clod half a yard long. Joe looked at it, wondering why it should take two ploughings and as many seedings to get the path-mark entirely out of the field. He wondered, too, why so many coarse, broad-leafed things—plantain, burdock, and their kidney—should keep springing up in the ploughed land where the path had run. He speculated a little also as to whether wheat would grow on it, or if the clean, sound seed would turn out cheat. He knew tramping sown wheat would turn it to cheat. At least his father said so, and Joe doubted nothing his father said.

Sunshine had flooded the field as he stuck the share in earth. By the time he had made the round, up one side and down the other, his forehead was beaded all over. He wiped off the sweat, swung his hat high above his head, and yelled loud and happily. Dan answered with a whoop. Slow Pete, down in the grass, sent back a quavering halloo. There was a drenching dew. Joe was wet to the knees. He looked doubtfully at his boots, then at the sweet-smelling earth. "Dew-poison or not, I'll risk it," he said, kicking off the boots and tramping on.

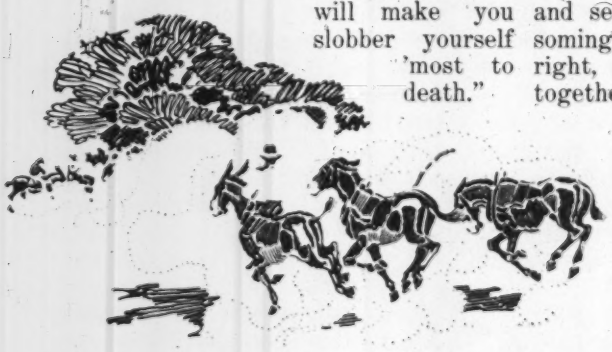
He had let the mules make their own pace, sure they knew enough to make it safely slow. As the sweat came out on them in faint, darkish lines around collars and back-bands, he smiled, and drew a long breath, saying, "You'll stand up to it, pretty girls." Then all at once he got so hungry, he thought almost enviously of Dan and his corn-cake. He was thirsty, too—thirsty enough to make the image of the spring half a mile off very tantalizing. With a quick turn he checked the mules, dropped the rein, and ran toward the bushes where he had left the runlet.

As he reached for it, something caught his hand, pinching hard. As he snatched it away, somebody said: "Boo-hoo! The snappin' turtle got you that time." He parted the brush, and there was Patsy, his tomboy sister, balancing by her elbows upon the edge of the sink-hole and kicking her feet against the sides of it. Joe was fond of her, but not nearly as fond as he would have been if she had not happened to be so very like himself. He had ideas about girls. They ought to mind about their frocks, he thought, and be afraid of things—snakes, and freckles, and especially guns. Patsy was not even afraid of fishing worms. She baited her own hook when they went fishing together. What was worse, she usually caught bigger fish.

"You're tryin' to get snake-bit," Joe said as sternly as he could speak. Patsy

scrambled up on all fours. "Snakes don't harbor this time o' day," she said. "They are like you—too hungry. Here's your breakfast. Eat it, and be glad I didn't hide your runlet. I thought of it—but was 'fraid to put it in the sink-hole. I didn't know but it would roll clean to the bottom."

Joe had left his team standing with heads over the broken ground, but while he ate and drank, the mules turned half out, and began nibbling at the clover. Patsy stepped in front of them, and said, pretending to shake her fist in the leader's face: "Sallie-Gal, I thought *you* had more sense! You know that second-growth stuff will make you slobber yourself 'most to death."



"No, it won't! Not till August! But here's somethin' a heap better," Joe said, coming to them, runlet in hand. He filled his palm generously with water, and held it to each mule's mouth. They drank eagerly, and Beauty rubbed her nose against his sleeve, making as she did it a little soft, satisfied noise. Patsy nodded approval. "I do believe you'll make a plough-boy yet," she said judiciously, in her father's own tone. Joe pretended to throw a soft clod at her in answer, but as she ran away, called over his shoulder, "Thanky, Patsy! It's too bad about you. I *do* wish you were the boy you ought to be."

The dew dried fast—so fast the sun-heat took on a tonic quality. The mules went freer and faster, breathing deep, yet not laboring in the least. The second sweat came out in a reeking smother all over them. When it dried in crusty, white lines, Joe drew a sigh of relief. Twice wet, twice dry, he knew his team was proof against the heat, for that day at least. It was fierce heat—still it was not the sun that would send them in at eleven, or a little later, to stay in stall until three in the afternoon. It was the flies—the flies, which in spite of the nets kept them kicking, stamping, biting, at times almost squealing. That was the worst thing about breaking pastured clover. Cattle had drawn and left there such clouds of flies.

THE plough hardly ever choked in the aftermath; though the growth was heavy it was not tall and tough, like the early stalks in the pasture. As the plough went further and further into the swales, it encountered them in mats. Grazing beasts are something finicky—they choose to crop short, sweet herbage rather than that which is rank and coarse. Even in hay, they know the difference. Many of the swale-stalks were over two yards long, and set throughout their length with blossoming branches. They did not stand upright, but curled and writhed themselves together, swelling as high as the knee. The plough could not begin to bury them, and though the weed-bar ripped through them savagely, Joe had to stop every little while, turn the share half on edge, and free it with his heel from the mass of gathered stems.

Once a humblebee stung the heel, but so lightly it smarted only a very little bit. Once, too, a green garter-snake gave him almost a fright, wriggling out of the tangle across his naked foot. That made him think seriously of putting on his boots. Still he decided to risk it barefoot until he took the mules to water. He would take them to the creek, and thus have a chance to see how Slow Pete was getting on. The creek road ran through the grassland, cutting it in nearly equal halves. His father was there already, watching the outlander, who had come around preaching the gospel of subsoiling. The outlander was ready to prove his faith by his works. He had a plough, of the pattern he wanted to sell, also an ox-team to pull it. The Major had struck a contingent bargain with him. The outlander was to subsoil five acres of the old grass, and lose his work, and his selling chances, unless the crop next year was heavier on the subsoiled plot than on the rest of the field-surface broken.

The sun began to blister. It shone so hot the tender aftermath wilted almost as the furrow turned. Joe halted the mules, let go the plough, and stretched himself long and hard. He

had never known before how tired a boy could be. Still he had no thought of giving up. That was not the Baker way. If the Bakers made bad bargains they stuck the closer to them. Joe wiped his face, loosed his shirt-collar, and comforted himself with the reflection that the first day was always the hardest.

Just then he heard the watering bell—the welcomest sound in all his life. In a trice he had stripped the gear from his mules, laid it orderly back upon the singletrees, and was clipping away with them toward the gate. A big, branchy red-oak shaded it. The shade was like a cool green cave. The mules stopped short as they reached it, and Wicked Sal gave a little whimpering bray of recognition to Tiger, coming in ten yards behind her.

Slow Pete was breaking the old grass in ridge and furrow. That is to say, he was turning over a furrow-slice to lie flat upon an equal breadth of sward. Such half-breaking in weed-land is called whip-stitching, whose use and reason are to prevent surface-washing upon long slopes. Pete's plough left the field's face all in little hills and valleys. He was not ploughing as the others were for wheat. Sward requires a year under plough to fit it for small grain, or if it is beset with broom-sedge, the pest of all south-country grassland, two years. The sedge stalks are so stiff and glassy, the roots so tussocky, they make the soil too thirsty for either wheat or mowing grass. Arable land has many caprices of condition. Earable land, old English law writes it, perhaps with reference to the eared crops—wheat, rye, and barley—which grow only where ploughs have run.

The subsoiler was well up, although his oxen could not step with the cross-matched team. The oxen were big red fellows, with long, tapering horns, a yard across from tip to tip. They held their heads low, and moved so slowly Dan said it made you tired to watch them. But the chain which drew the deep-running, invisible ploughshare never slackened. The share turned nothing, threw up nothing. When it was lifted a minute for unclogging, after it had touched a water-vein, it showed as an uncanny, long-shanked thing, well scoured, and shining in the sun, with a clot of very bright red clay under the tip. The clay upon the long shank was a warm chocolate yellow, very unlike the top soil,

which was almost black, with unwholesome faint green scum on its surface, in between the grass roots.

It took grit to go back from the shade, the freshness, to the ache and burning of the fallows, but Joe did not flinch. He had put his hand to the plough rather against his father's will; besides, though he had a decent gun, he wanted a new one very badly. Breech-loader, choke-bore—he thought of it over and over, between whistles and chirrups to the mules. It would cost a lot—more, no doubt, than a fallow-hand's wages. He was likely to get it, whether he ploughed or not, but somehow he felt that he should care more for it if he knew he had really earned it.

Dan was singing. He had the unspoiled African voice, full of pure melody. He sang a bold air and lively, one that had come down from the slave days, when every sort of work had its chant in time and tune. The singing broke welcomely across the sunlit hush. Clouds were boiling up in the south, but locust and rain-crow alike had fallen silent. There was not a breath of wind, but sound carried so as to forebode a thunder-shower. The words came distinctly across the unbroken ground. If there had been more of it ploughed, they would have blurred. Joe caught the beat of the singing. He had not much breath to spare, but as strongly as he might, he joined in the chorus. And so, in the white-hot sunshine, bar answering bar, three hundred yards apart, they sang the fallow song:

Bird-eye lady, tell de pigin, "Howdy!"
Bird-eye lady, sooner in de mornin'!
Pigin flop an' flop till he make de worl' cloudy—
Bird-eye lady, sooner in de mornin'!
Bird-eye lady! Bird-eye lady!
Bird-eye lady, cloud so cool an' shady!
Bird-eye lady, tell de pigin, "Howdy!"
Bird-eye lady, sooner in de mornin'!
Cloud talk "Rain," and de rain talk "Res', sir!"
Den de nigger an' de mule kick dey heels up, an' say,
"Yes, sir!"

Bird-eye lady, see de mules er-crawlin'!
Bird-eye lady, sooner in de mornin'!
Bird-eye lady, hear de rain-crow callin'!
Bird-eye lady, sooner in de mornin'!
Bird-eye lady, here's de rain er-fallin'!
Bird-eye lady, dar's de rain-crow callin'—
Callin' ter de crab-grass, "Grow! Don't you rest, sir!"
An' de crab-grass answer back: "Yes, sir; yes, sir; yes, sir; yes, sir!"

THE FACTORY WHISTLE.

By John McIntyre.

Across the flats, at dawn, the monster screams;
Its bulk blots the low sun. Ah, God of truth!
To wake from night's swift mockery of dreams
And hear that hoarse throat clamorous for my youth.